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CAPTAIN

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AERO

COMICS





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CAPTAIN AERO COMICS

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VOL. 1—No. 8

FEBRUARY, 1942

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KEEP 'EM FLYIN'!

AERO

CAPTAIN

MIDNIGHT--HEAVY
RAIN PELTS DOWN--
SKIES OVERCAST--
MOTORS ROAR AND
SPIT-- THEN ROAR
AGAIN--BOMBERS
FOR BRITAIN WITH
CEILING ZERO--
DEATH AND DANGER
ON EVERY SIDE--
THUMBS UP--THEY
MUST GET THROUGH
--THEY'RE OFF--THE
MEN WHO FLY--
TRAIL BLAZERS OF
THE LAST FRONTIER!

BY
ALLEN ULMER
and
CHAS. M.
GLINLAN



NC
15083

U.S. ARMY
AIR CORPS



FAR ABOVE NEW YORK'S TOWER-
ING SKYSCRAPERS, A MIGHTY
ARMADA OF FLYING FORTRESSES
WING OUT TOWARDS THE ATLAN-
TIC.... AMERICA ANSWERS
BRITAIN'S CALL FOR ALL OUT
AID...

WITHOUT WARNING, AN EERIE
BLUE LIGHT KNIFES THROUGH
THE SKY AND ENVELOPES
THE BOMBER FLEET...



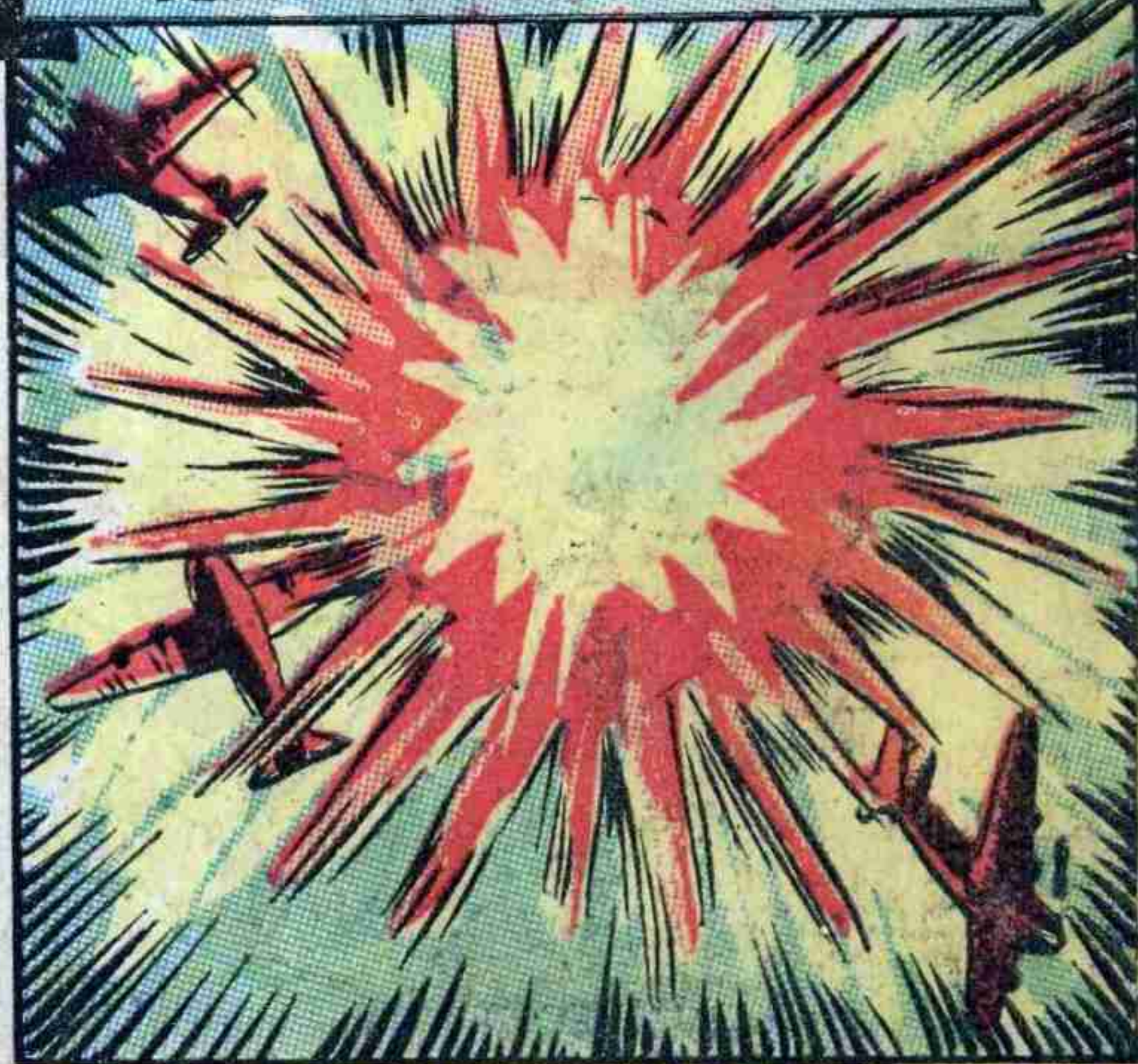
INSIDE THE GIANT PLANES, STARTLED
PILOTS CLUTCH AT THEIR THROATS
IN AGONIZED DISMAY...



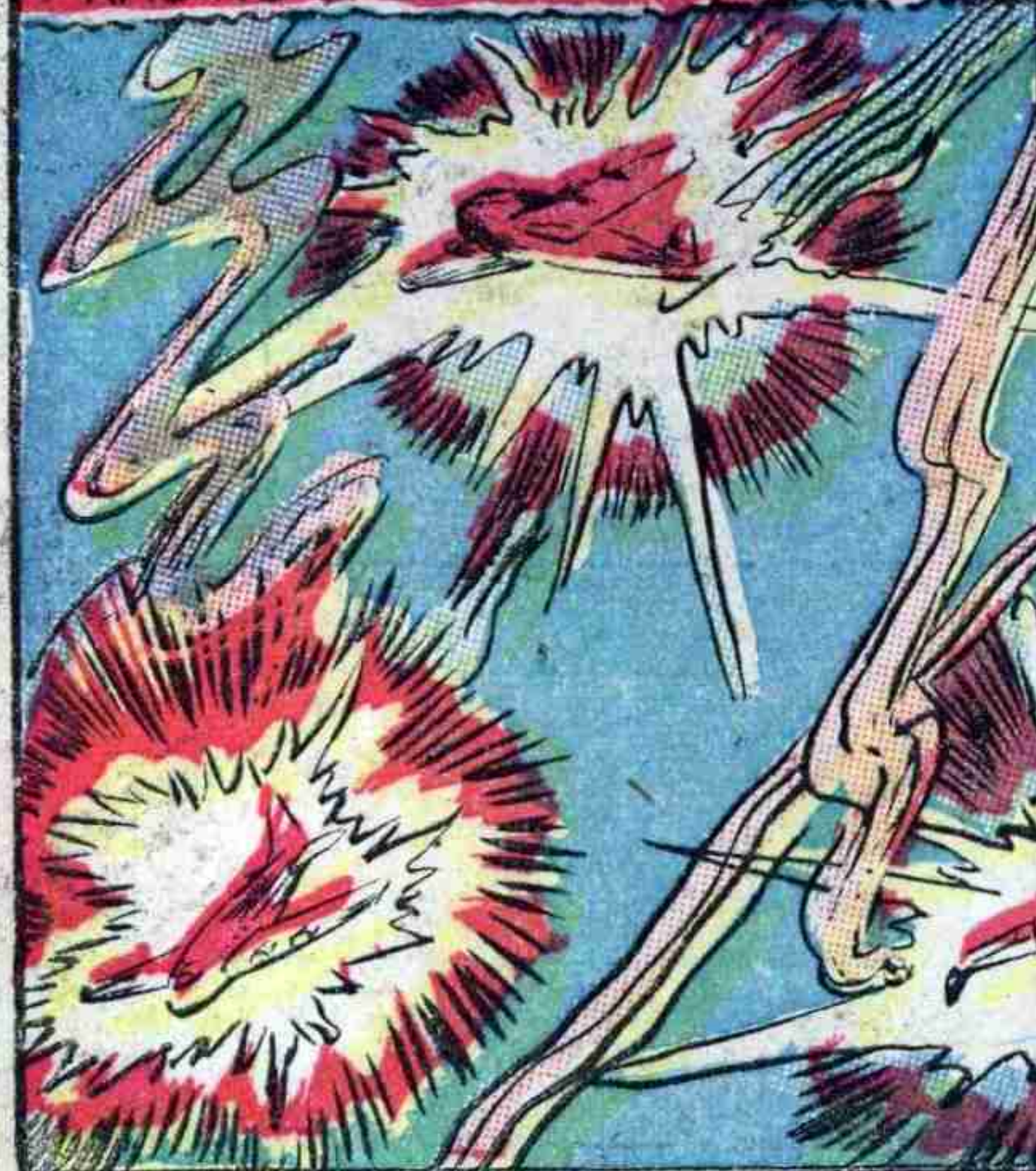
THE BLUE BEAM GROWS
BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER!
... SECTIONS OF THE
PLANES MELT AWAY...



... *SUDDENLY!* THERE IS A
BLINDING FLASH...



... FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER, AS
PLANE AFTER PLANE BECOMES A
RAGING BALL OF FIRE!



ON THE STREETS
BELOW, THE HORRI-
FIED PEOPLE DASH
FOR SAFETY - AS
THE MOLTEN MET-
AL RAINS FROM
THE SKIES...



... METAL THAT ONLY A FEW
SECONDS BEFORE WERE
GIANT FLYING BOMBERS
BUILT TO BE ALMOST INVIN-
CIBLE IN MODERN WARFARE.



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE NATION'S CAPITOL:



...AND HERE'S THE REPORT, SIR--TWENTY BOMBERS ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND DISINTEGRATED OVER NEW YORK CITY--CAUSE NOT YET KNOWN!

CAUSE NOT YET KNOWN! THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID ON THE LAST REPORT--FORTY-THREE PLANES HAVE BEEN DEMOLISHED, BUT HOW? WHAT IS BEHIND THIS INCREDIBLE MENACE? WE MUST FIND OUT CAPTAIN, WE MUST!



PREPARATIONS HAVE ALREADY BEEN MADE SIR! I ASSIGNED A MAN WHOSE AVIATION BACKGROUND RATES HIM AMONG THE BEST--IN MY JUDGMENT HE IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN CRACK THIS CASE!

WELL, WHO IS HE CAPT.? IF HE'S HERE, SHOW HIM IN--WE MUST GET STARTED IMMEDIATELY!



SHOW AGENT X-3 IN PLEASE!



SIR, I WANT YOU TO MEET SECRET AGENT X-3---BETTER KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS CAPTAIN AERO! A FAMOUS PILOT WHO IS HELPING AMERICA FERRY BOMBERS TO ENGLAND!

I'VE HEARD A GREAT DEAL ABOUT YOU AERO--THE CAPTAIN HAS PICKED A WORTHY MAN! YOU ARE FAMILIAR OF COURSE, WITH THE TRAGIC EVENTS THAT HAVE OCCURED--BRITAIN NEEDS OUR HELP NOW AND NOTHING MUST STOP US!

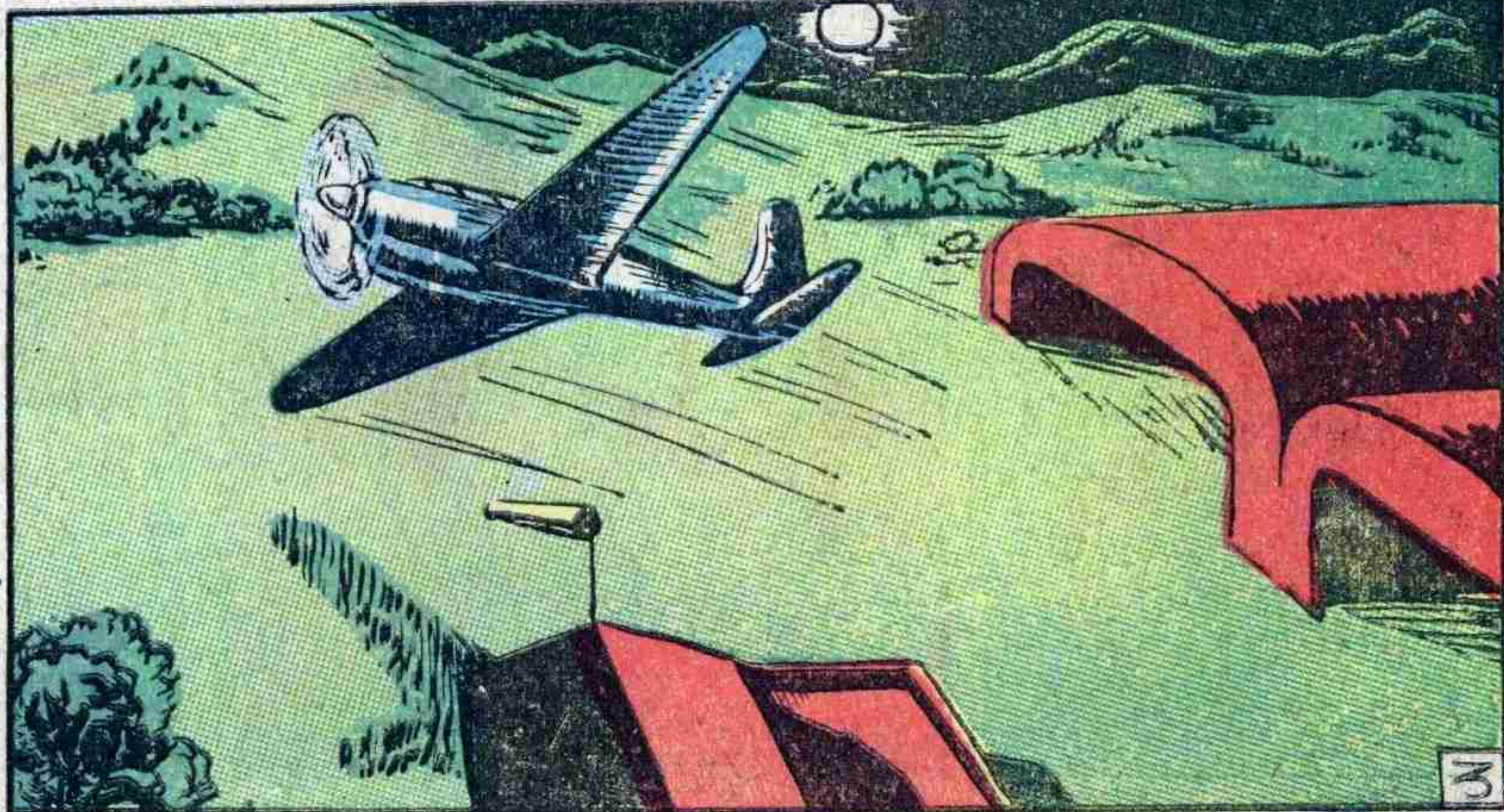
I REALIZE THAT SIR, AND WE HAVE A LEAD ON THIS BLUE BEAM--IT MAY BE A NEW TYPE OF WEAPON THAT HAS BEEN PERFECTED! TO-NIGHT I'M LEAVING FOR THE CARIBBEAN, AND IF MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT, WE'LL GET THE FIENDS BEHIND THIS DEADLY RAY!



I HOPE SO, AERO! THE GOVERNMENT WILL CO-OPERATE IN ANY WAY NEEDED--GOOD LUCK CAPTAIN, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO US!

THANK YOU, SIR, I'LL DO MY BEST!

THAT NIGHT, WITH A CAREFULLY PICKED ASSISTANT, CAPTAIN AERO TAKES OFF FROM THE ARMY AIR-FIELD---BOUND FOR THE CARIBBEAN!



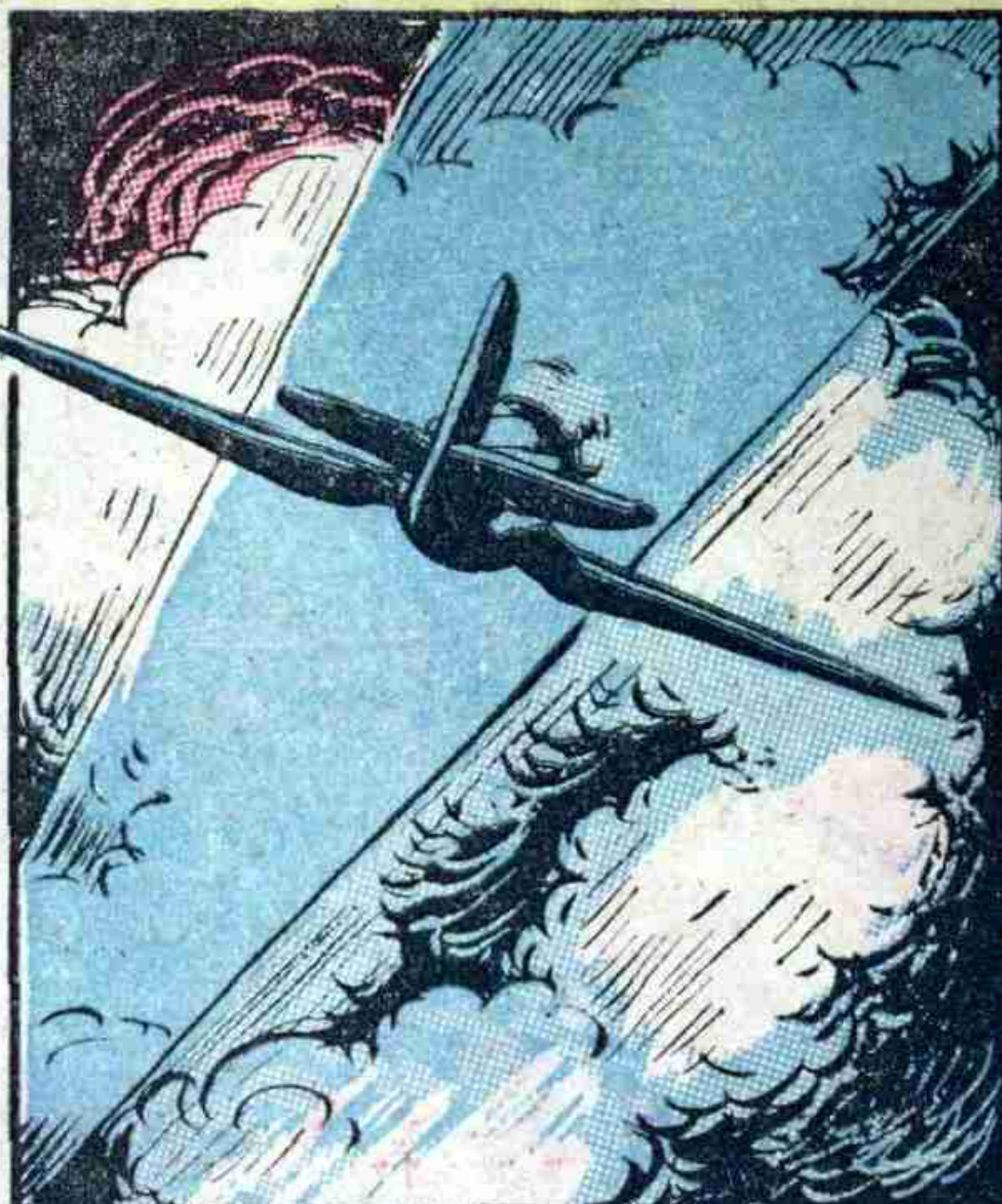
SEVERAL
HOURS
LATER:

ALLRIGHT PROP.
THE ISLAND IS
JUST AHEAD--I'LL
TAKE OVER FROM
HERE!

OKAY CAP!
SHE'S YOUR
BUZZARD!



SUDDENLY, THE DREAD BLUE
RAY CUTS ACROSS THE SKY...
DIRECTLY IN THEIR PATH---



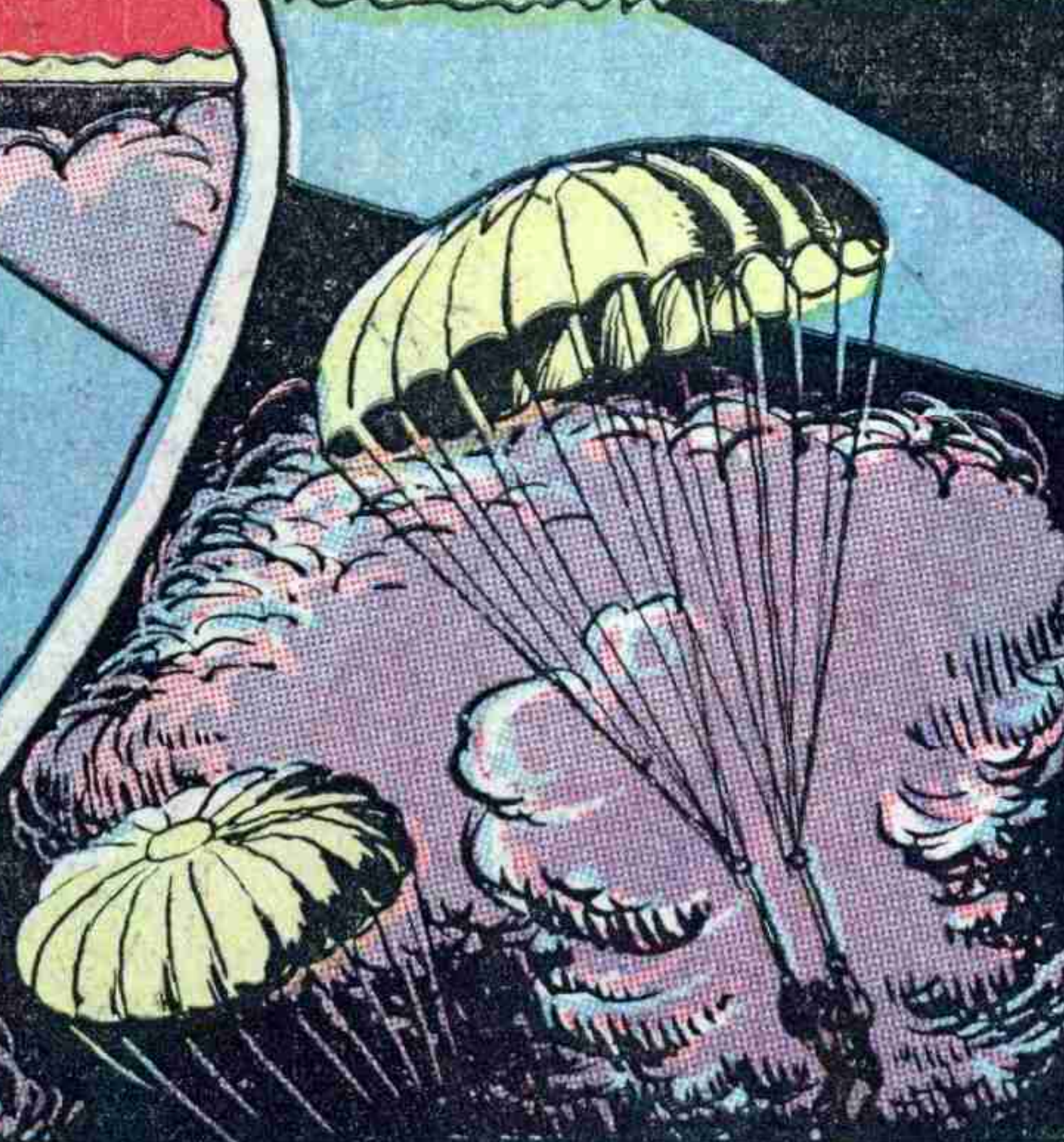
THE BLUE
BEAM!!
QUICK, HIT
THE SILK!



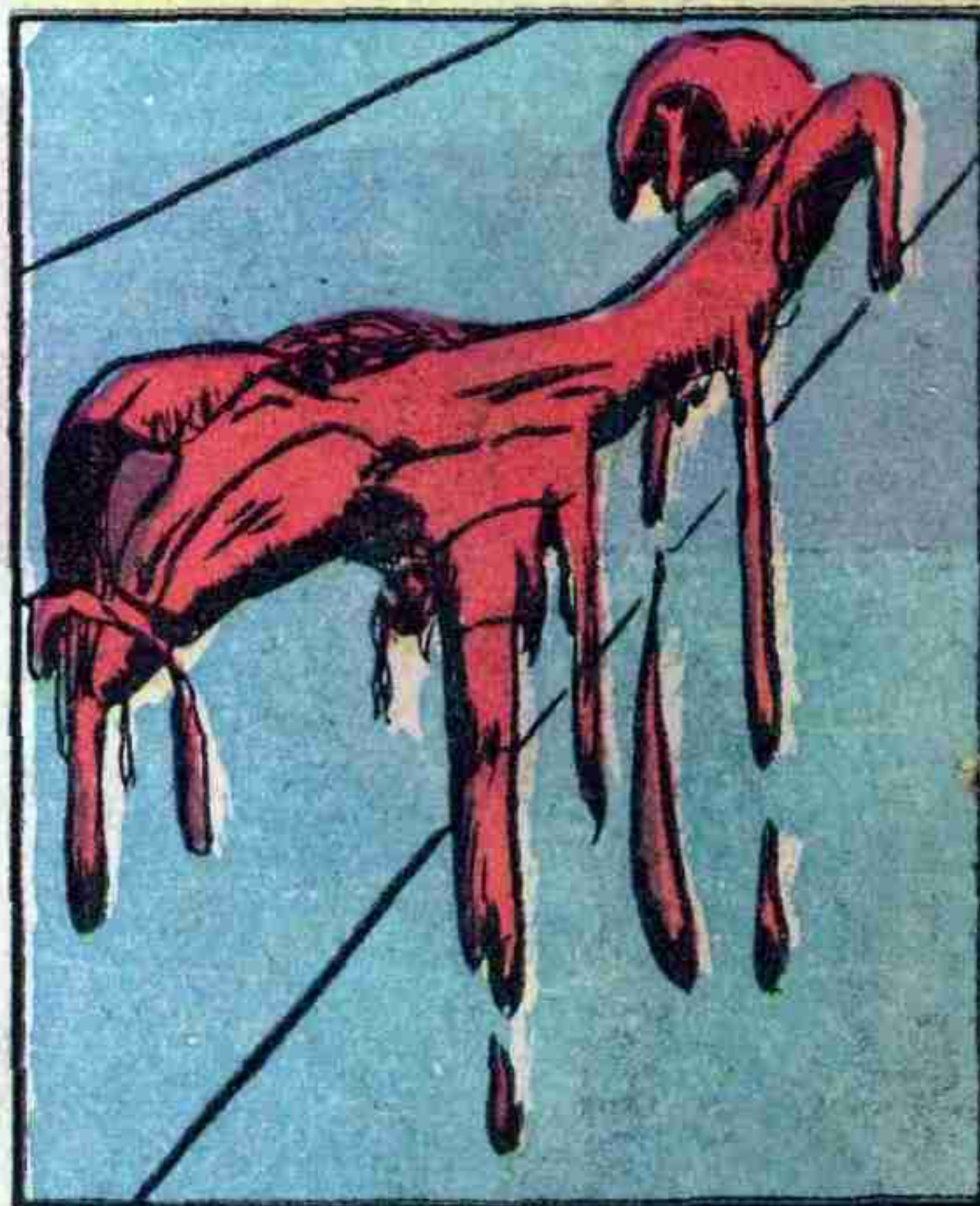
AS THE BLUE LIGHT SWEEPS TOWARDS
THEIR PLANE, THE TWO AMERICANS
DIVE OUT OF THE COCKPIT...



... AND PLUNGE INTO THE
DARKNESS...



THE UNCONTROLLED PLANE
ENTERS THE BEAM OF DESTRUCTION
AND IN A FEW SECONDS
DISSOLVES INTO MOLTEN METAL.



BY CAREFUL MANEUV-
ERING, THEY LAND
THEIR CHUTES ON A
NEARBY ISLAND...



WHEW--THAT
WAS CLOSE!

YEAH, BUT---I
DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF THINGS!
WHOEVER IS OPERATING
THAT DEATH RAY IS
SOMEWHERE
NEAR THIS
ISLAND!



YOU ARE RIGHT, KAPITAN,
AND IT SHALL BE YOUR
MISFORTUNE TO MEET
THAT PERSON--THIS
WAY--AND MAKE
NO TROUBLE!



WHA--!



SO I WAS RIGHT! THE RAY IS OPERATED FROM THIS ISLAND! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT, BY JUPITER! I CAME HERE TO DESTROY THAT BLUE LIGHT, AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I DO!



JA WOHL - CAPTAIN, BUT I DON'T THINK YOU ARE IN THE POSITION TO MAKE THREATS--YOU SEE, THIS ISLAND IS CAREFULLY GUARDED--IN FACT, NO ONE CAN GET ON OR OFF WITHOUT FIRST GOING THRU THE BLUE LIGHT THAT SURROUNDS IT!



YOU NAZI'S HAVE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE! IT'S TIME THE TABLES WERE TURNED!



LOOK, CAP. HERE COMES THE WHOLE OUTFIT!



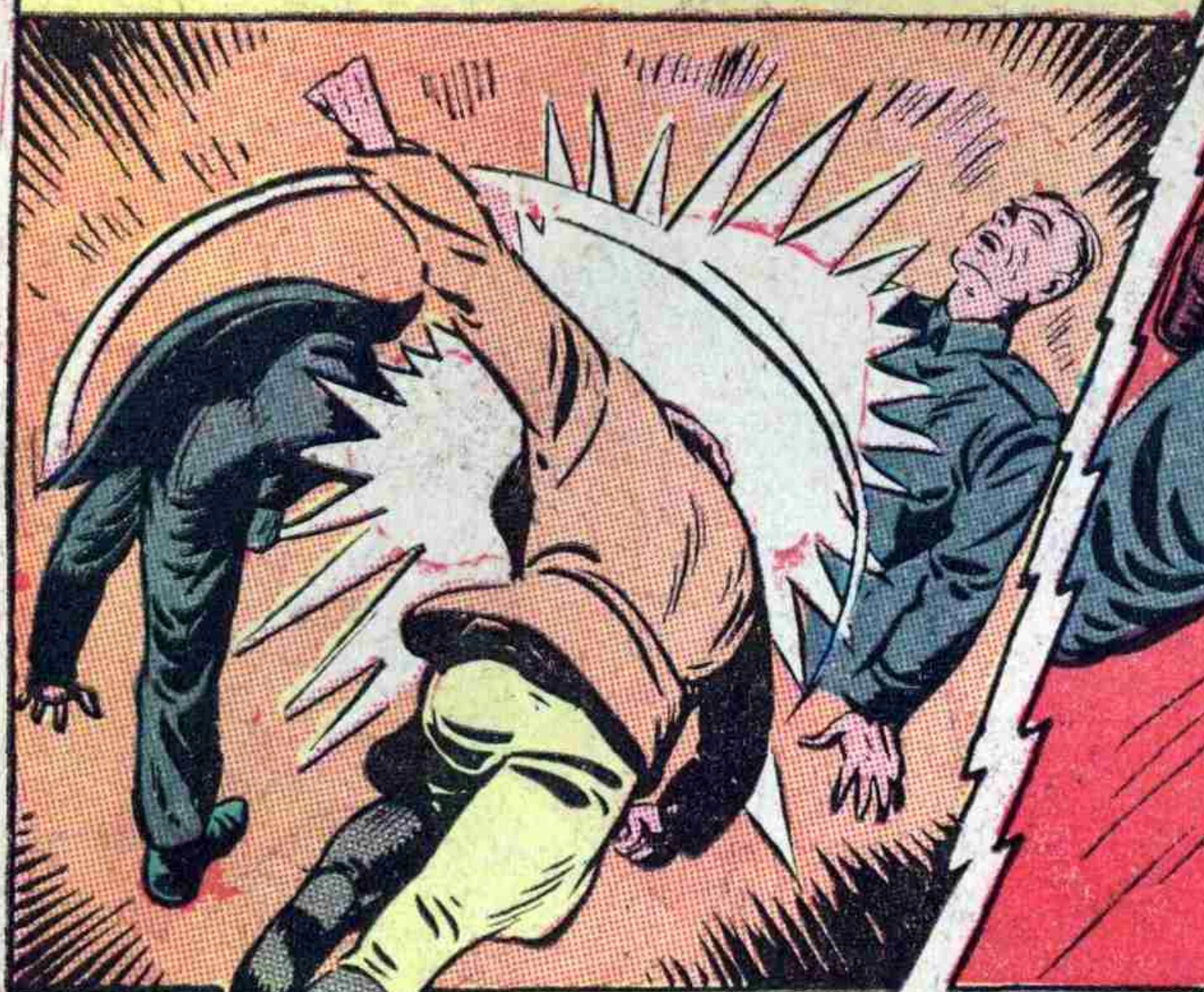
WE KILL DOSE YANKEE SCHWEIN!



AND FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, NAZIS LEAP AT THE INTREPID CHAMPIONS OF DEMOCRACY...



---BUT CAPTAIN AERO'S SMASHING BLOWS
WREAK HAVOC ON THE ENEMY SOLDIERS!



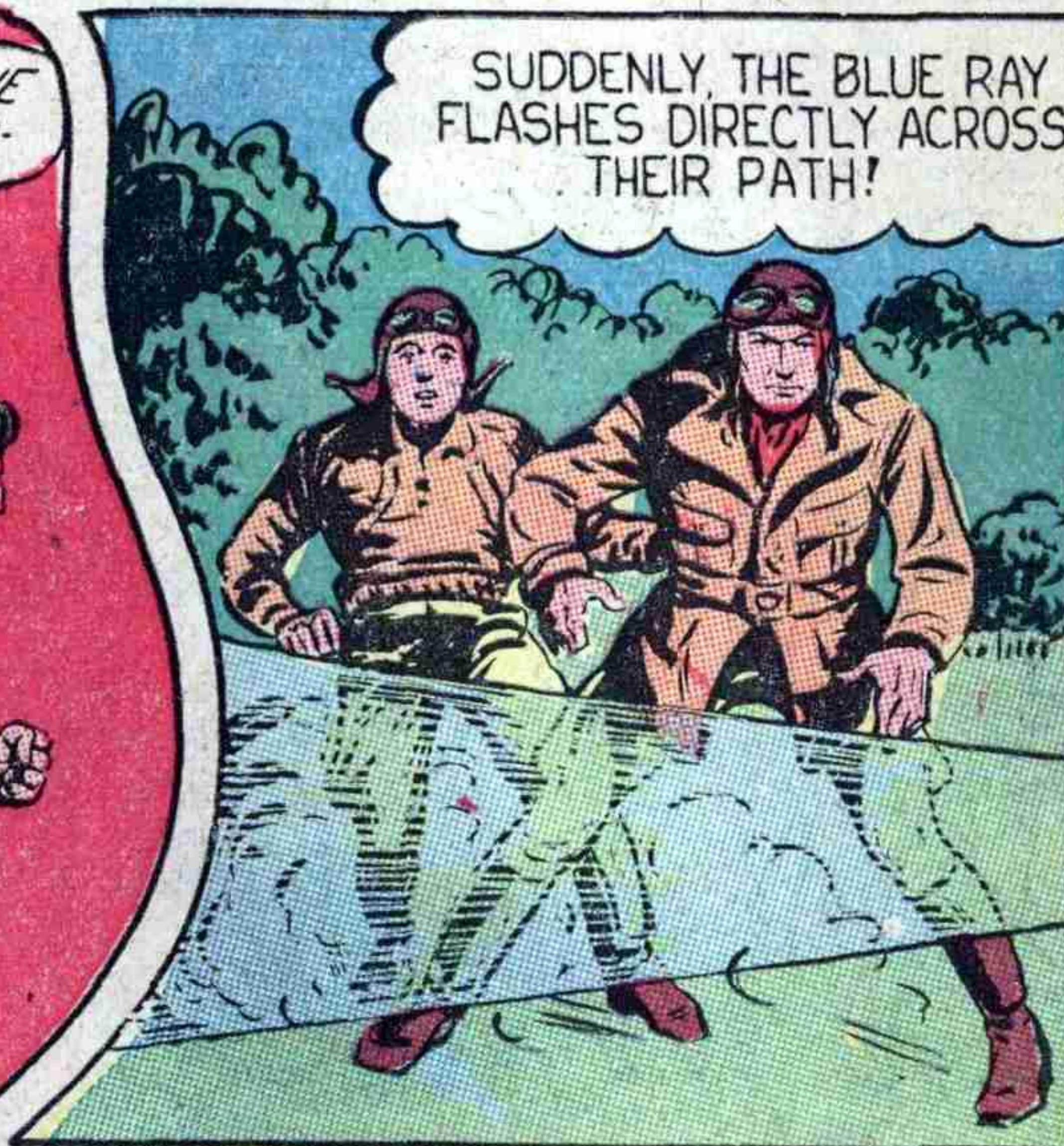
HERE'S MY
SLEEPER PUNCH.
LET ME KNOW
WHEN YOU
WAKE UP!

COME ON, LOOPS, WE'VE
GOTTA FIND THE LEAD-
ER OF THIS OUTFIT,
IN A HURRY!

I'M RIGHT WITH
YA' CAP!



SUDDENLY, THE BLUE RAY
FLASHES DIRECTLY ACROSS
THEIR PATH!



WE'RE
TRAPPED!



RIGHT, CAPTAIN! NOW IF
YOU WILL WALK TOWARDS
THE BARRACKS WITHOUT
MAKING TROUBLE, YOU WILL
BE SPARED
A HORRIBLE
DEATH!



ALLRIGHT, RAT, NOW THAT
WE'RE PRISONERS, MAY I
ASK WHAT YOU INTEND
DOING WITH US!?!?



THAT MY YANKEE FRIENDS,
THE BLUE FALCON
SHALL DECIDE!



...AND RIGHT NOW, HERR BLITZ!
HM, THE GREAT CAPT. AERO!



DON'T LOOK SO STARTLED,
CAPTAIN! YES, THE BLUE
FALCON IS A WOMAN, BUT WITH
MY DEATH BEAM, I'M A
MATCH FOR ANY MAN!



YOU'RE LOVELY, TOO
BAD YOU PICKED
SUCH A DANGEROUS
CAREER!

MY COUNTRY NEEDS ME,
CAPTAIN! WE MUST STOP
YOUR BOMBERS FROM
REACHING ENGLAND -- I
WILL FIGHT FOR THE

FATHERLAND
UNTIL
DEATH!



YOU FOOLISH GIRL! AMERICA IS
ALREADY ON YOUR TRAIL!
WE'LL SMASH YOU, YOUR BLUE
BEAM AND ALL OF YOUR
CRACKPOT OUTFIT!

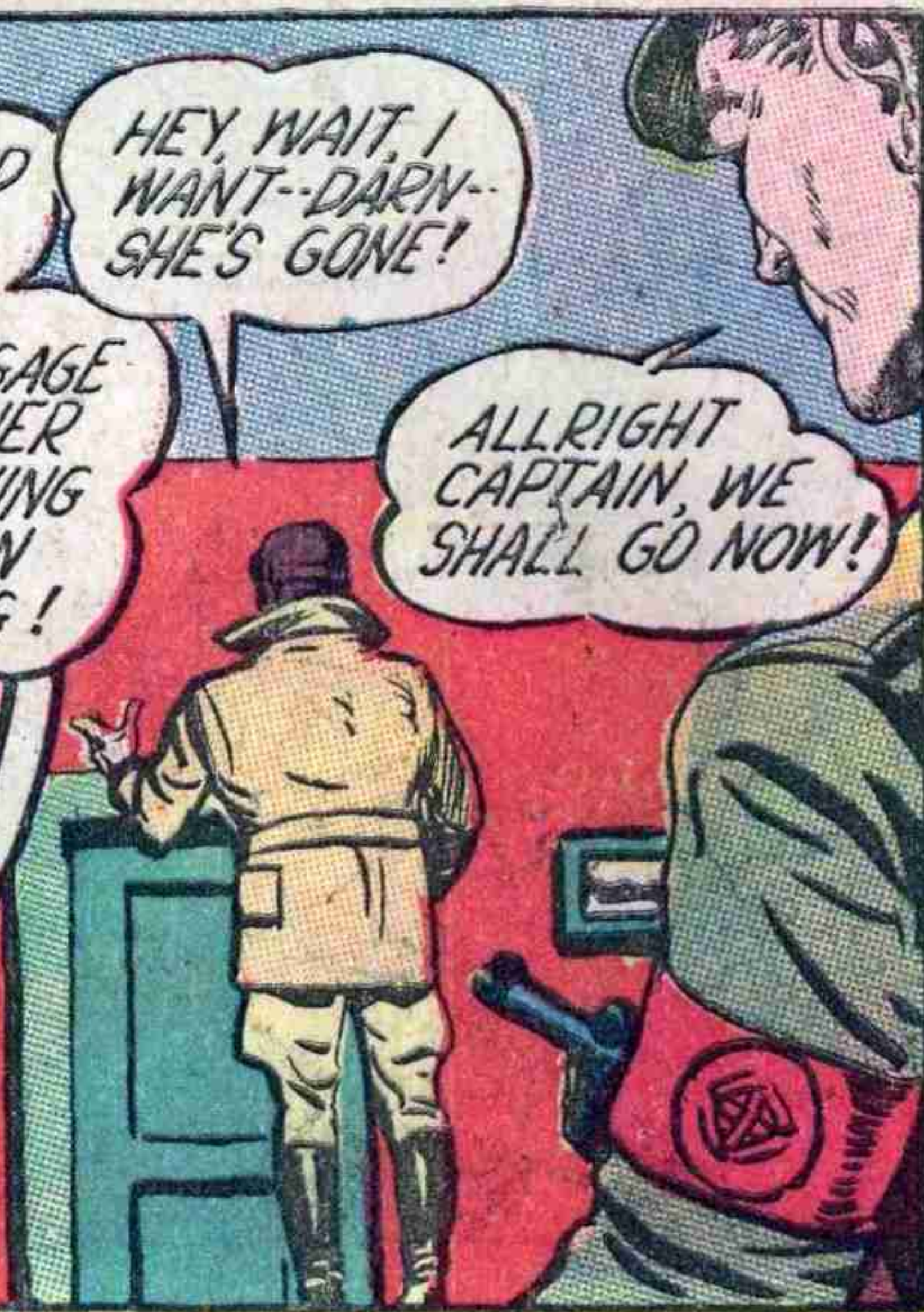


TUT, TUT, CAPTAIN -- AND
NOW HERR BLITZ, WILL
TAKE CARE OF YOU
WHILE I KEEP AN ENGAGE-
MENT WITH ANOTHER
SQUADRON LEAVING
FOR ENGLAND IN
THE MORNING!



HEY, WAIT, I
WANT -- DARN --
SHE'S GONE!

ALLRIGHT
CAPTAIN, WE
SHALL GO NOW!



YOU KNOW HERR
BLITZ, I'M GETTIN'
TIRED OF
BEING SHOVED
AROUND!

SO -- ACCEPT THIS
WITH UNCLE SAM'S
COMPLIMENTS!



OOOF!

... AND THIS
WITH MINE!



MEANWHILE, THE BLUE FALCON TAKES OFF FROM THE ISLAND ON HER MISSION OF DESTRUCTION...



HURRY! --- WE'VE GOT TO STOP HER FROM GETTING AT THOSE BOMBERS!



HOLD IT! THERE'S A PLANE!

YEAH, BUT THE GUARD MAY NOT WANT US TO TAKE IT!

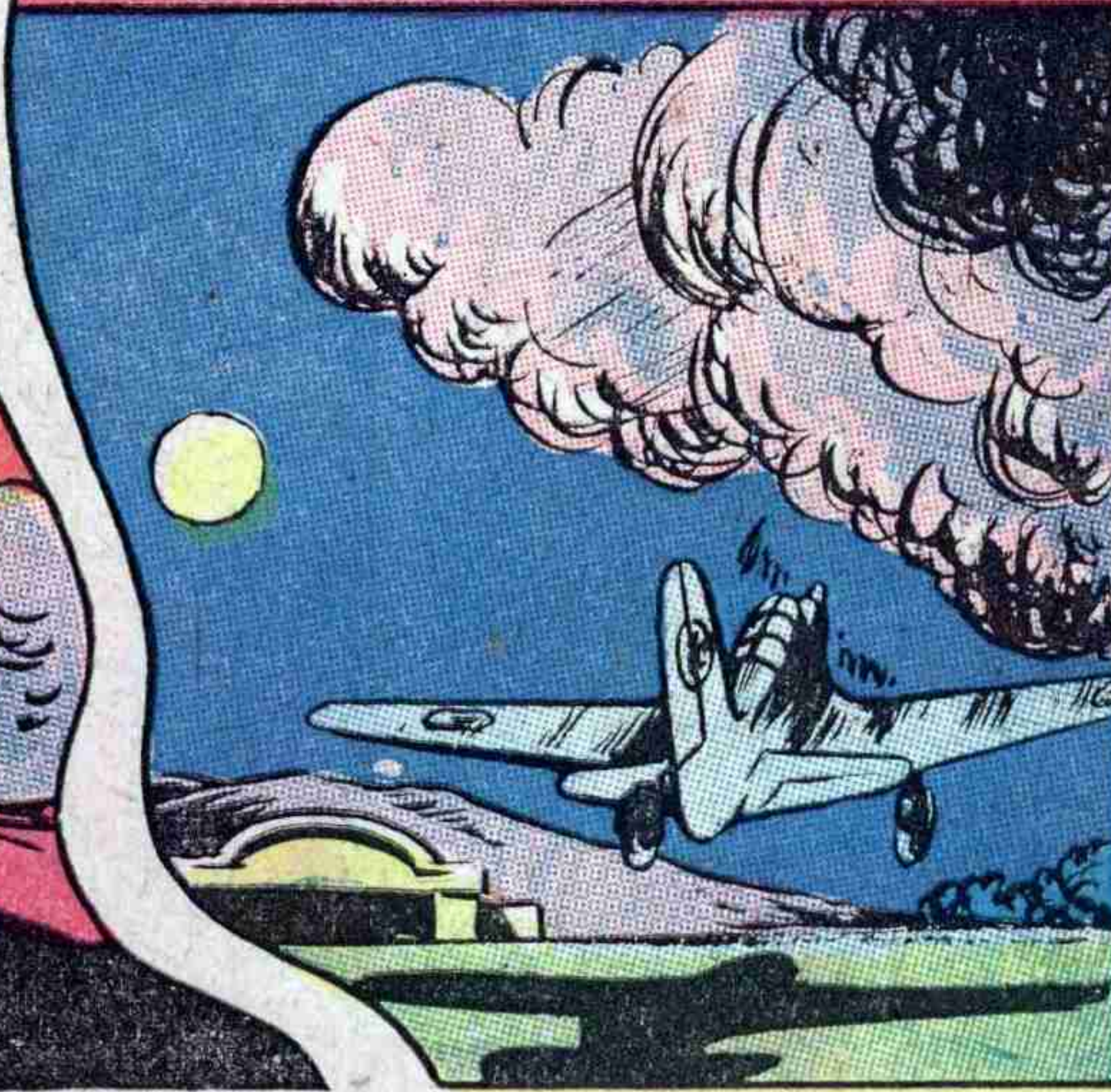
HALT!



SORRY CHUM, I'VE GOT A PLANE TO CATCH!



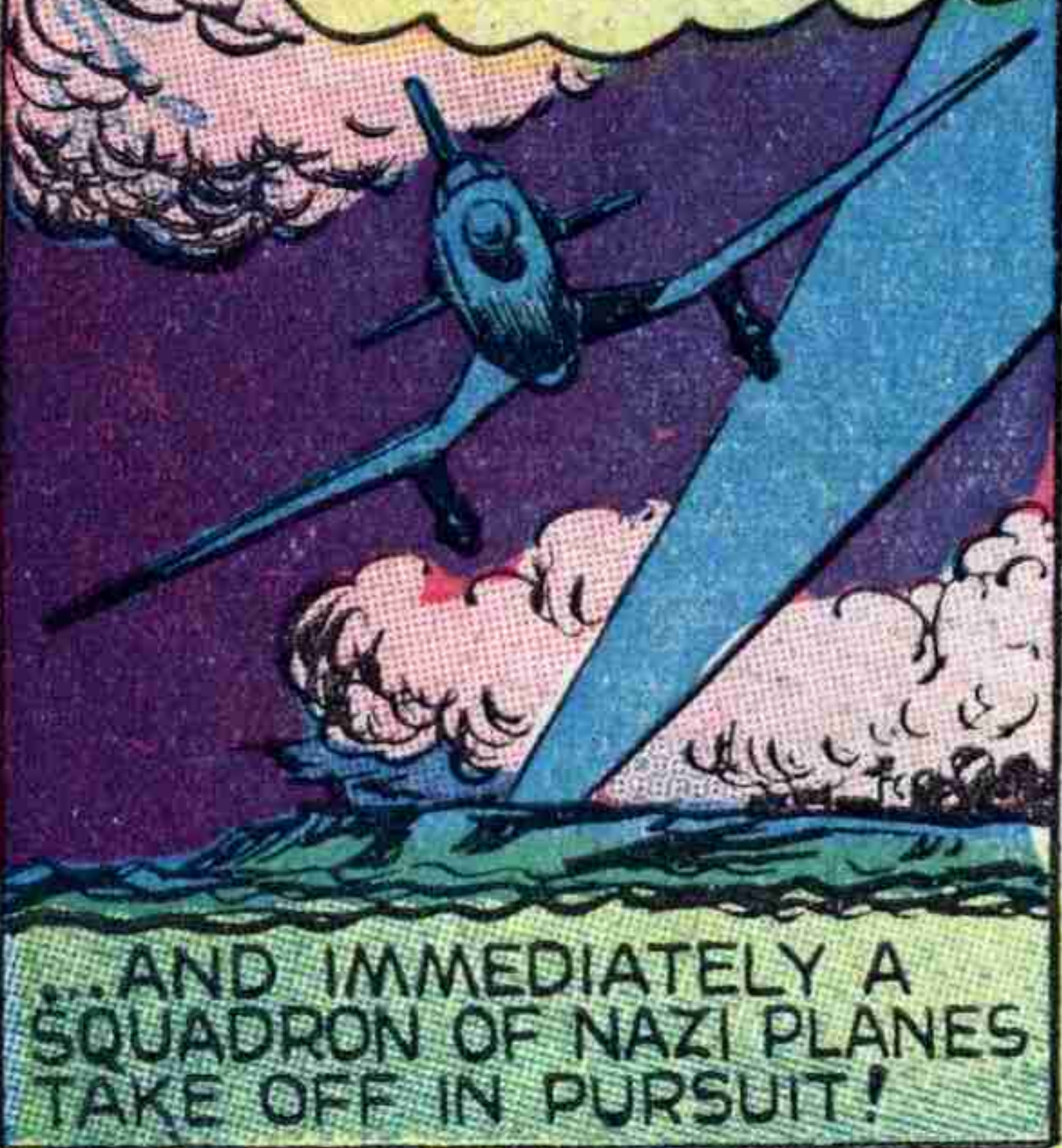
QUICKLY CLIMBING INTO THE COCK-
PIT, THEY FLASH DOWN THE RUNWAY..



HE SAID THIS ISLAND IS GUARDED BY THE BLUE BEAM--HM, WE HAVE ABOUT ONE CHANCE IN A THOUSAND OF GETTING OUT IN ONE PIECE!

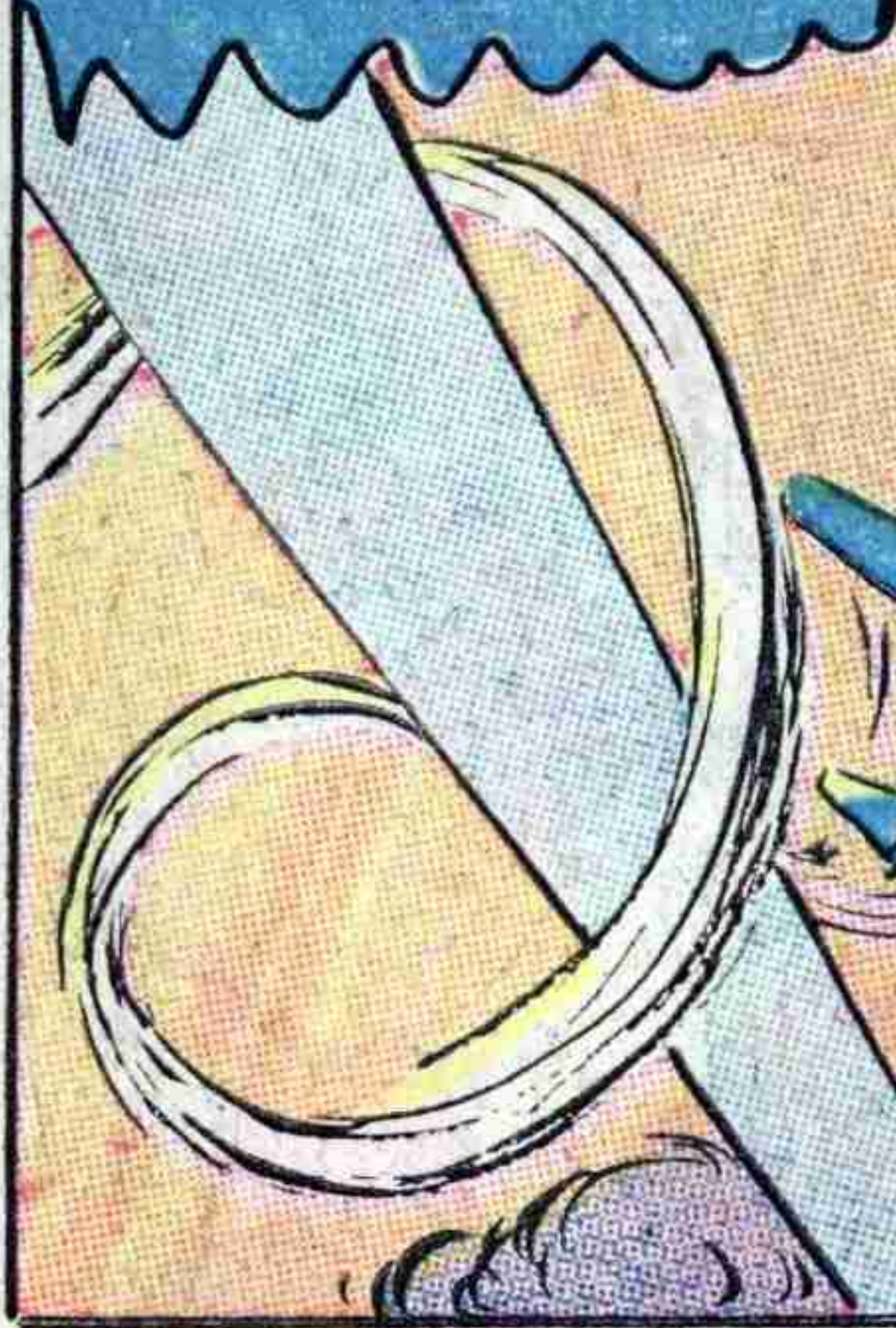


AS AERO CLIMBS INTO THE CLOUDS, THE BLUE BEAM SWEEPS UP AFTER THE ESCAPING PAIR!

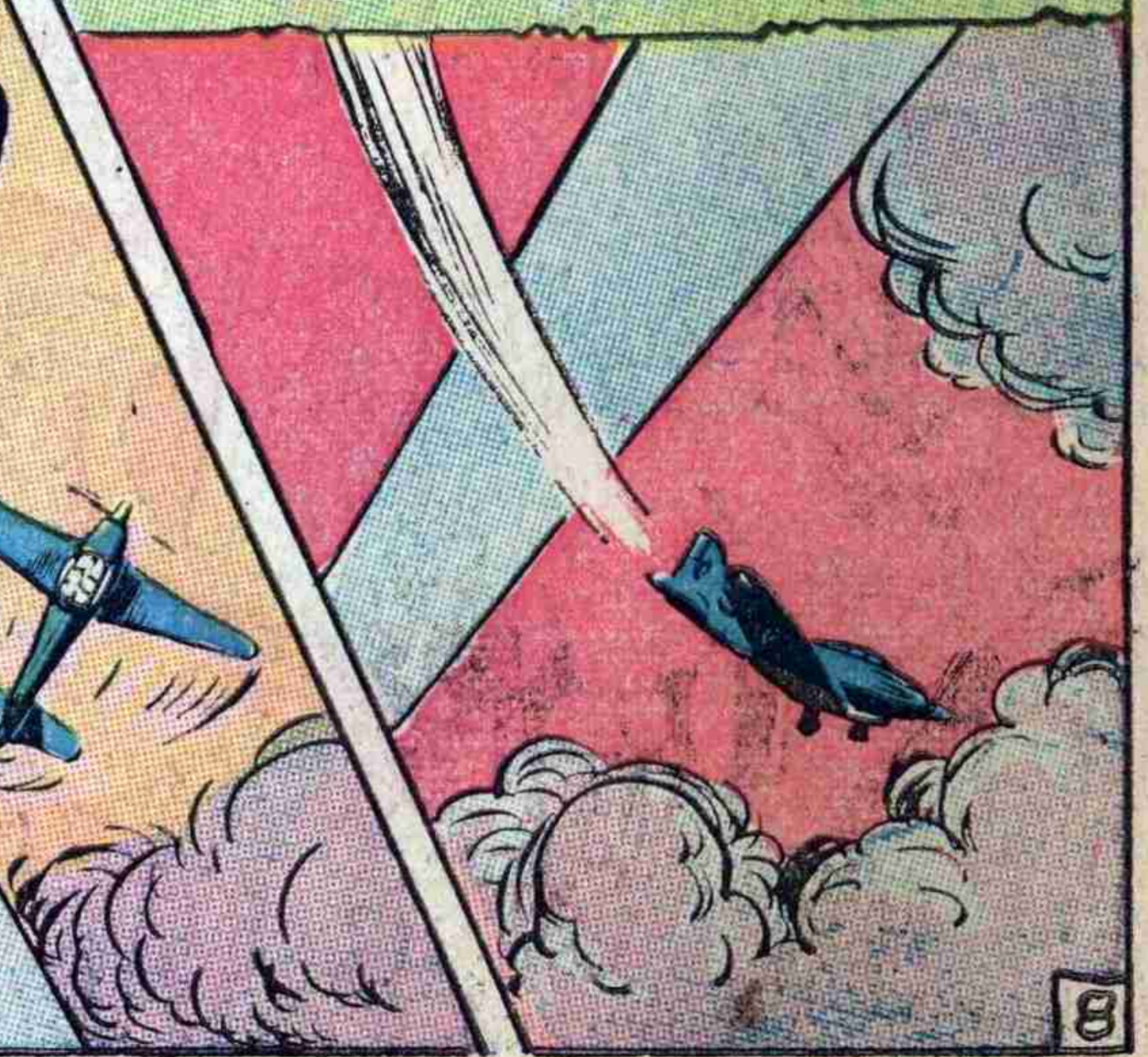


...AND IMMEDIATELY A SQUADRON OF NAZI PLANES TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT!

SUDDENLY GOING INTO A LOOP, THE MASTER PILOT COMPLETELY ENCIRCLES THE DESTRUCTIVE RAY...



...AND IN A SCREAMING POWER DIVE HURTLES EARTHWARD!



WITH HIS LANDING GEAR BRUSHING THE TREE TOPS, HE STREAKS OUT OF RANGE OF THE DEADLY RAY...



...REACHING THE EDGE OF THE ISLAND, HE BANKS SHARPLY AND ROARS OUT OVER THE WATER...

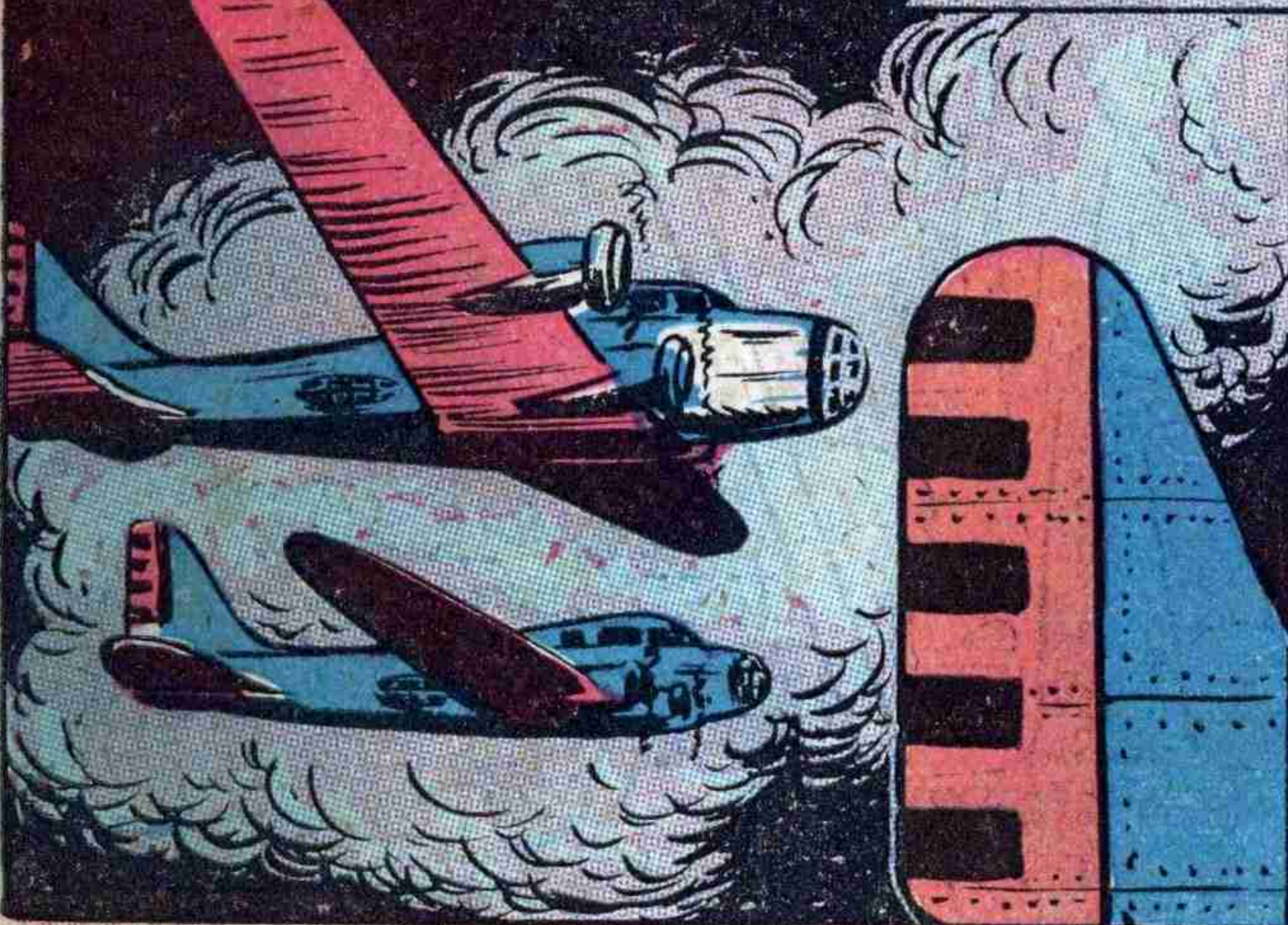


WE MADE IT!
WE MADE IT!

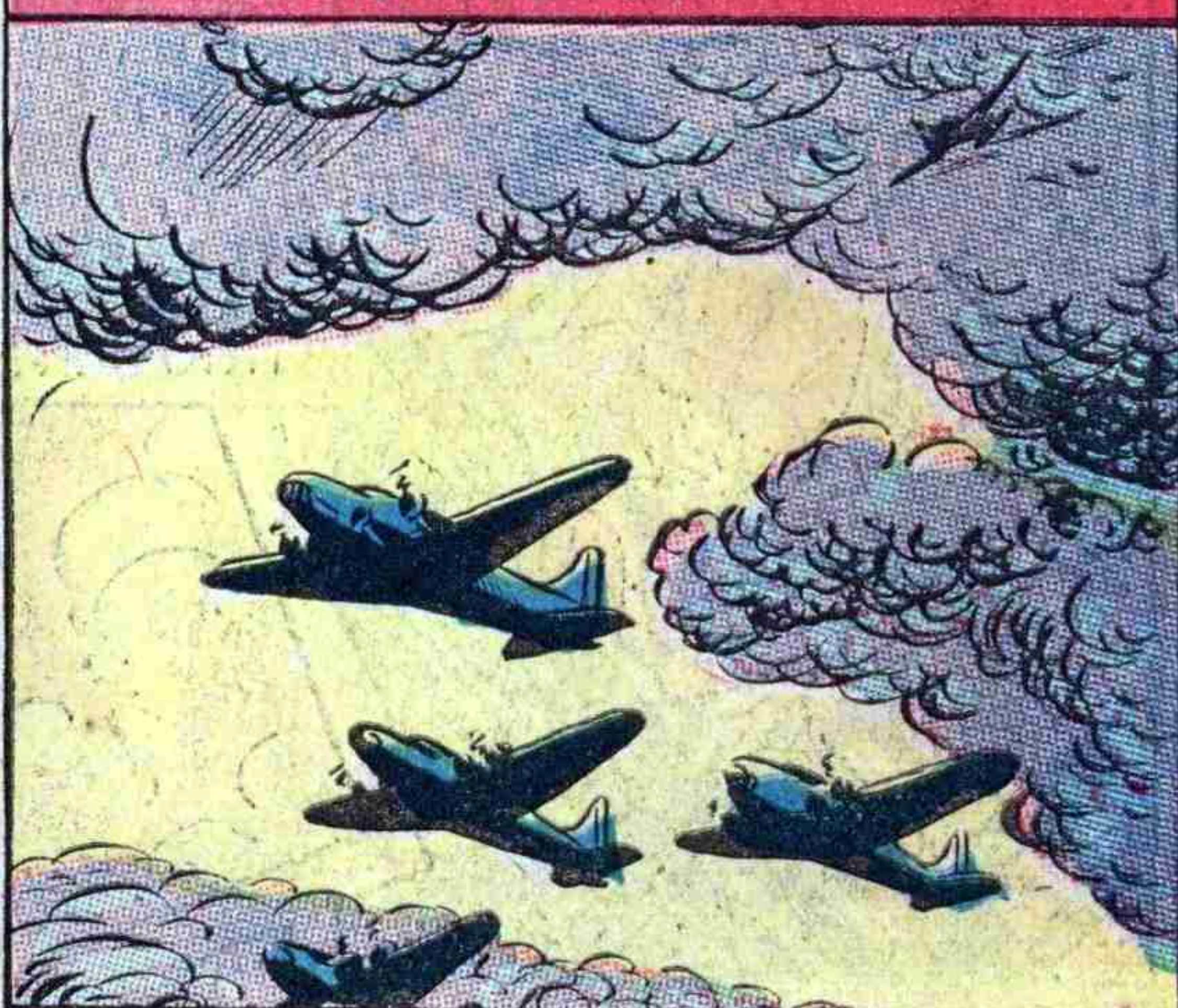
WELL, WELL!
YOU DON'T
SAY!



MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY, ANOTHER MIGHTY ARMADA OF FLYING FORTRESSES LEAVE AMERICA BOUND FOR ENGLAND...



HOURS LATER, FAR OUT OVER THE ATLANTIC, A LONE PLANE SUDDENLY DIVES DOWN AMONG THE BOMBERS...

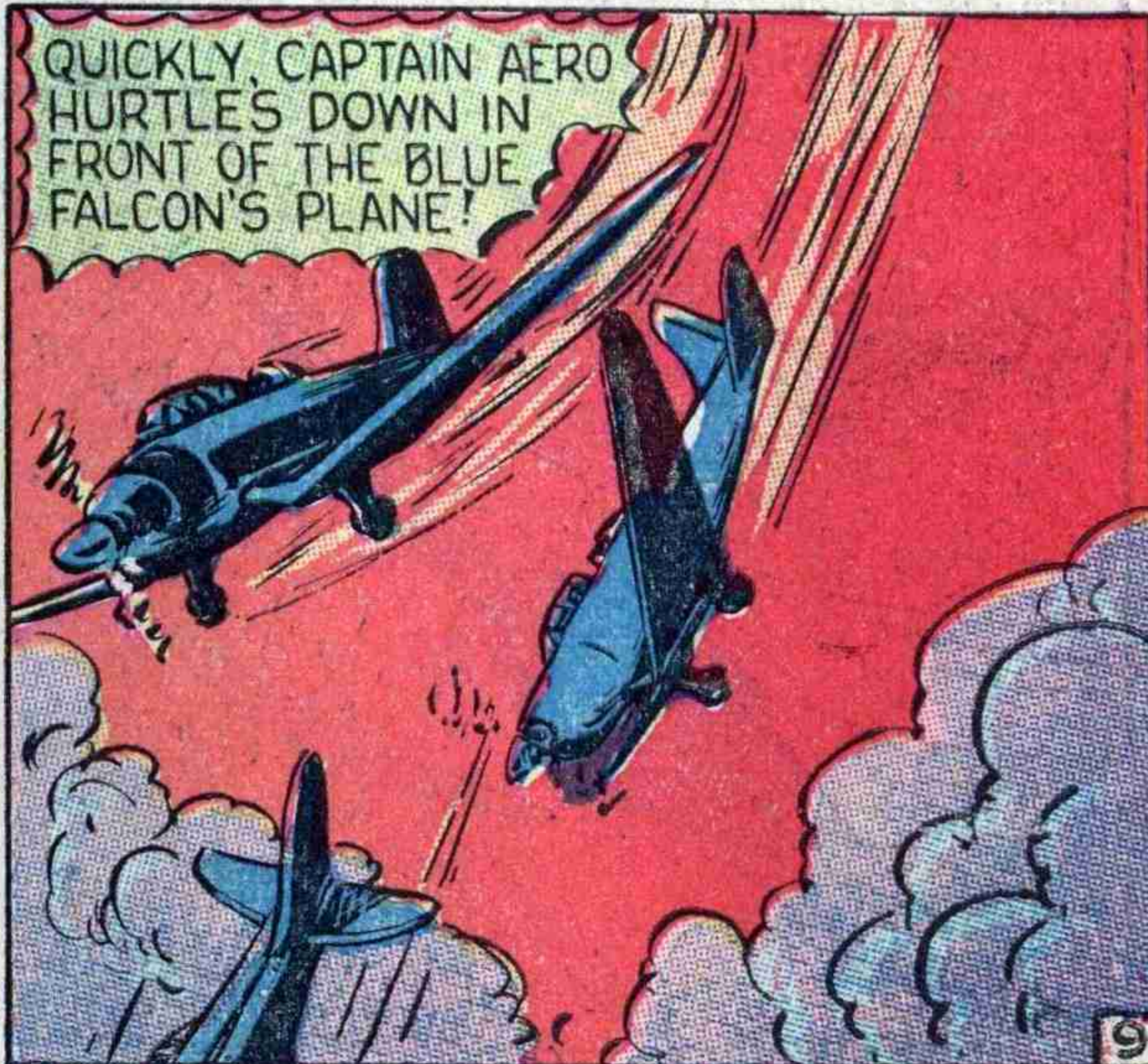


AN INSTANT LATER, ANOTHER PLANE BREAKS THROUGH THE CLOUDS BEHIND IT!

THERE SHE GOES!
SHE'S DIVING
SMACK AT OUR
BOMBERS!



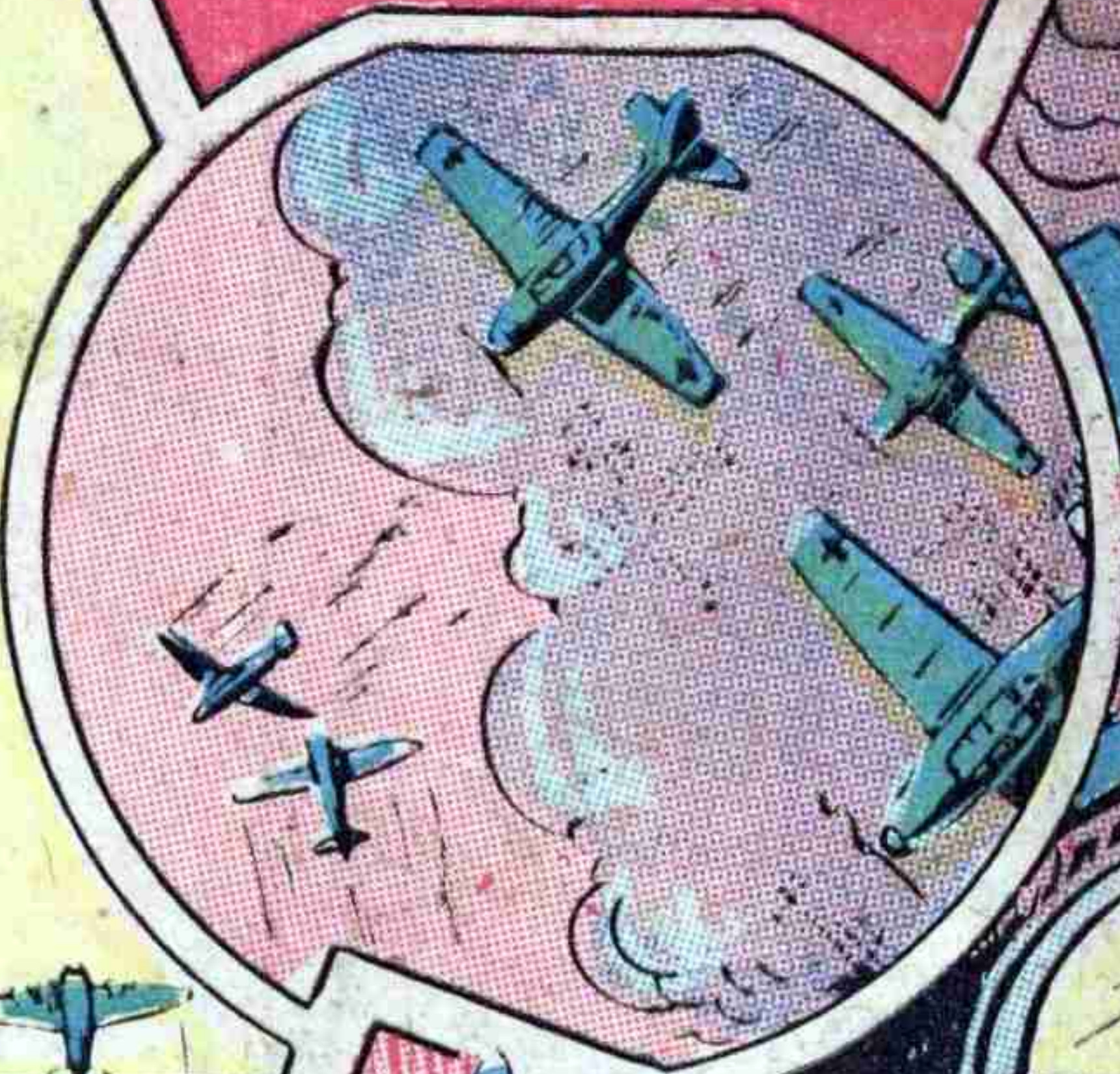
QUICKLY, CAPTAIN AERO
HURTLES DOWN IN
FRONT OF THE BLUE
FALCON'S PLANE!



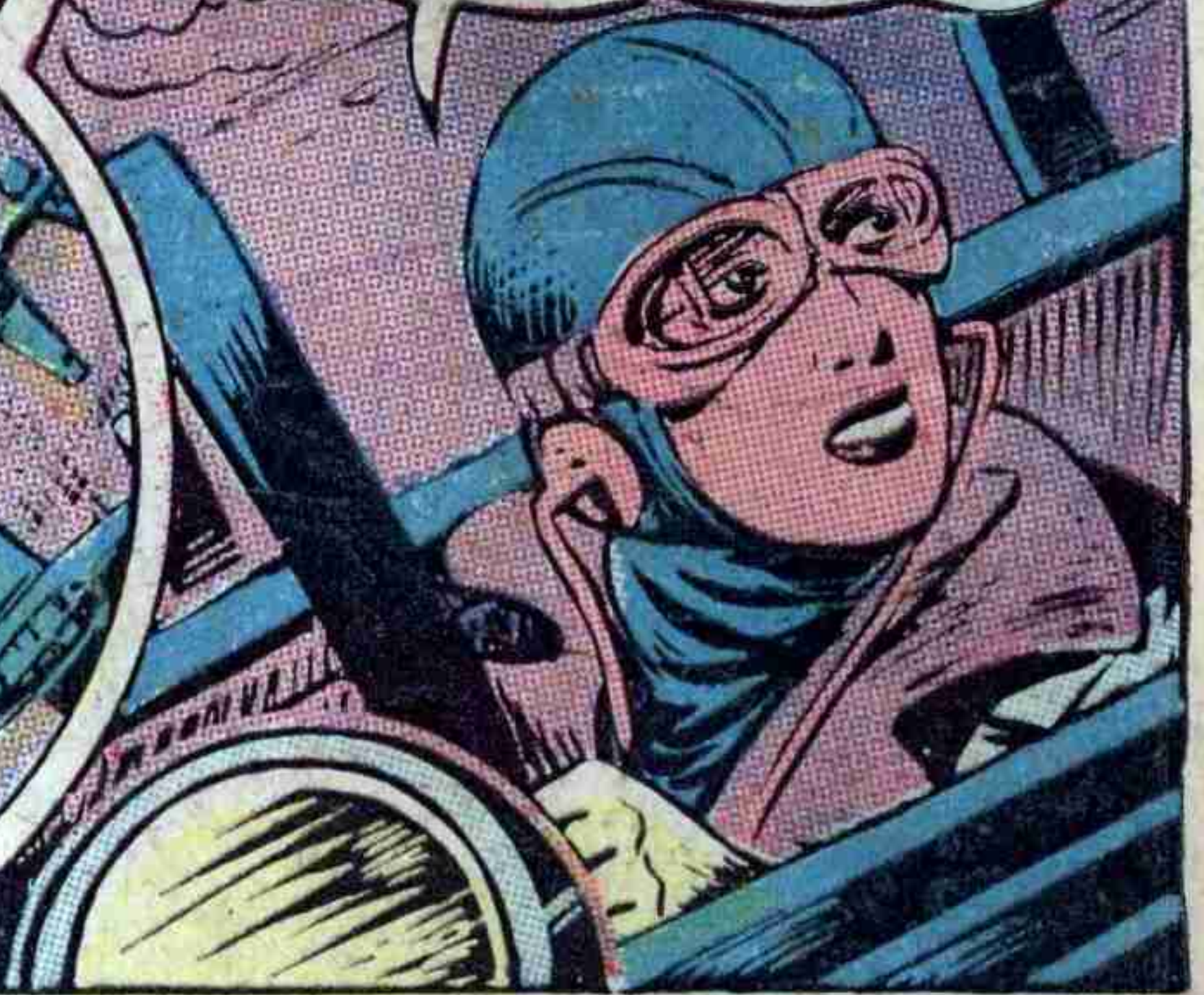
AERO'S POWER
DIVE FORCES
HER TO BANK
ABRUPTLY AWAY!



BUT BREAKING THROUGH
THE CLOUDS, THE FLIGHT
OF MESSERSCHMITTS
ROAR TO THE AID OF
THEIR LEADER!



HE'S GOOD THAT
YANKEE, BUT HE DIDN'T
BARGAIN ON THIS --
NOW I'M FREE TO TAKE
CARE OF THOSE
BOMBERS IN MY
OWN LITTLE WAY!



SHE'S GETTIN'
READY TO TURN ON
THAT RAY PROPWASH,
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HER!



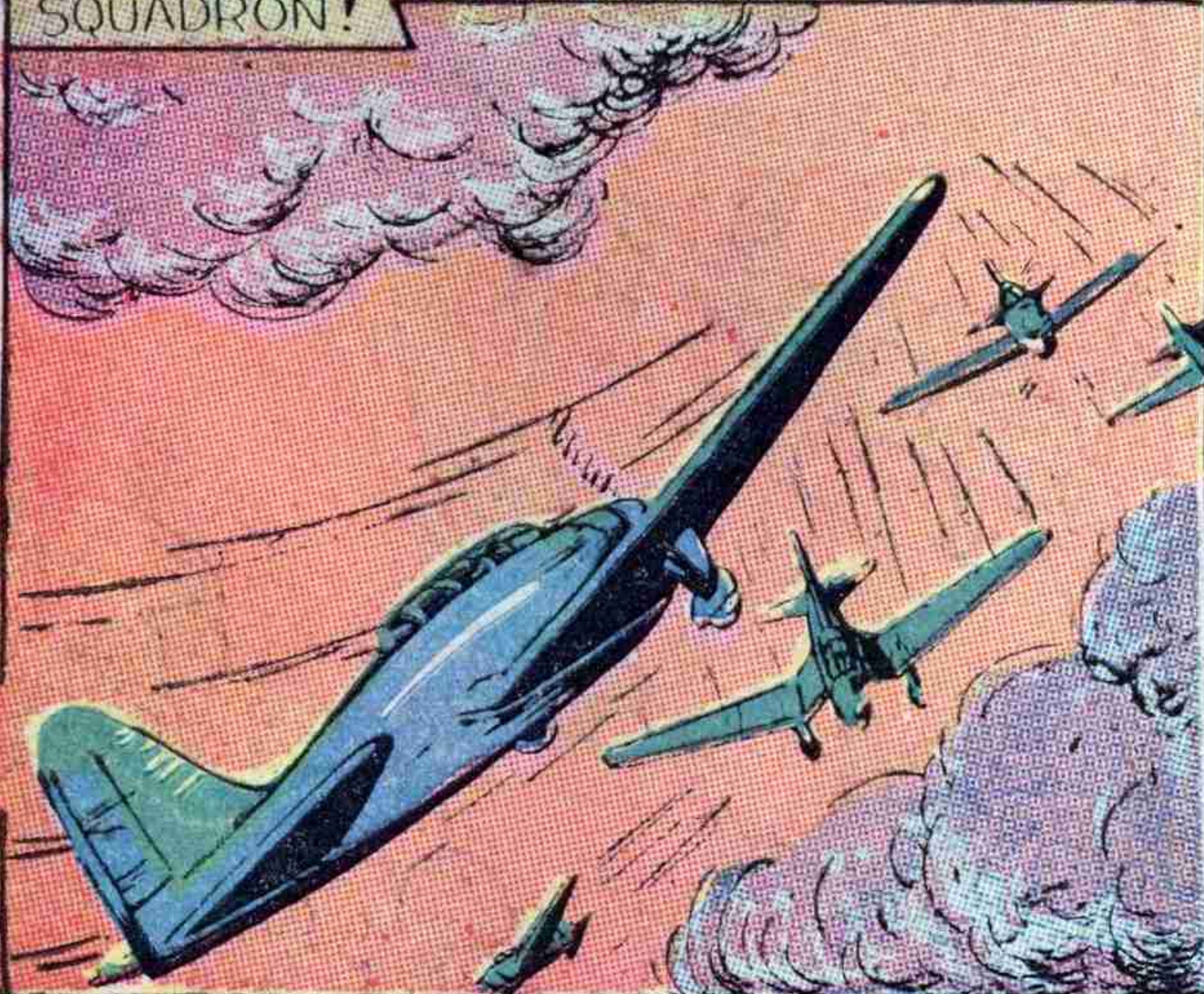
INSTANTLY
DIVING HIS
STOLEN
PLANE, AERO
CENTERS THE
FALCON'S SHIP
IN HIS GUN
SIGHT AND
SQUEEZES
THE
TRIGGER!



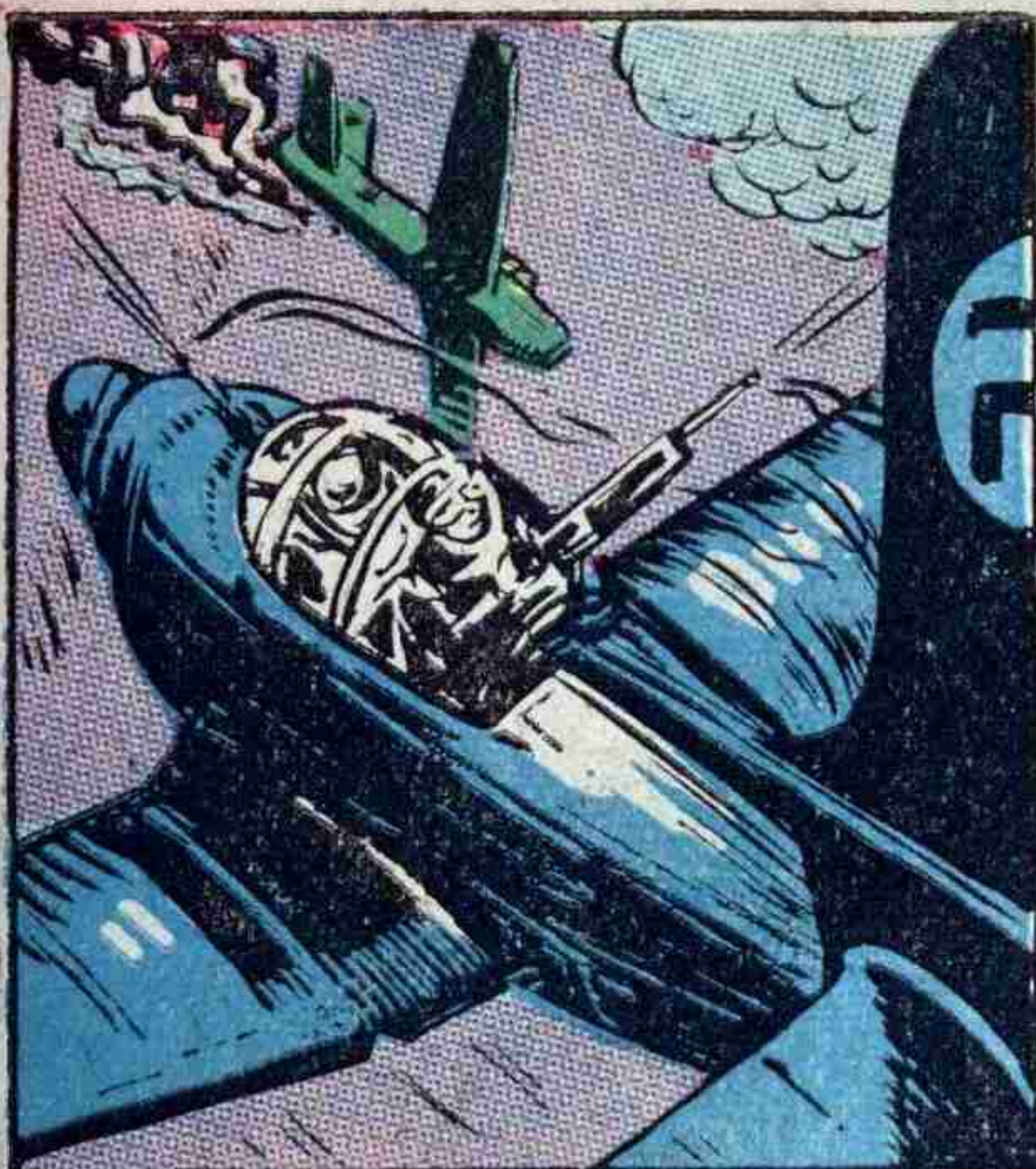
HE SCORES A
DIRECT HIT! THE
SLUGS SHATTER
THE DEADLY BLUE
BEAM!



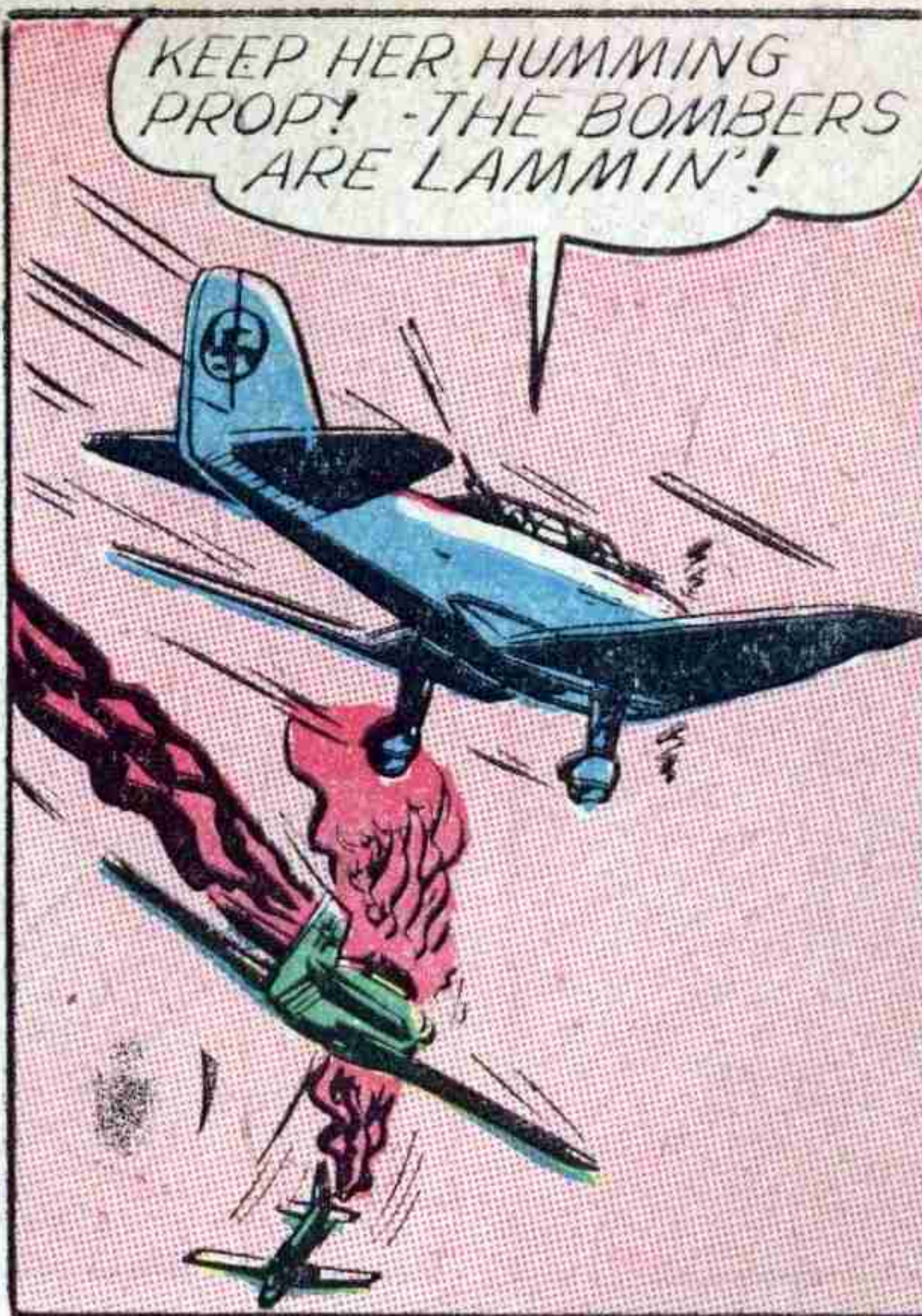
PULLING UP SHARPLY, CAPTAIN AERO
THEN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE NAZI
SQUADRON!



LIKE AN AVENGING
ANGEL OF DESTRUC-
TION, THE MASTER
PILOT WITH GUNS
BLAZING, ROARS
TO THE ATTACK!



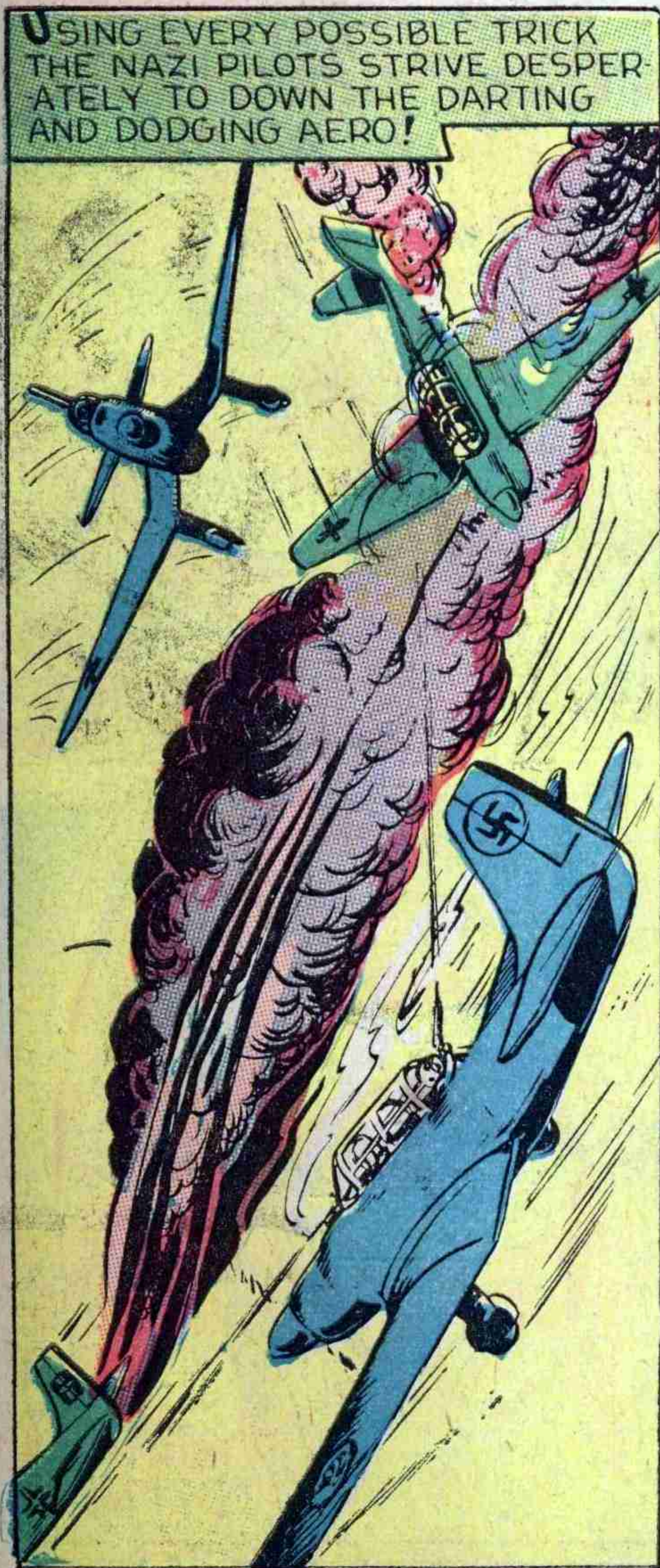
AS AERO BLASTS INTO THE FRAY, PROPWASH HANDLES THE REAR GUN WITH DEADLY ACCURACY!



KEEP HER HUMMING PROP! -THE BOMBERS ARE LAMMIN'!



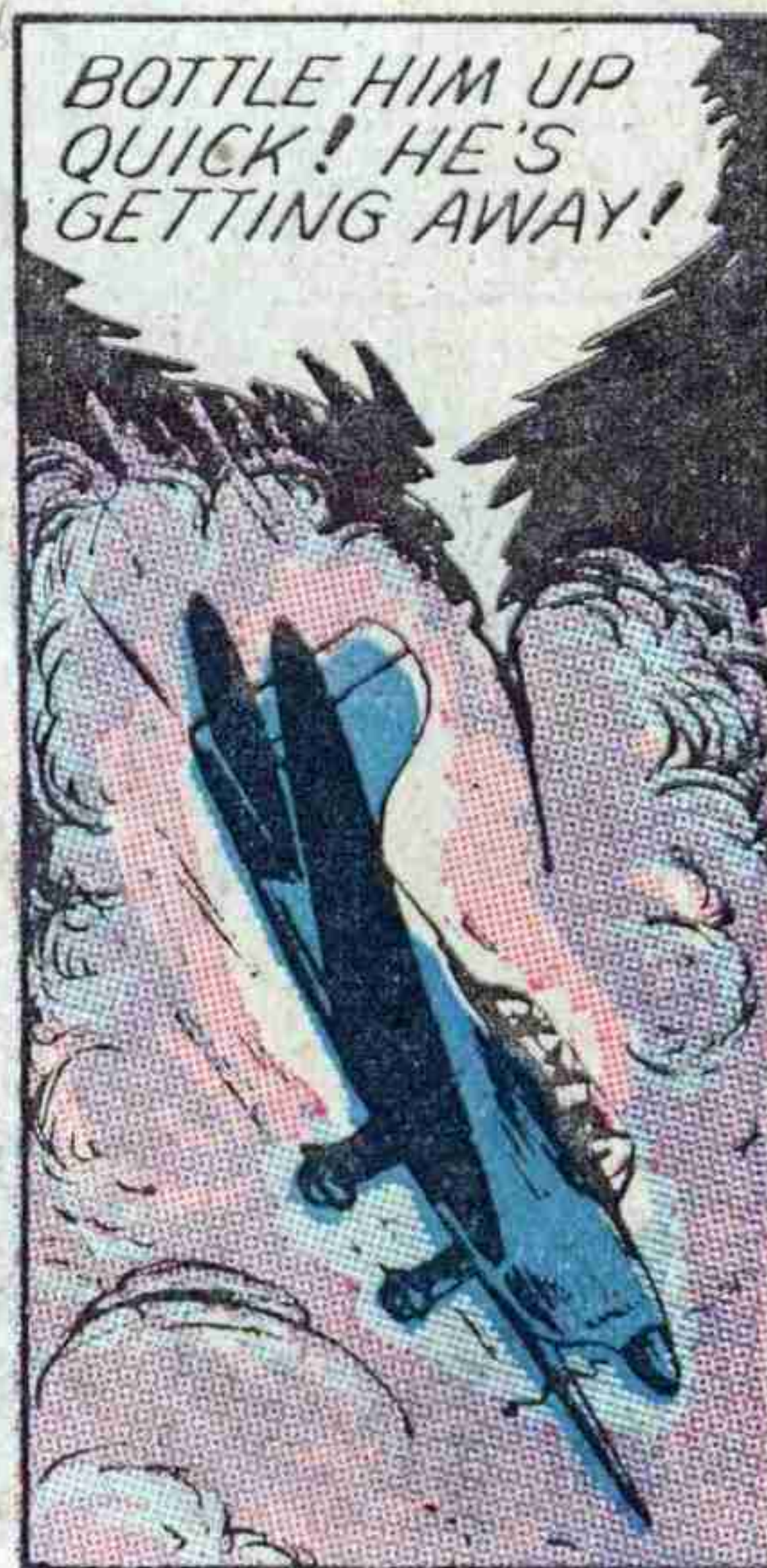
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE NAZI MESSERSCHMITTS SPIN CRAZILY INTO THE SEA!



USING EVERY POSSIBLE TRICK THE NAZI PILOTS STRIVE DESPERATELY TO DOWN THE DARTING AND DODGING AERO!



SHOOT HIM DOWN, YOU FOOLS!-- HE'S ONLY ONE AGAINST MANY! UMM, BUT WHAT A ONE!



BOTTLE HIM UP QUICK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

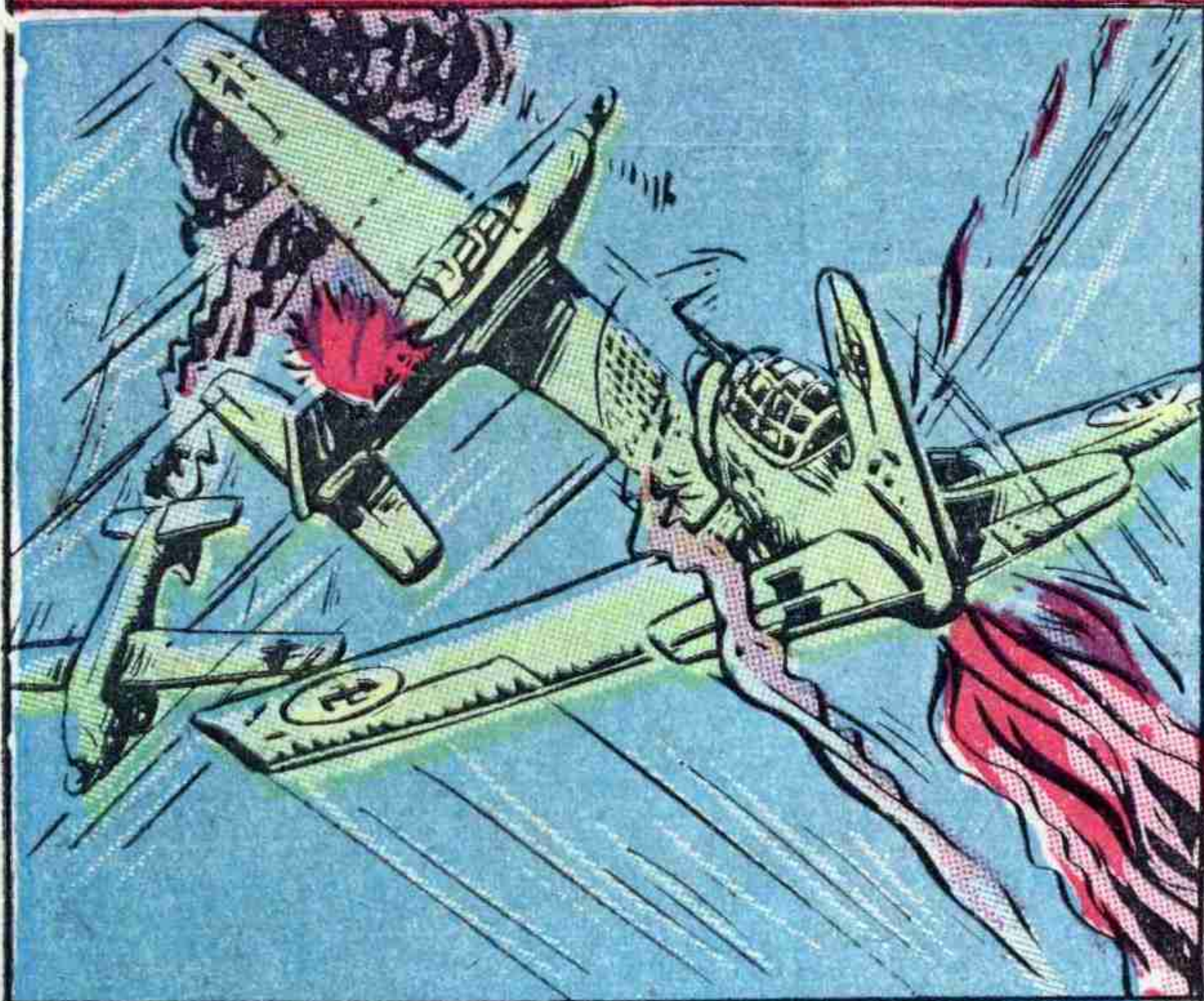


OH! OH! THEY'RE GANGING UP-- STEADY PROPWASH-- HERE COMES THE GRAND FINALE!

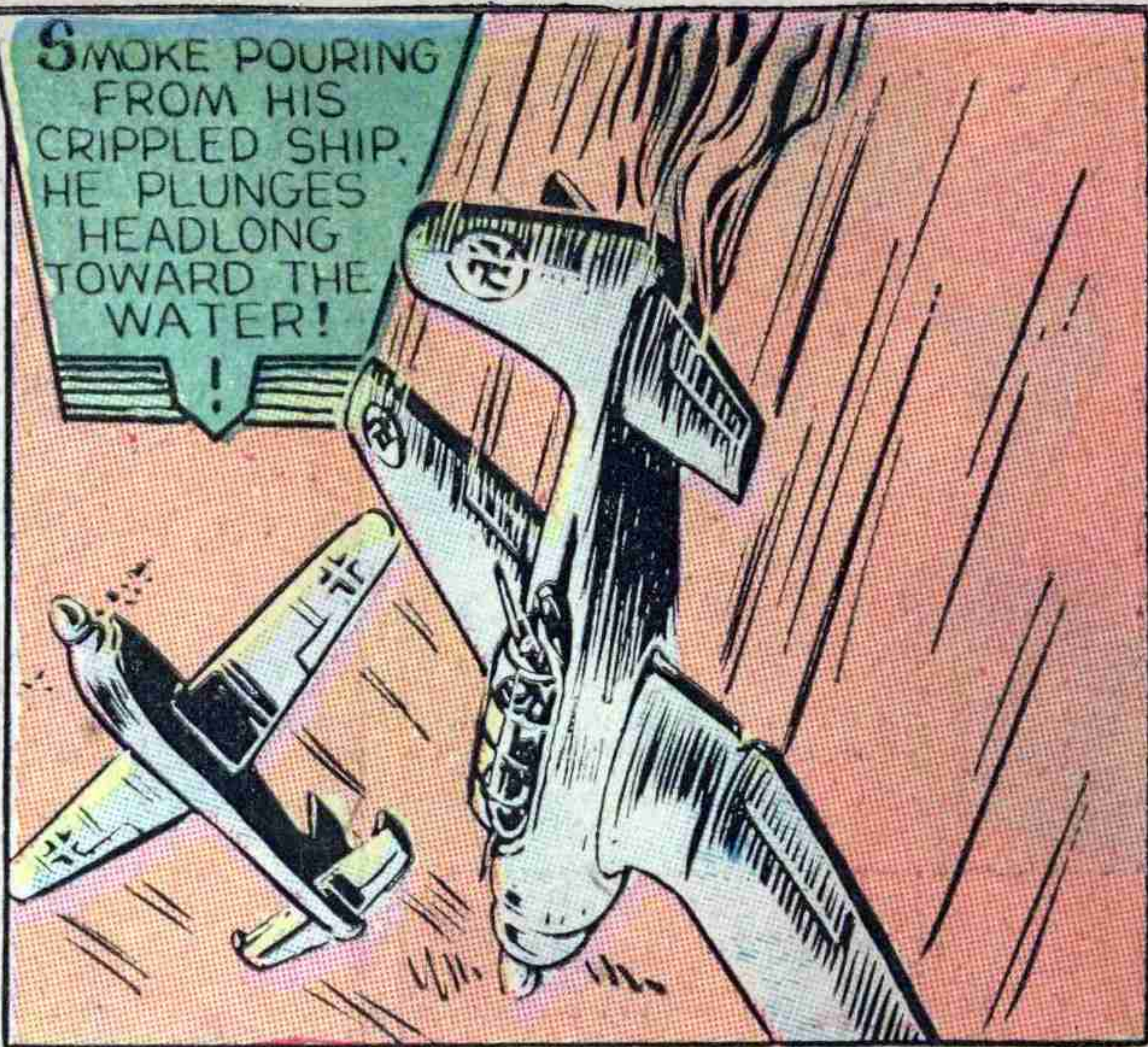


NOW YANKEE-- WE SHALL SEE WHO RULES THE SKIES!

AERO BANKS A SECOND TOO LATE... AND A HAIL OF INCENDIARIES RIP INTO HIS TAIL!



SMOKE POURING FROM HIS CRIPPLED SHIP, HE PLUNGES HEADLONG TOWARD THE WATER!



DOWN--DOWN--STREAKS THE STRICKEN PLANE--- THREE--FOUR HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR!

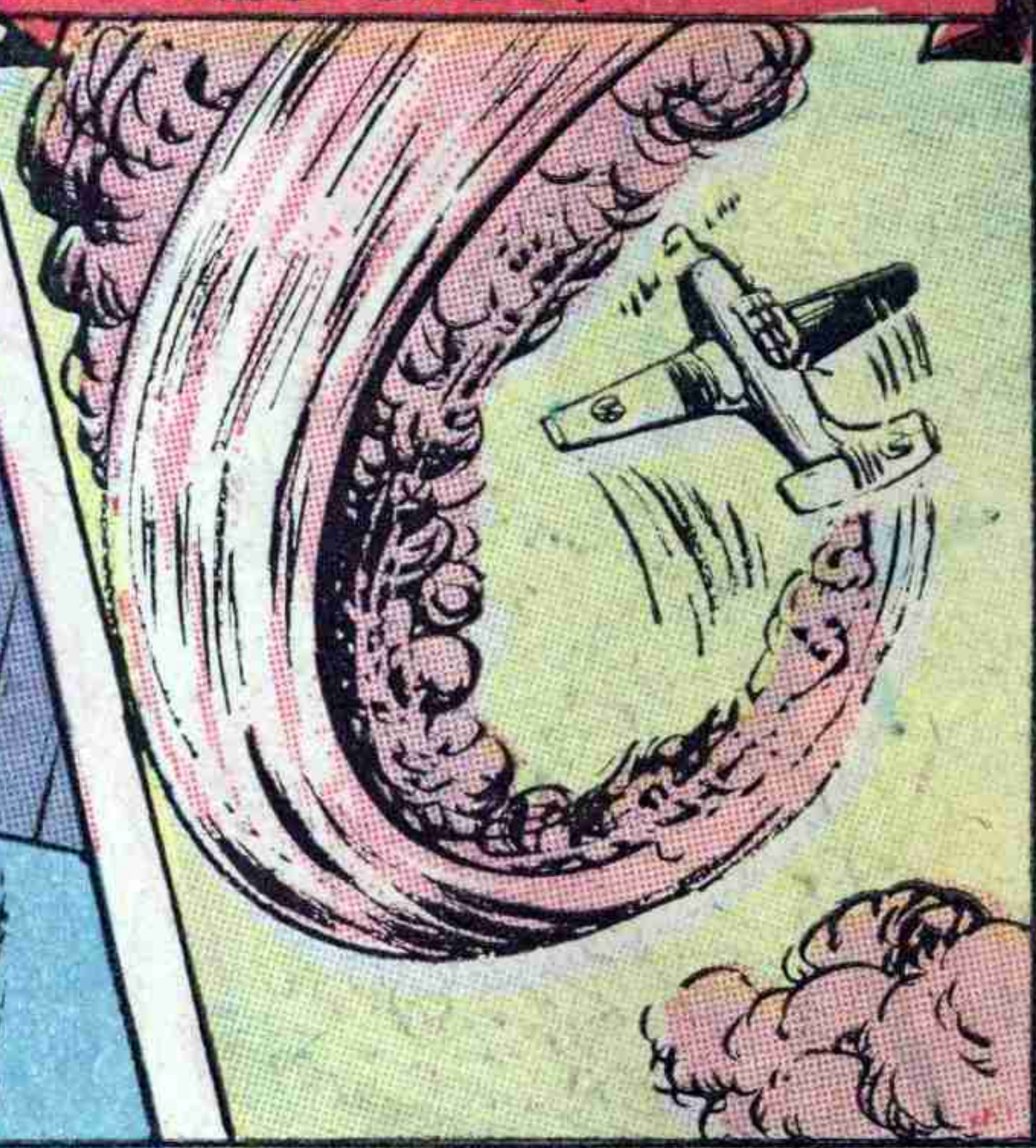


GIVE A LITTLE BABY--C'MON GIVE!

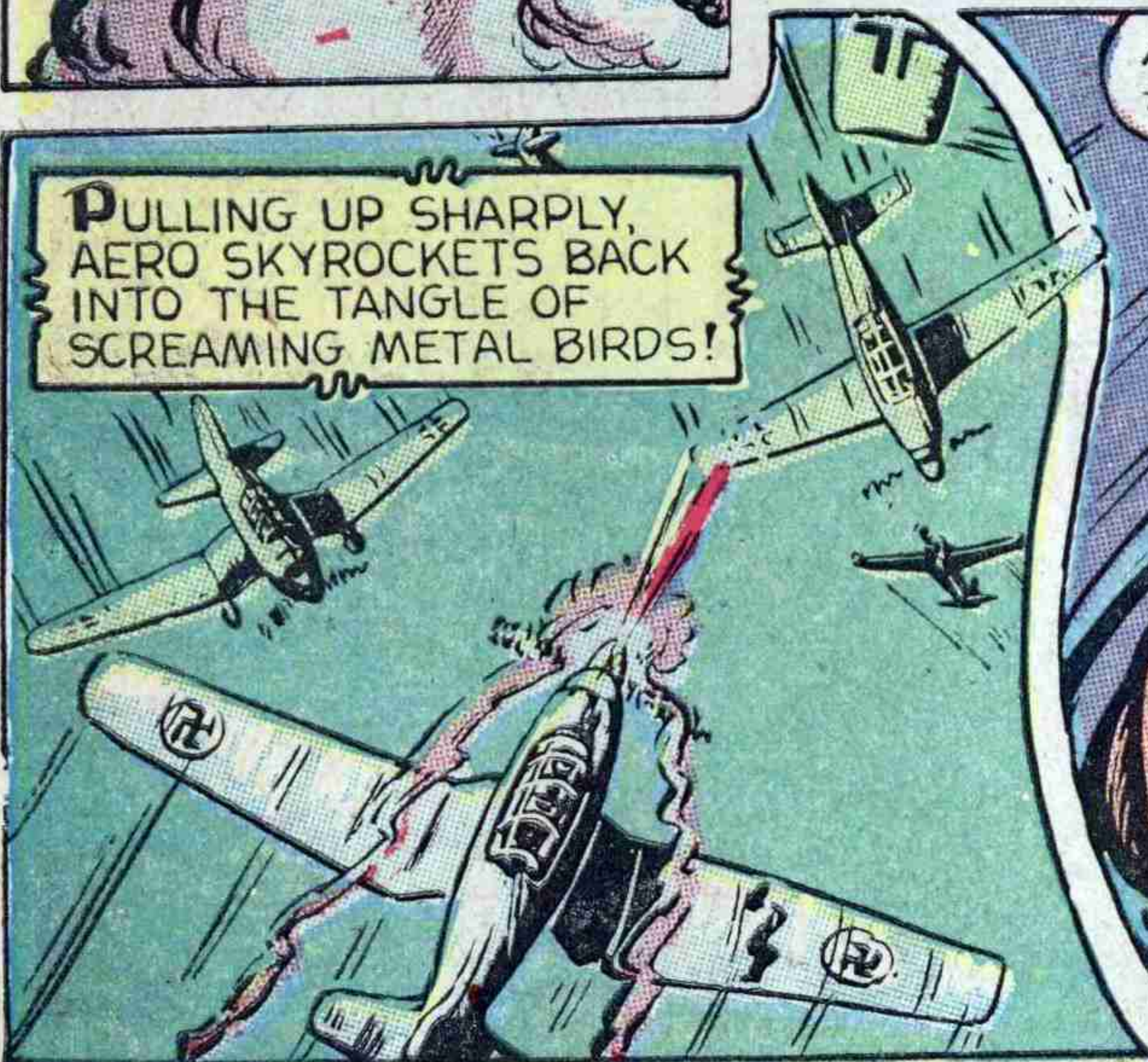
DESPERATELY, AERO STRUGGLES WITH THE FOULED CONTROLS!



THEN A MIRACLE HAPPENS THE DAMAGED PLANE RESPONDS!



PULLING UP SHARPLY, AERO SKYROCKETS BACK INTO THE TANGLE OF SCREAMING METAL BIRDS!



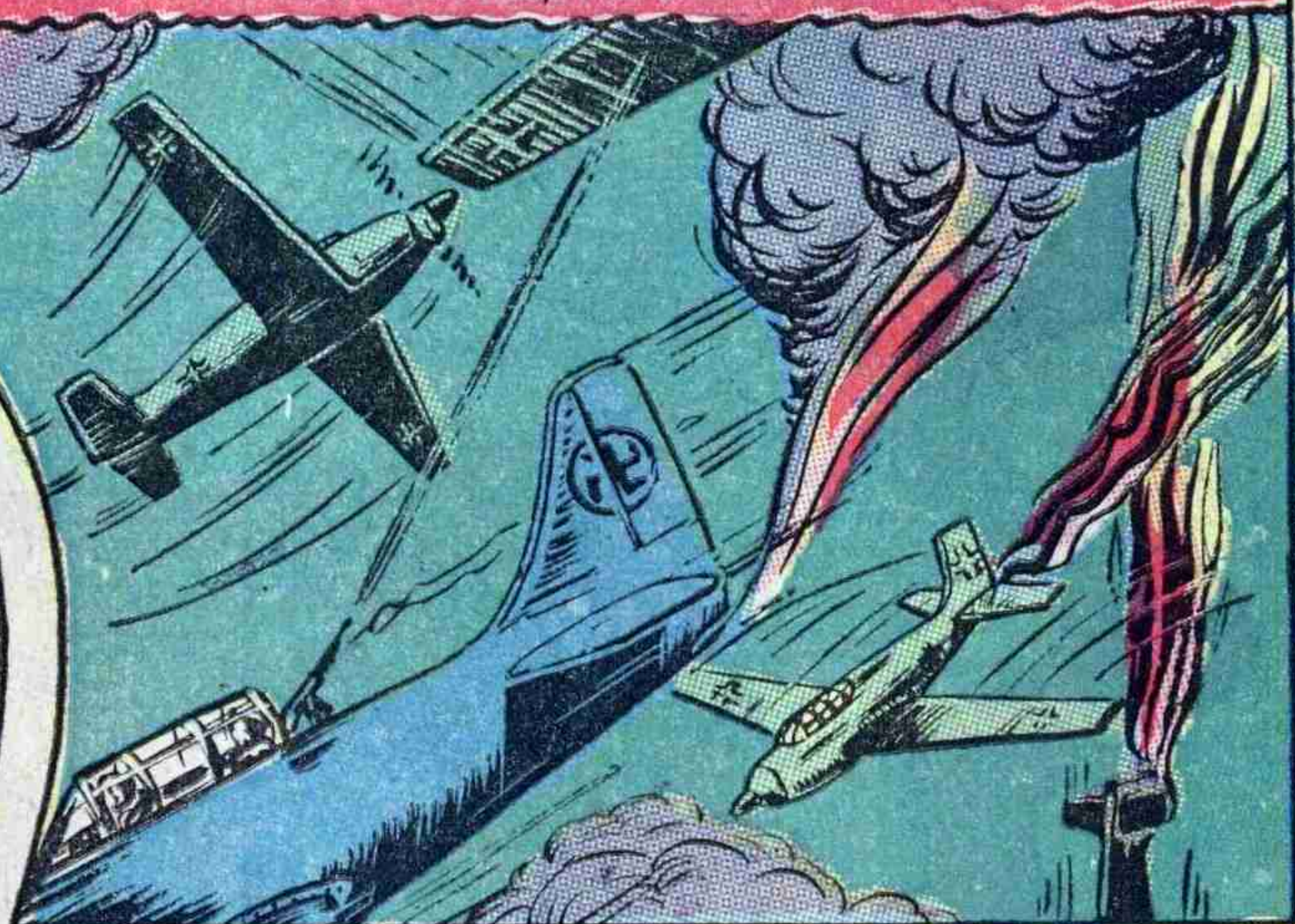
HANG ON, PROP. WASH--HERE WE GO AGAIN!



THE NAZI PILOTS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE AS AERO, LIKE A FLAMING METEOR, SWEEPS AMONG THEM!



PUTTING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS AMAZING SKILL INTO THE ATTACK--PLANE AFTER PLANE SUCCUMBS TO HIS WITHERING FIRE, TIL BUT ONE REMAINS...



AND THAT ONE IS THE SHIP OF -- THE BLUE FALCON!

WHAT A FLIER! HE BEAT THEM WITH A CRIPPLED SHIP! THE MAN IS SUPREME--OH, OH, HE'S COMING AFTER ME NOW! SORRY CAPTAIN, BUT IF I GO CAPTAIN, YOU GO WITH ME--AUF WEIDERSEN!



AS AERO DIVES INTO POSITION ON THE TAIL OF THE ENEMY, HE RECOGNIZES THE PILOT!



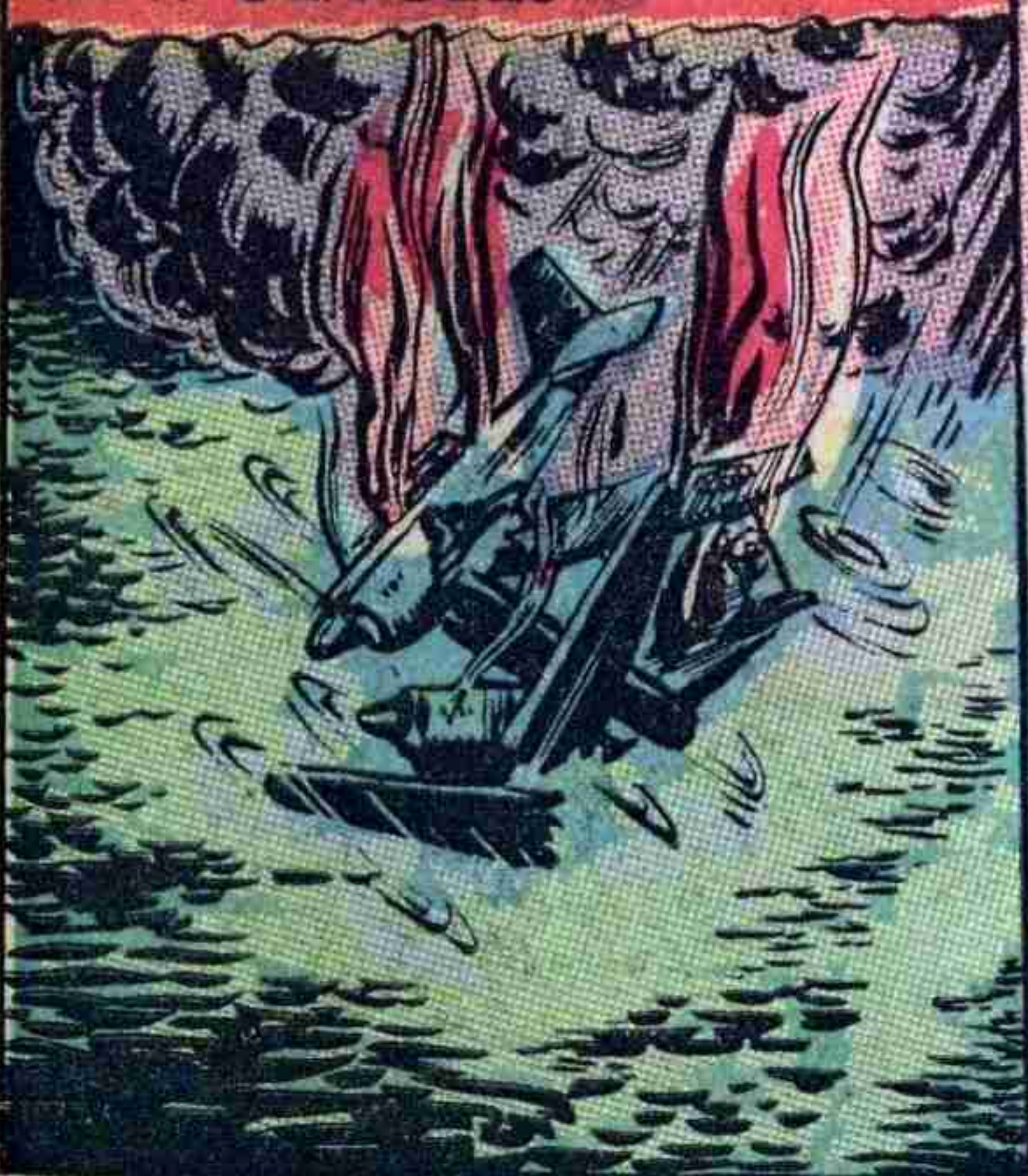
GOOD LORD! IT'S HER!--I CAN'T SHOOT A WOMAN--I CAN'T--I'LL FORCE HER DOWN!

NOW!

--AT THE MOMENT OF INDECISION, THE FALCON ACTS--A SUDDEN SIDE SLIP AND...



LOCKED TOGETHER IN AN EMBRACE OF DEATH--THE TWO SHIPS HURTLE DOWN TO A WATERY GRAVE IN THE INKY SEA BELOW--



PROPWASH! PROP! WHERE ARE YOU? HERE I AM, CAP! I'M O.K., I'M ON A PIECE OF WRECKAGE

THANK HEAVEN!-- POOR KID, SHE DELIBERATELY CRASHED US-- WELL, THAT ENDS THE BLUE FALCON!



BUT WHAT IS THAT DARK SPOT, BOBBING ALONG TOWARD THE ISLAND



CAN IT BE THAT THE BLUE FALCON TOO, ESCAPED THE CRASH--DON'T MISS THE NEXT GREAT CAPTAIN AERO

comics

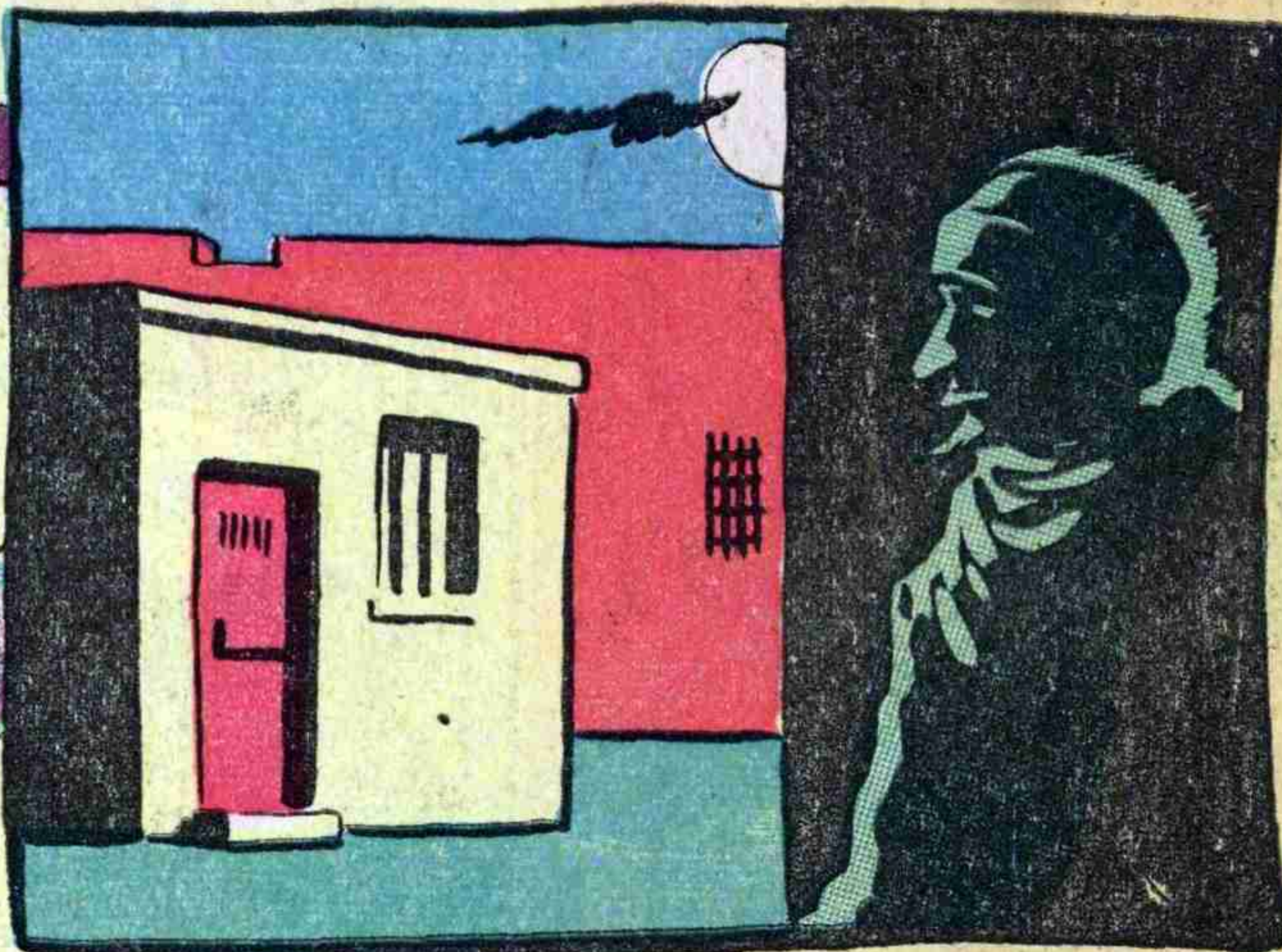


RUSTY

HOGAN

IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

MIDNITE AND INSIDE GARRISON 7 OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN
LEGION.... AN OMINOUS FIGURE SKULKS OUTSIDE THE CELL BLOCK
WHEREIN THE NEFERIOUS ABDUL IS AWAITING TRIAL ...



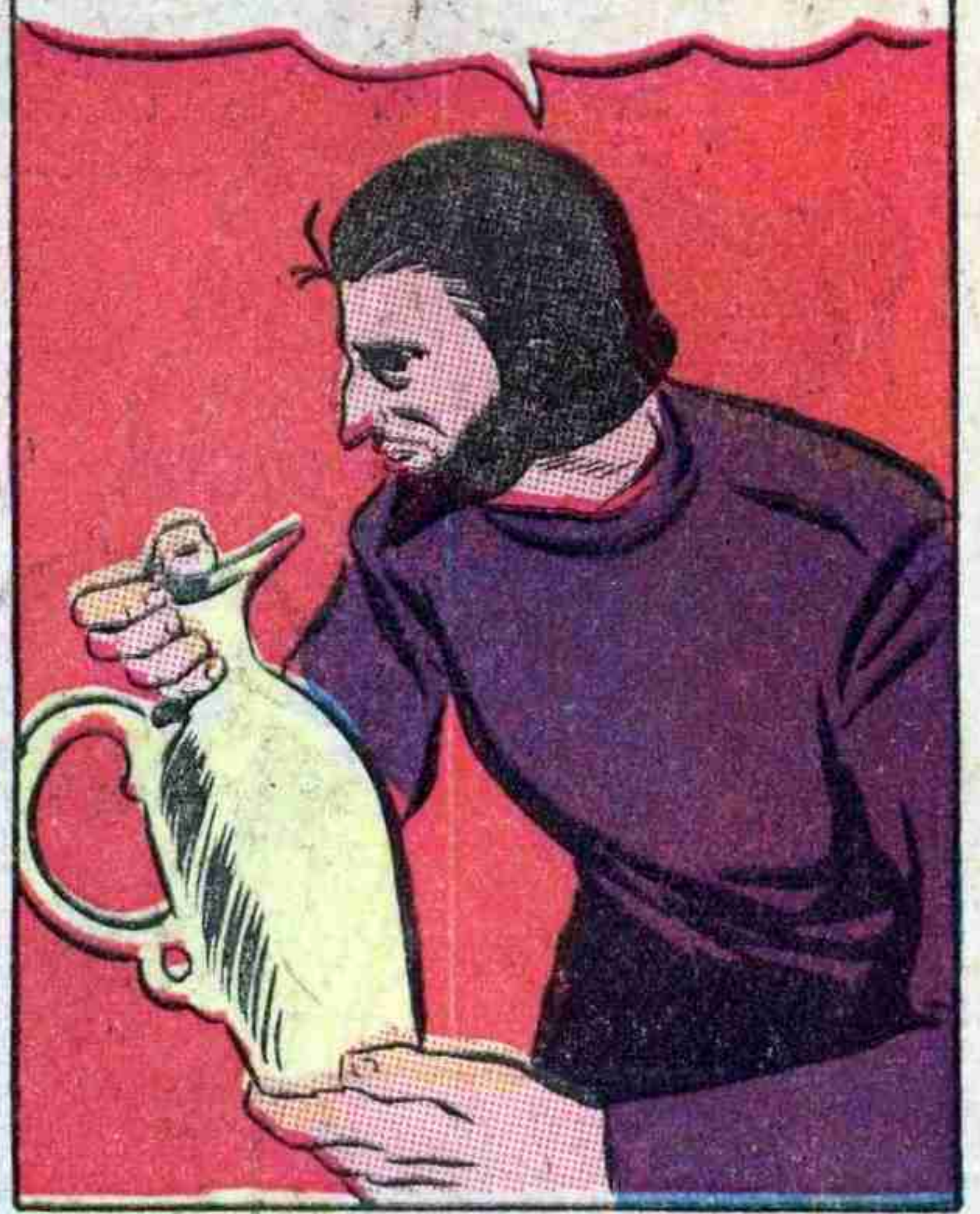
STEALTHILY SLIPPING TO THE BARRED WINDOW HE HURLS
A METAL BOTTLE INSIDE.



WHAT'S
THAT?

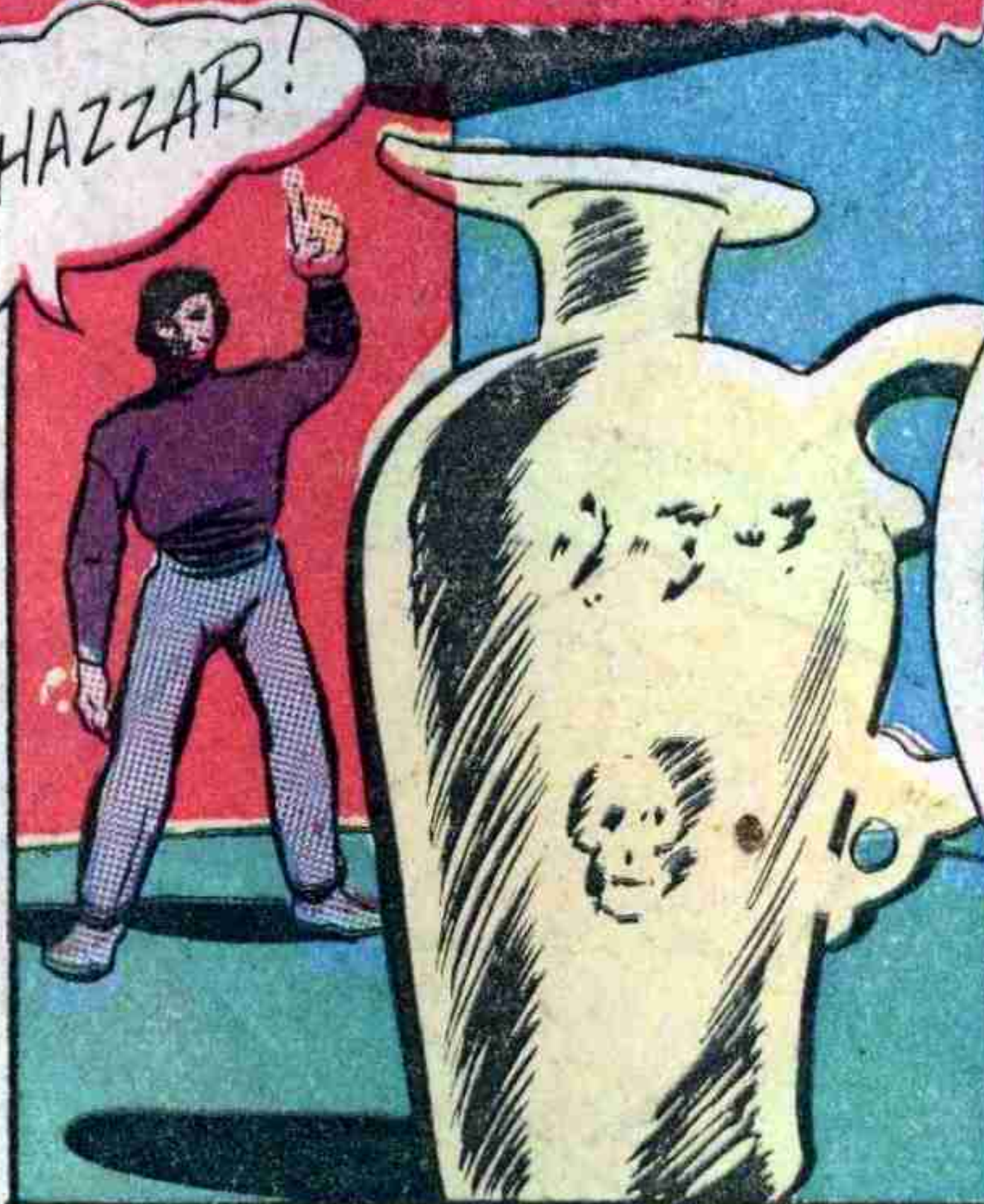


BY THE SACRED BEARD OF THE
PROPHET 'TIS MY MAGIC BOTTLE!

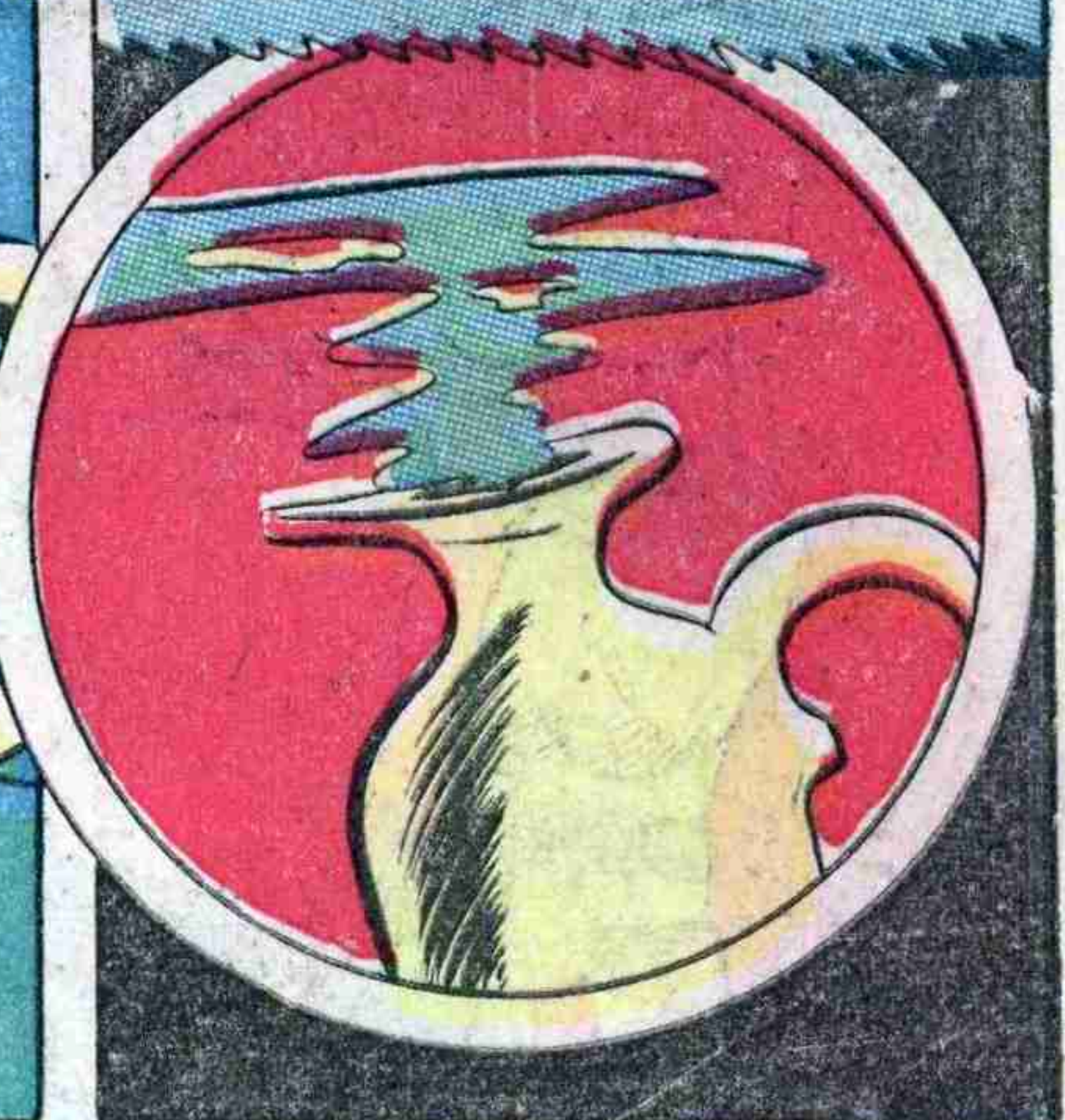


QUICKLY REMOVING THE STOPPER FROM THE NECK OF THE FLASK, HE
STANDS IT IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE CELL AND SHOUTS.

BELSHAZZAR!



A THIN WISP OF VAPOR EMERGES
SLOWLY THEN RAPIDLY TO TAKE
STRANGE FORM UNTILL



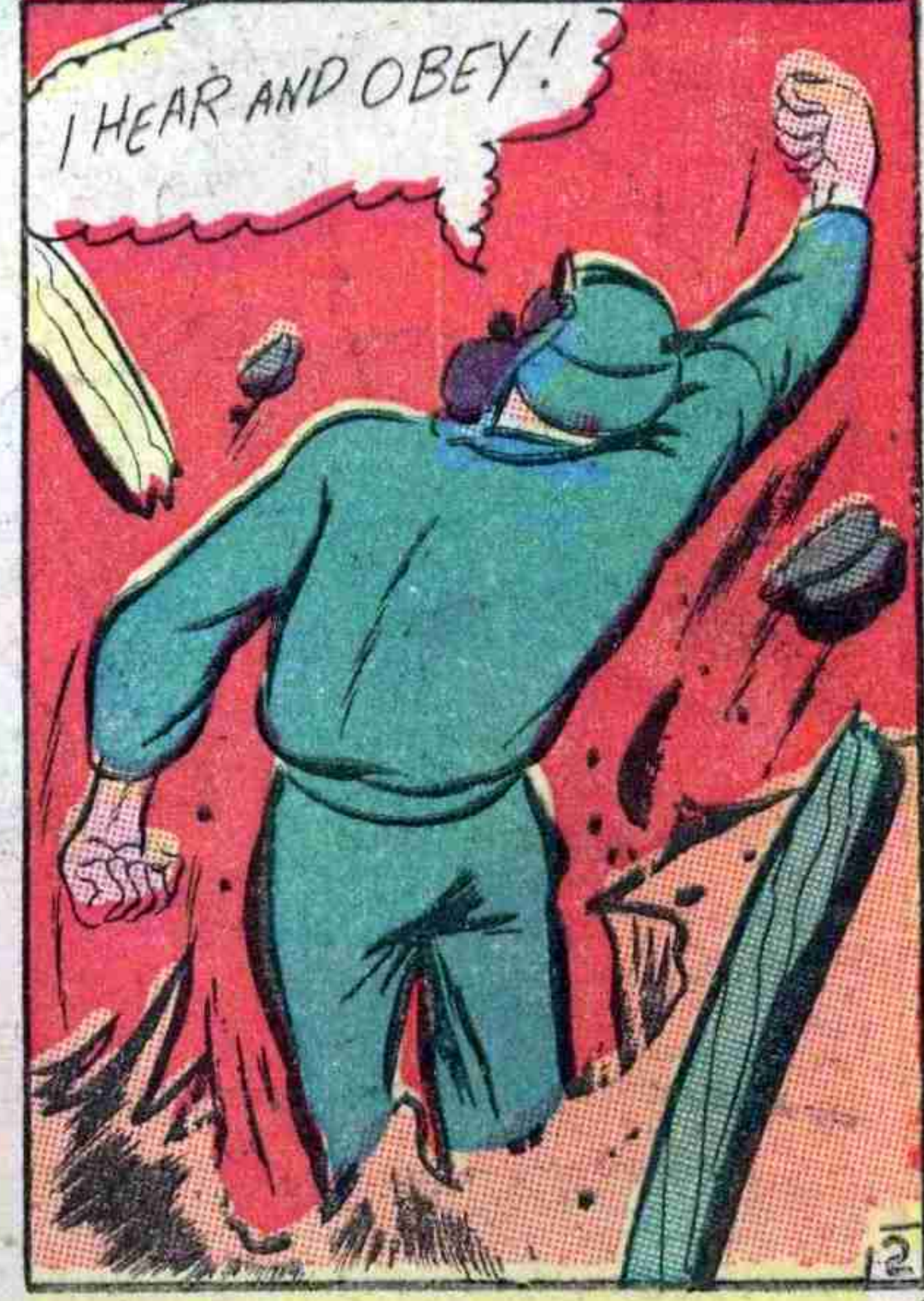
WHAT IS THY
WISH OH, MASTER?



QUICKLY GET ME OUT OF
THIS RAT HOLE!!



I HEAR AND OBEY!



GLIDING SWIFTLY ABOVE THE GARRISON THE GENII GUIDED BY ABDUL SOON DISAPPEARS OUT OF SIGHT...

AND NOT EVEN THE SLEEPY SENTRIES ARE AWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

NEXT MORNING RUSTY AND MAC EXAMINE THE WRECKED CELL IN AMAZEMENT

IT'S BEYOND ME HOW HE GOT AWAY...

WISH WE HAD A MAGIC CARPET TO GO AFTER THAT GUY... RUSTY LOOK AT THIS FUNNY JUG...

HEY!

I DUNNO GET ON WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

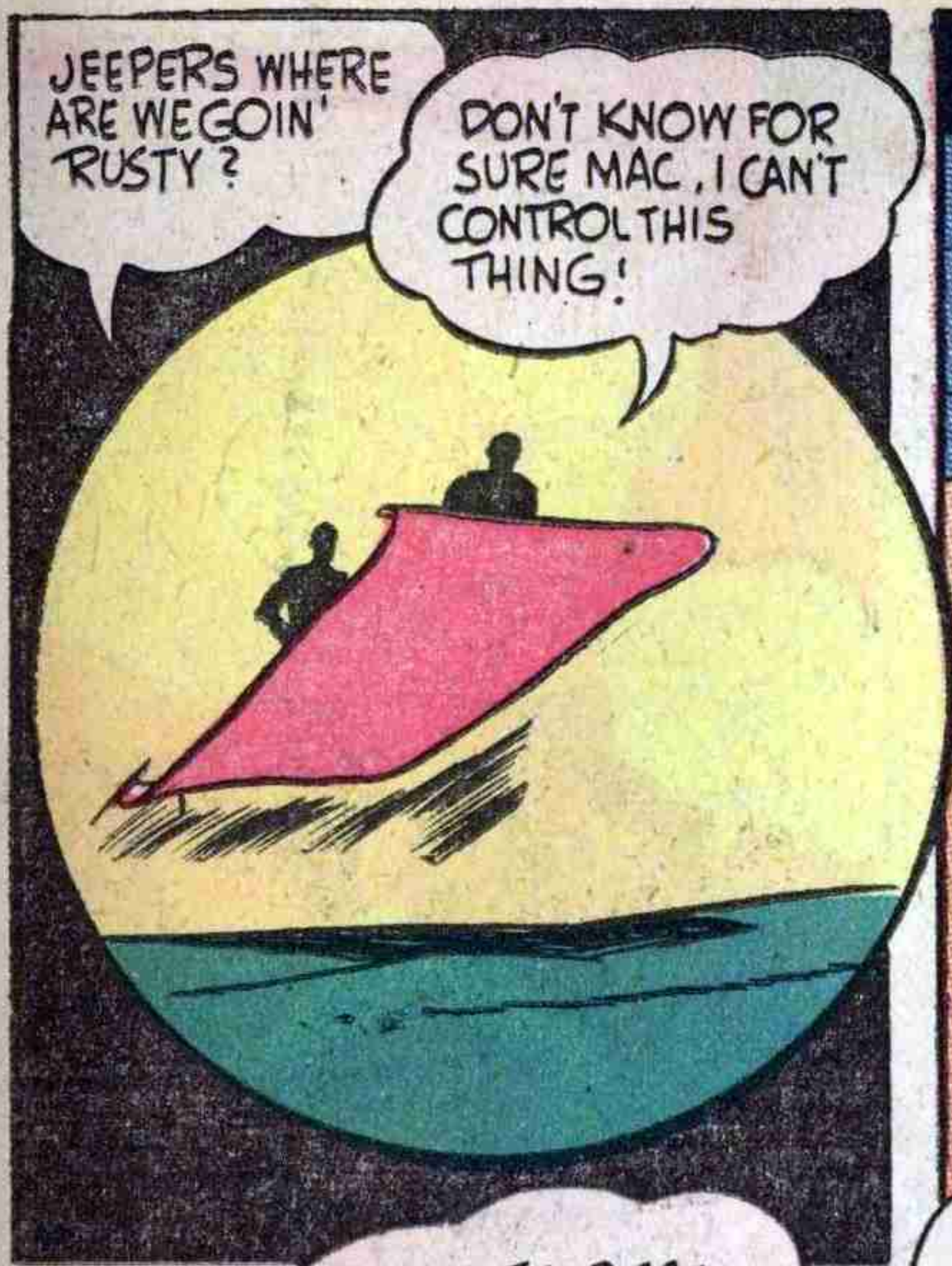
WHO ME?

D-D-D'YOU REALLY THINK IT'S A MAGIC CARPET?

GOSH!

YES YOU! COME ON GET ON !!!

WITH MAC HANGING ON PRECARIOUSLY THE MAGIC CARPET ZOOMS UPWARD INTO THE CLOUDS...

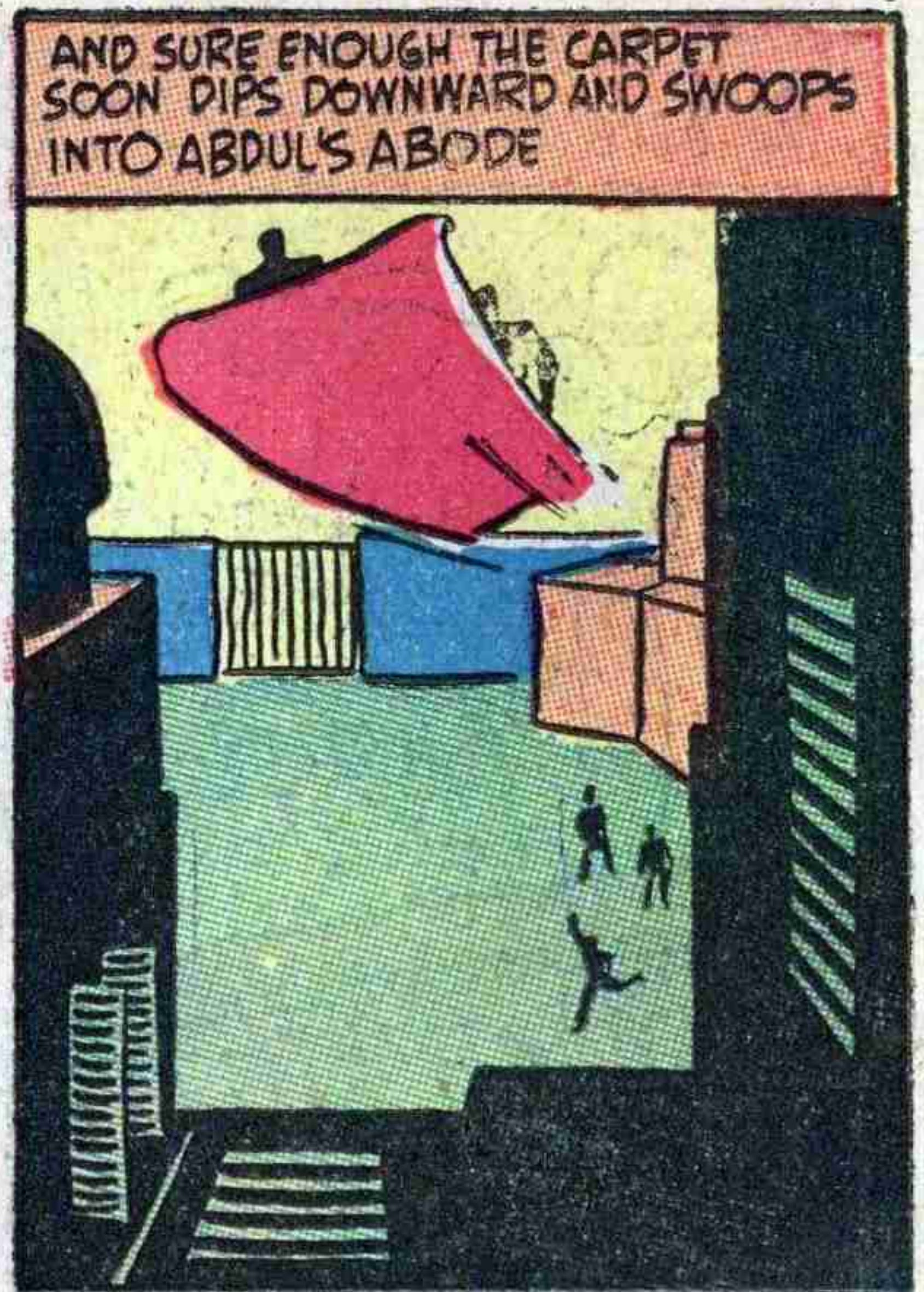


JEEPERS WHERE ARE WE GOIN' RUSTY?

DON'T KNOW FOR SURE MAC, I CAN'T CONTROL THIS THING!



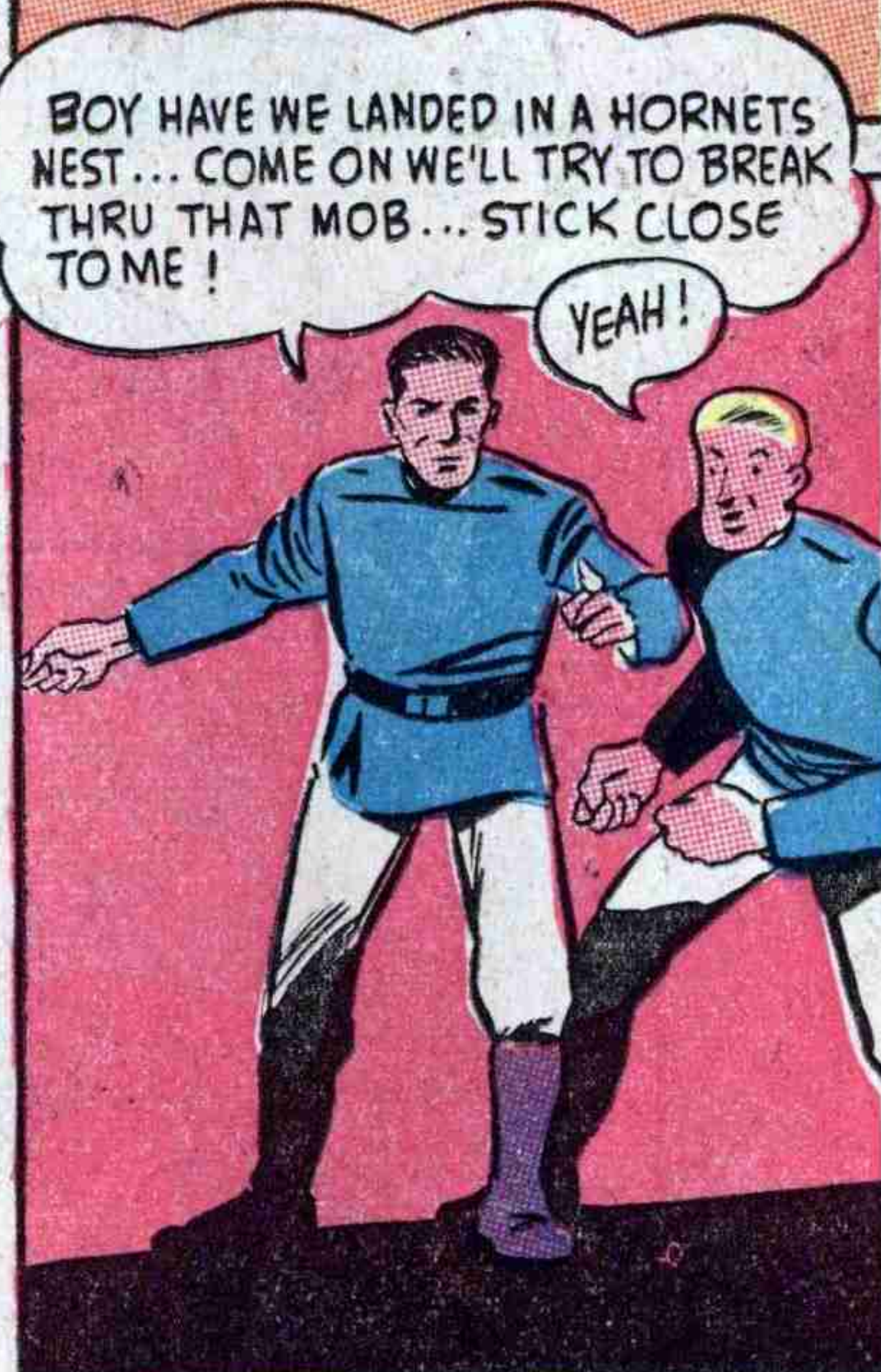
BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN, WE'RE HEADING FOR ABDUL'S CITY



AND SURE ENOUGH THE CARPET SOON DIPS DOWNWARD AND SWOOPS INTO ABDUL'S ABODE

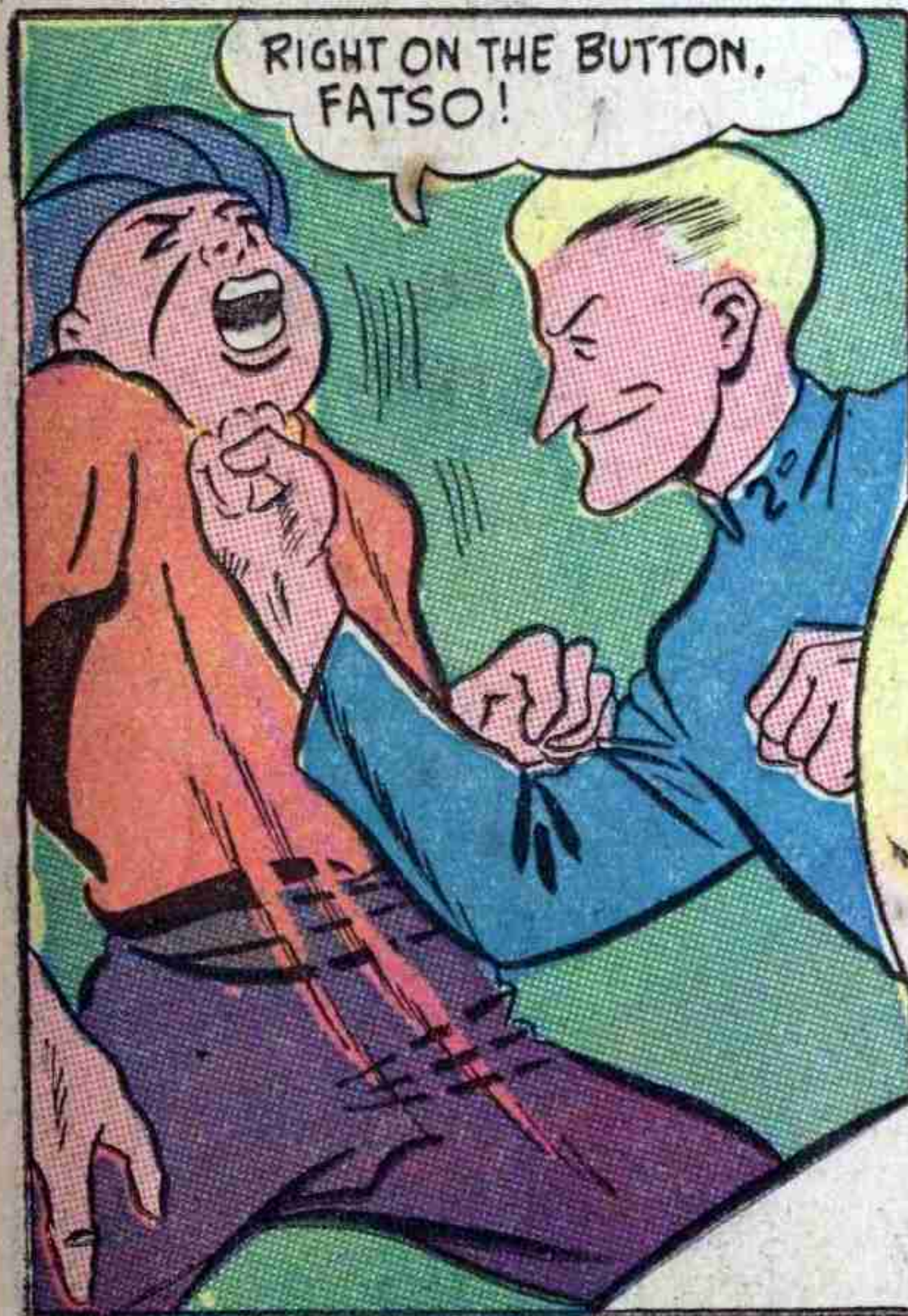
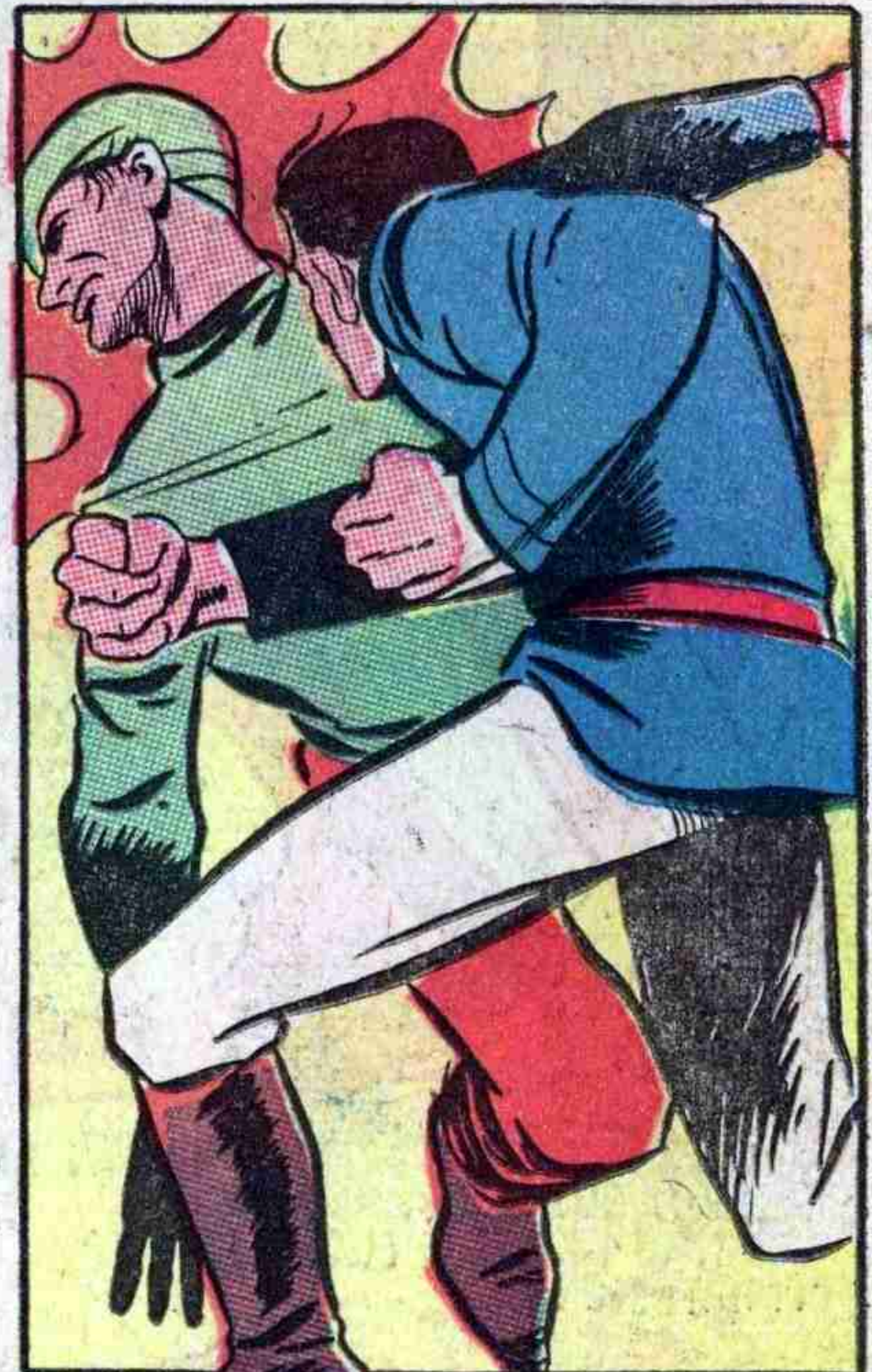


INFIDELS!!!



BOY HAVE WE LANDED IN A HORNETS NEST... COME ON WE'LL TRY TO BREAK THRU THAT MOB... STICK CLOSE TO ME!

YEAH!



RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, FATSO!



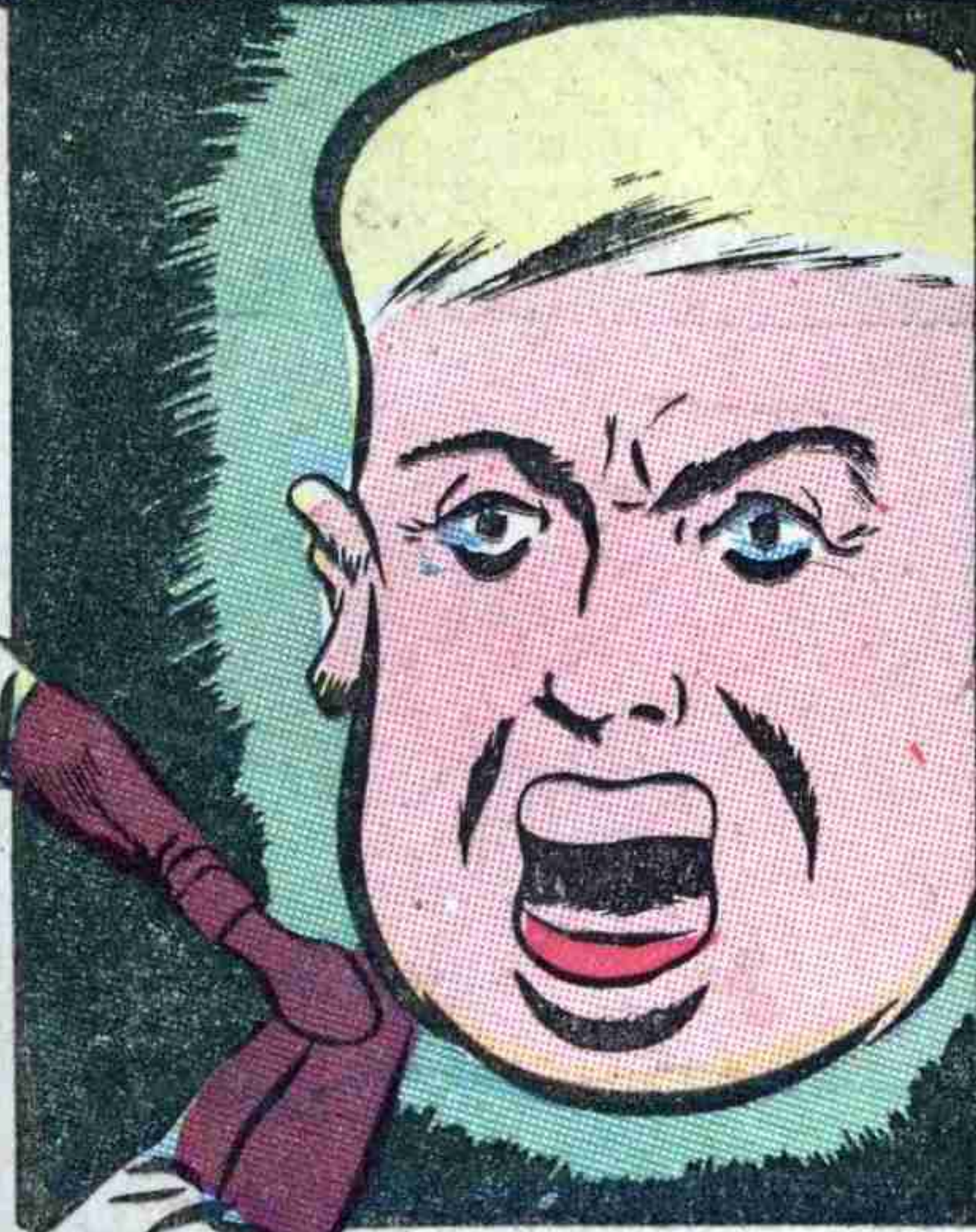
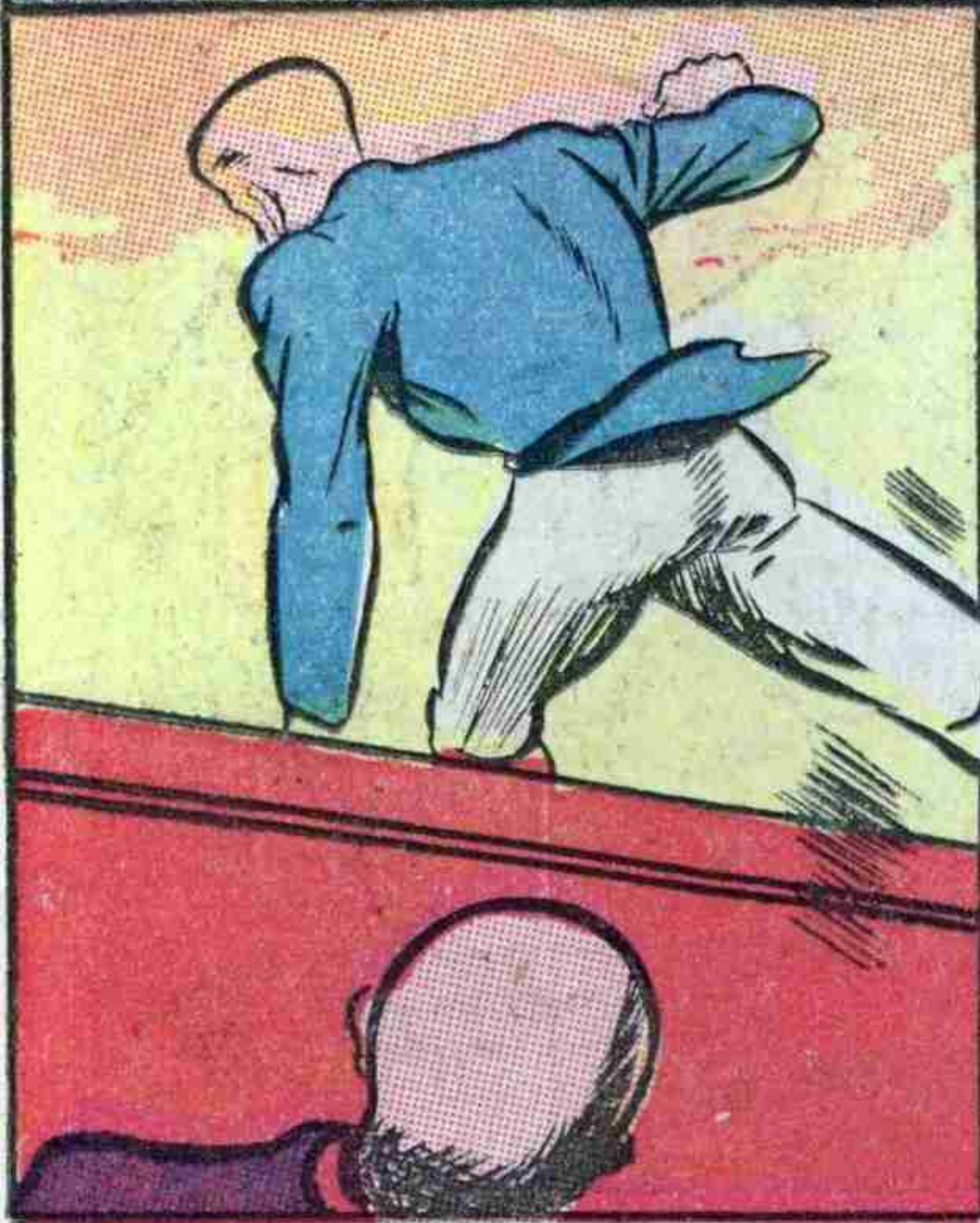
WITH A WILD LEAP RUSTY HURLS HIMSELF OVER A WALL!

COME ON MAC!

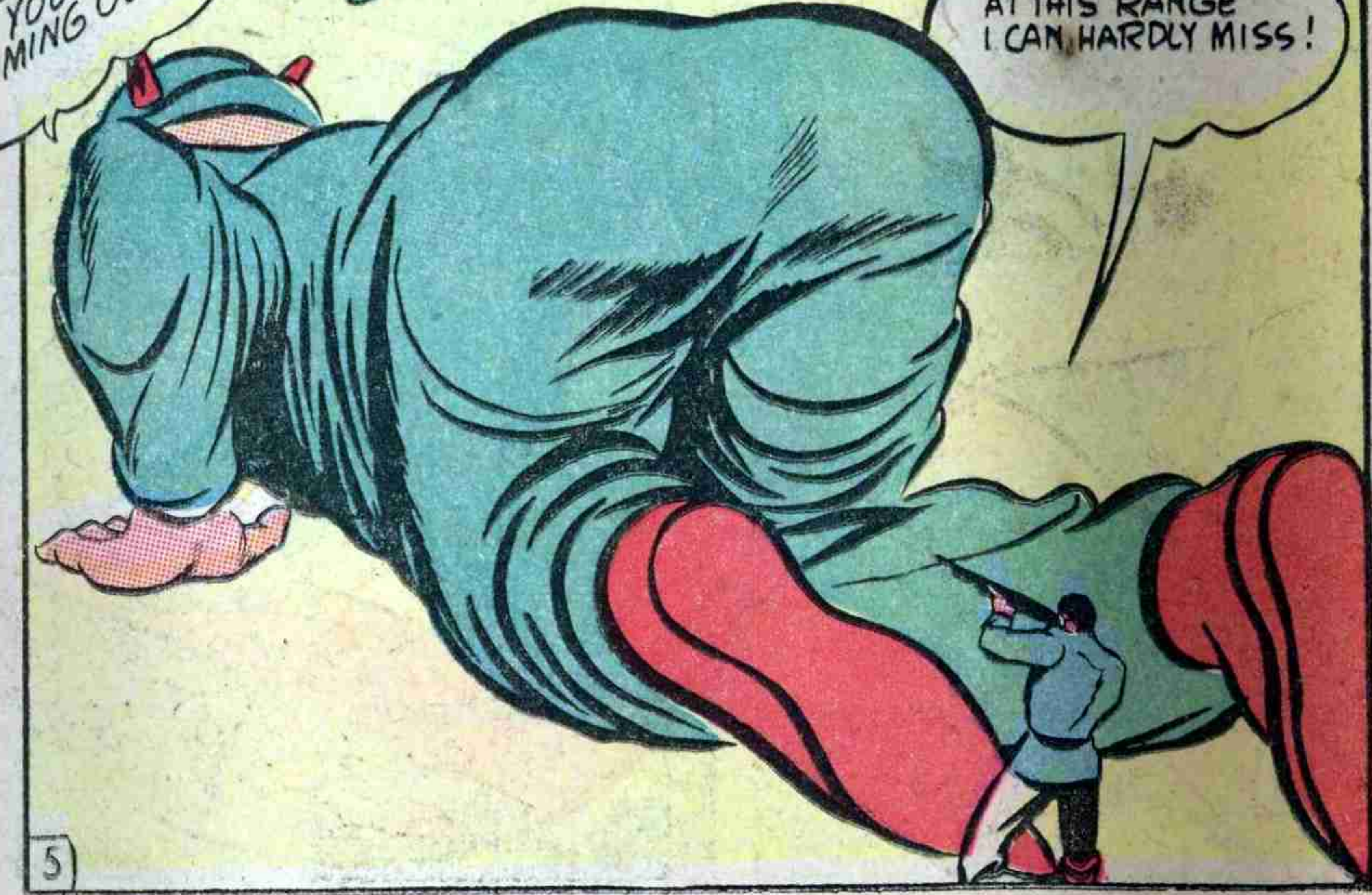


RIGHT BEHIND YA!

ON THE WHEELS OF RUSTY MAC SUDDENLY STOPS SHORT, A HORRIFIED EXPRESSION APPEARS ON HIS FACE AS A GIGANTIC CLENCHED FIST DESCENDS ON RUSTY!



AN OPEN CELLER WINDOW BECKONS AND RUSTY DIVES IN!





MEANWHILE MAC HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS SUPRISE AND APPEARS ON THE MAGIC CARPET.



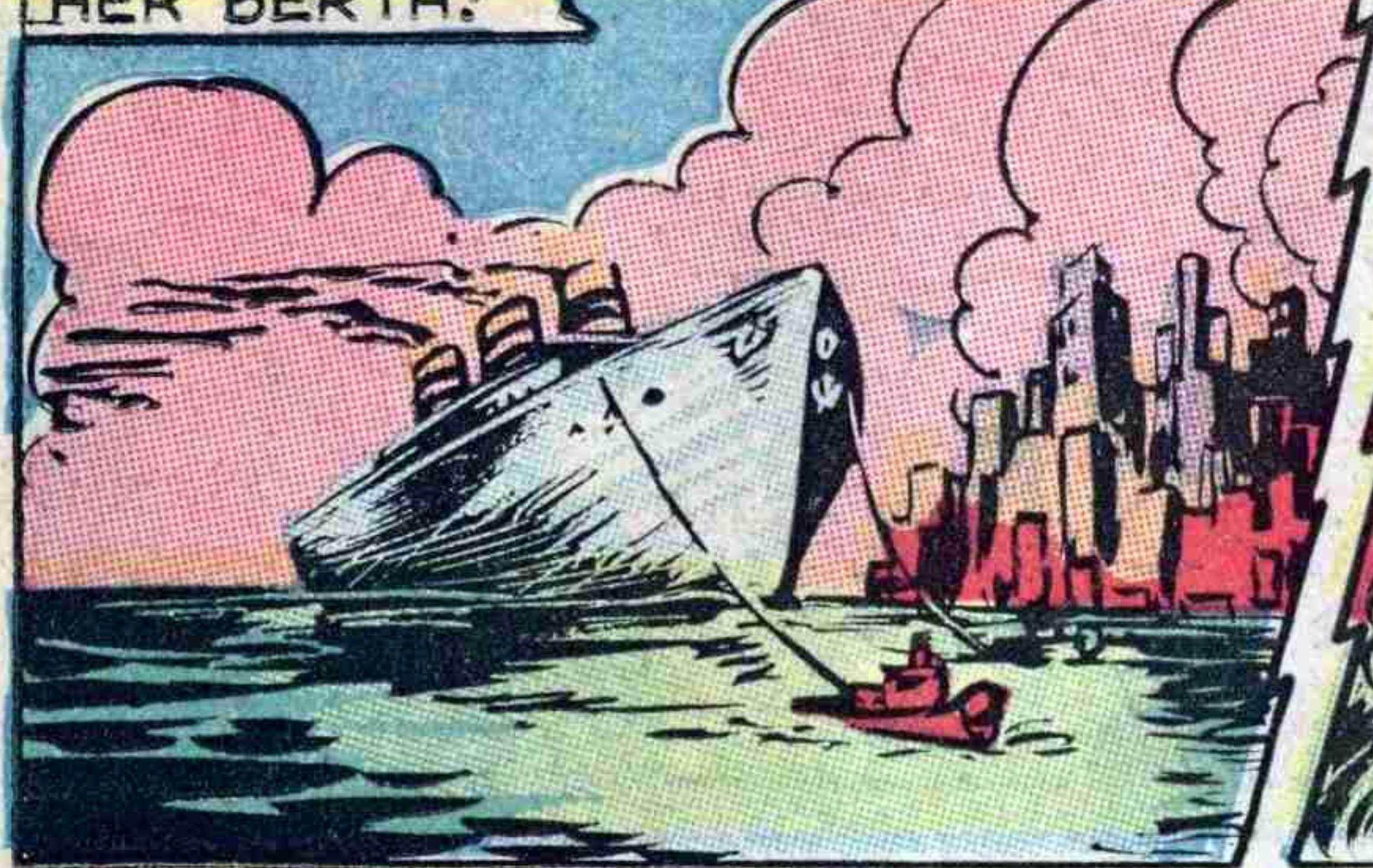
MORE ADVENTURES OF RUSTY DUGAN
IN NEXT MONTH'S
CAPTAIN AERO COMICS ...

WHENEVER THE INALIENABLE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE ARE THREATENED BY THE IRON HANDS OF OPPRESSION--A CHAMPION WILL RISE TO THE DEFENSE OF THE WEAK--SUCH IS MAJOR HORNET (THE FLAGMAN)--SWORN TO PROTECT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE!

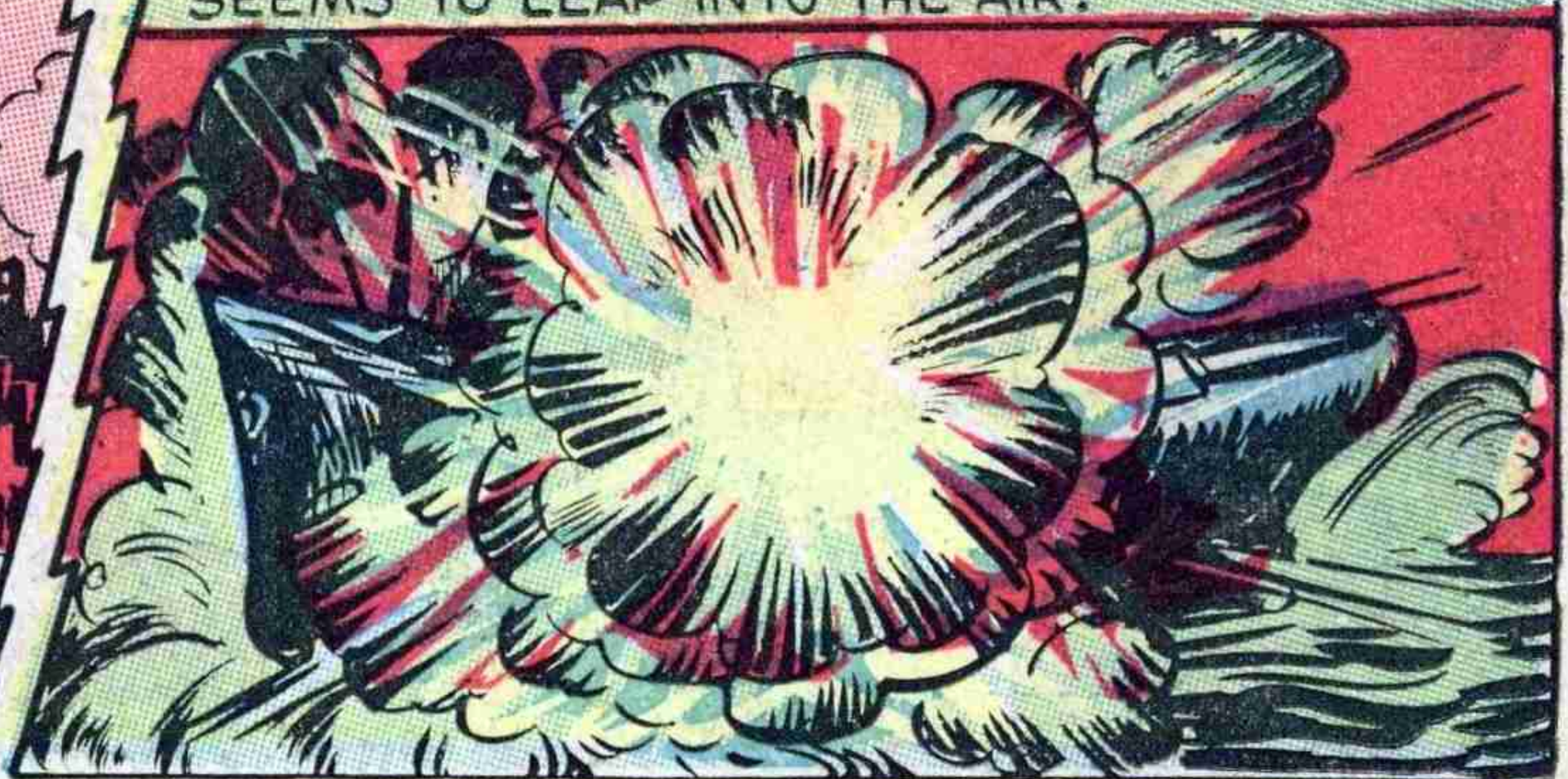


THE FLAGMAN

NEW YORK HARBOR--THE LINER "BLUE STAR" IS TOWED MAJESTICALLY INTO HER BERTH!



SUDDENLY--WITHOUT WARNING, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION, AND THE HUGE LINER SEEMS TO LEAP INTO THE AIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IT DISAPPEARS BELOW THE SURFACE...



LIKE A GIGANTIC CRIPPLED SEA MONSTER, IT SETTLES ON THE BED OF THE RIVER...



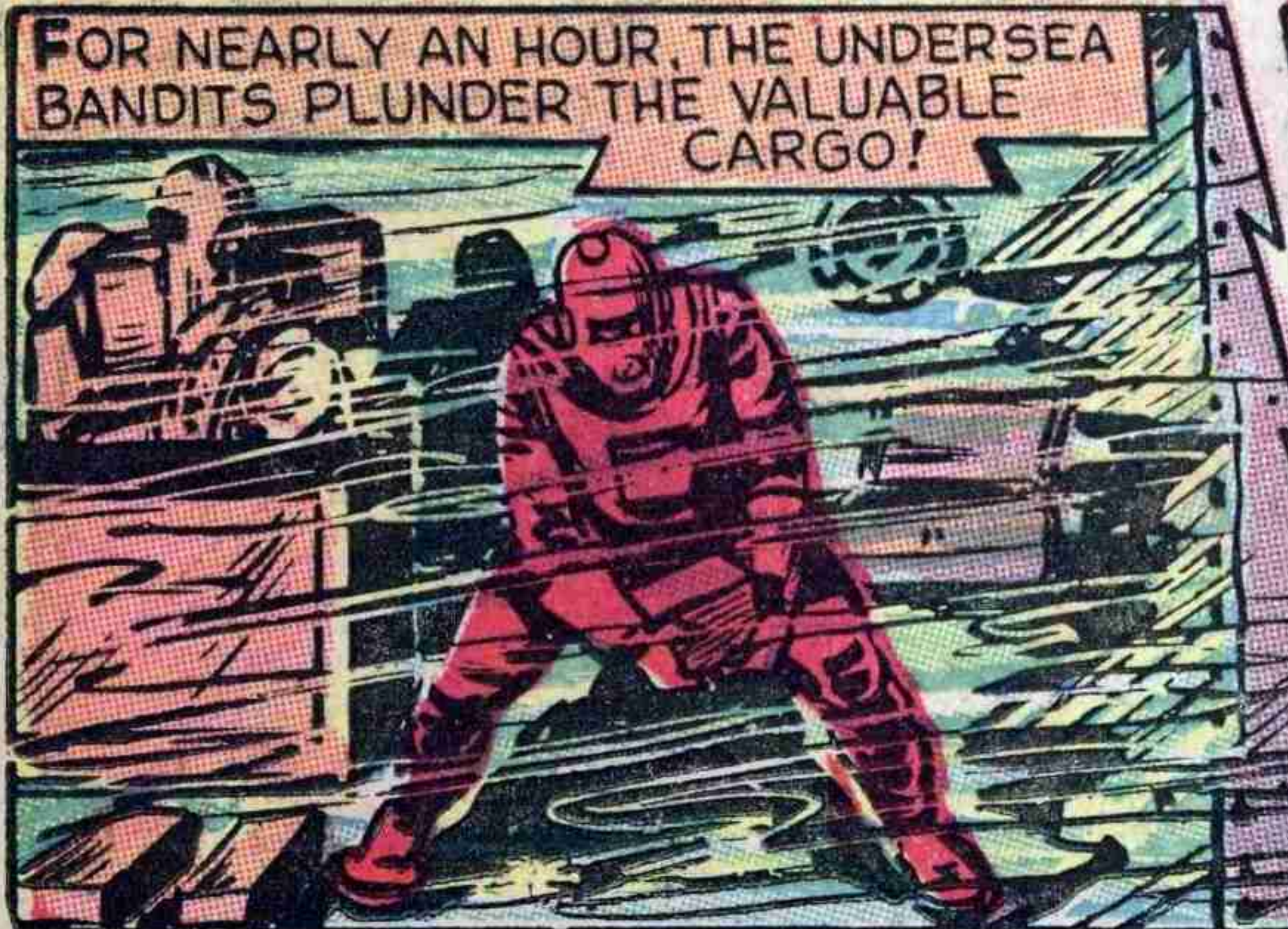
THEN LIKE CREATURES OUT OF A STORY BOOK, STRANGELY GARBED MEN MAKE THEIR WAY QUICKLY TO THE SUNKEN LINER



ALLRIGHT MEN, GET INSIDE, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, THE UNDERSEA BANDITS PLUNDER THE VALUABLE CARGO!



EXTRA! EXTRA!
ANOTHER LINER
BLOWN UP IN RIVER

- LEDGER -
POLICE BAFFLED!!

POLICE ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN THE CAUSE OF THE SINKING OF TWO STEAM SHIPS IN WEST RIVER-- DIVERS REPORT THAT ALL CARGO IS MISSING FROM SUNKEN SHIPS!

THE CHAMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES PRESIDENT:

MAJOR HORNET, I'M SEND-
ING YOU TO NEW YORK--
FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN
ABOUT THE SINKING OF
THESE SHIPS!



I'LL LEAVE AT
ONCE, SIR--AND
DO MY BEST!



LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE, MAJOR HORNET MEETS
HIS YOUNG FRIEND RUSTY!

WELL, RUSTY, WE'RE OFF ON
ANOTHER JOB FOR THE PRES-
IDENT--AND BY THE LOOKS OF
THINGS, IT'S GOING TO BE
PLENTY TOUGH!



OH BOY, LET'S
GET GOING!
I CAN'T
WAIT!



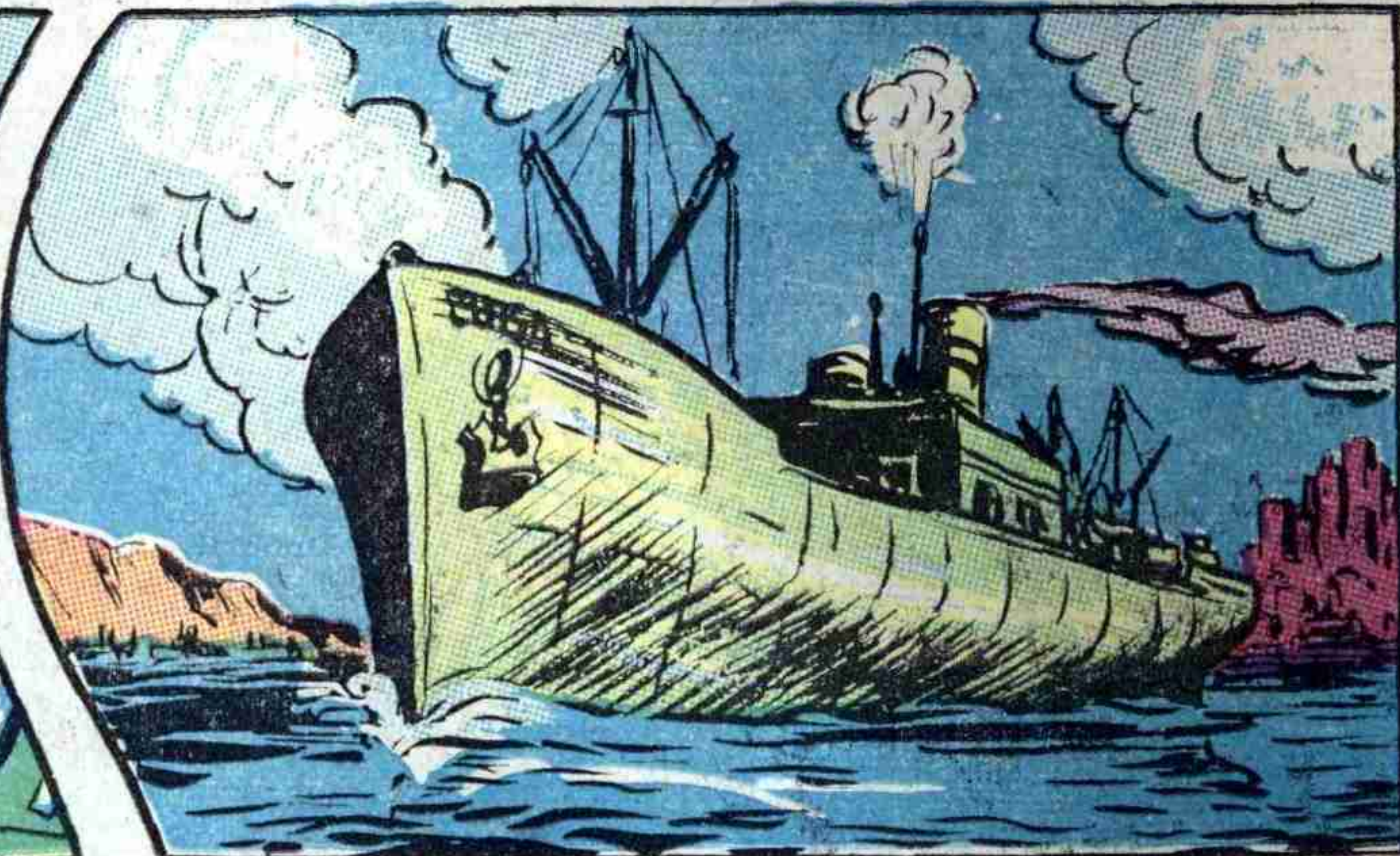
THE FOLLOW-
ING DAY:

STROLLING ALONG THE NEW YORK
WATER FRONT, MAJOR HORNET AND RUSTY
WATCH AS THE FREIGHTER "CUBA" STEAMS UP
THE RIVER!

THERE SHE IS, RUSTY,
AND CARRYING A
HALF MILLION
DOLLAR CARGO!



EVERYTHING
SEEMS OKAY,
SO FAR!



SUDDENLY... THE
SHIP LURCHES TO
ONE SIDE--AN EAR
SPLITTING EXPLO-
SION FOLLOWS,
TEARING A MASSIVE
HOLE IN THE STEEL
HULL!



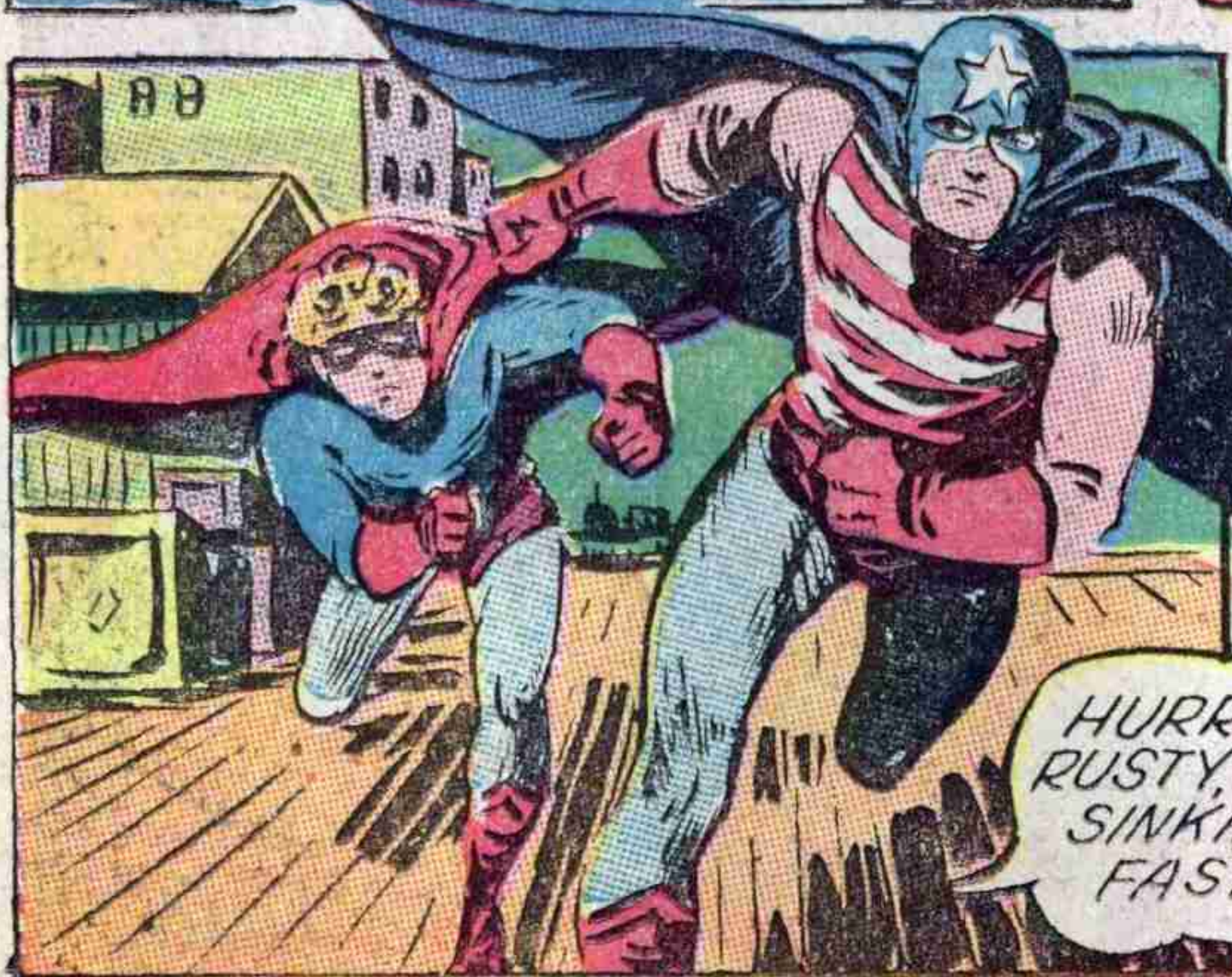
HOLY
SMOKES!



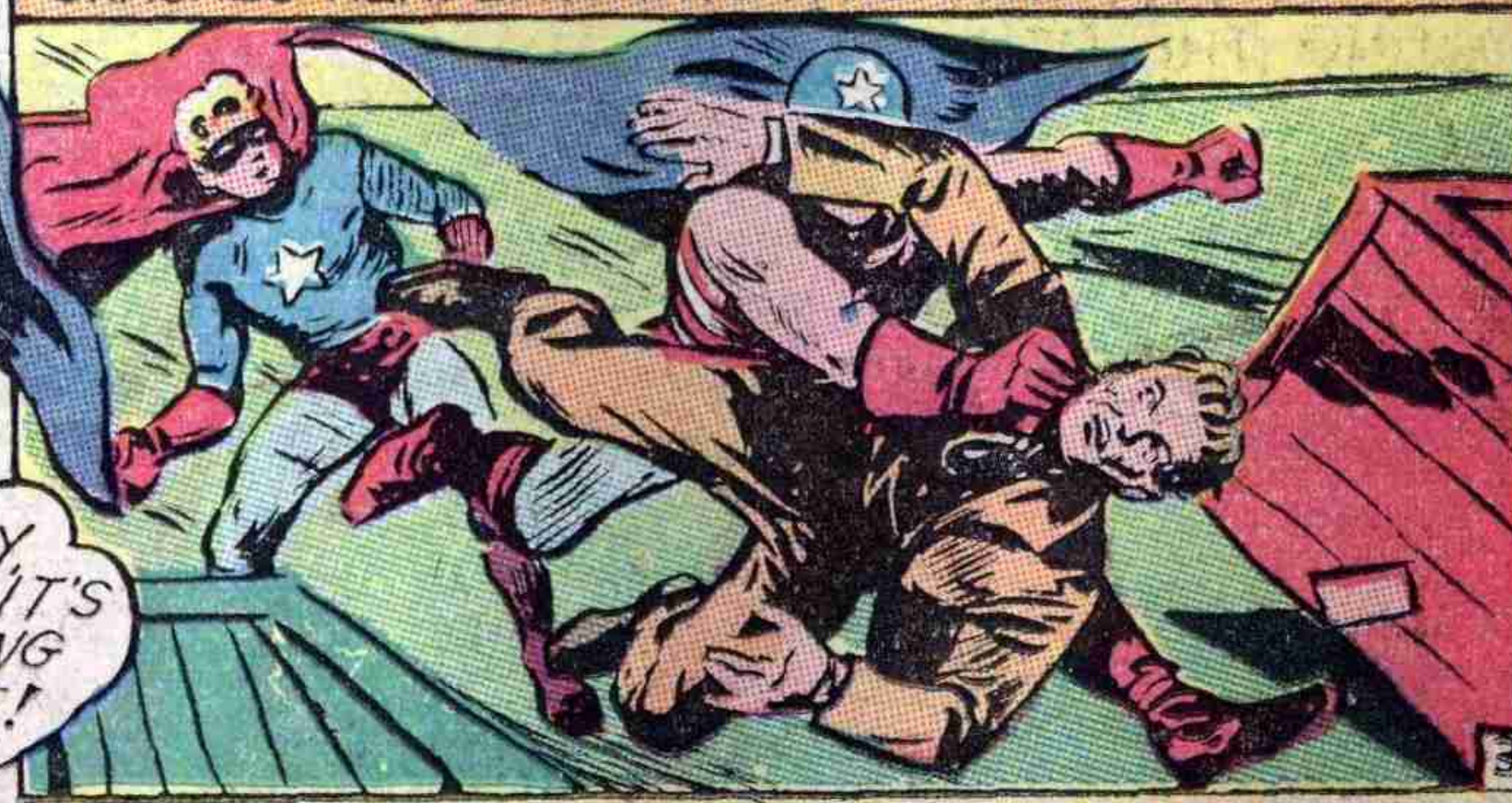
C'MON, THAT'S OUR
CUE! IT'S TIME FOR
US TO GET BUSY!

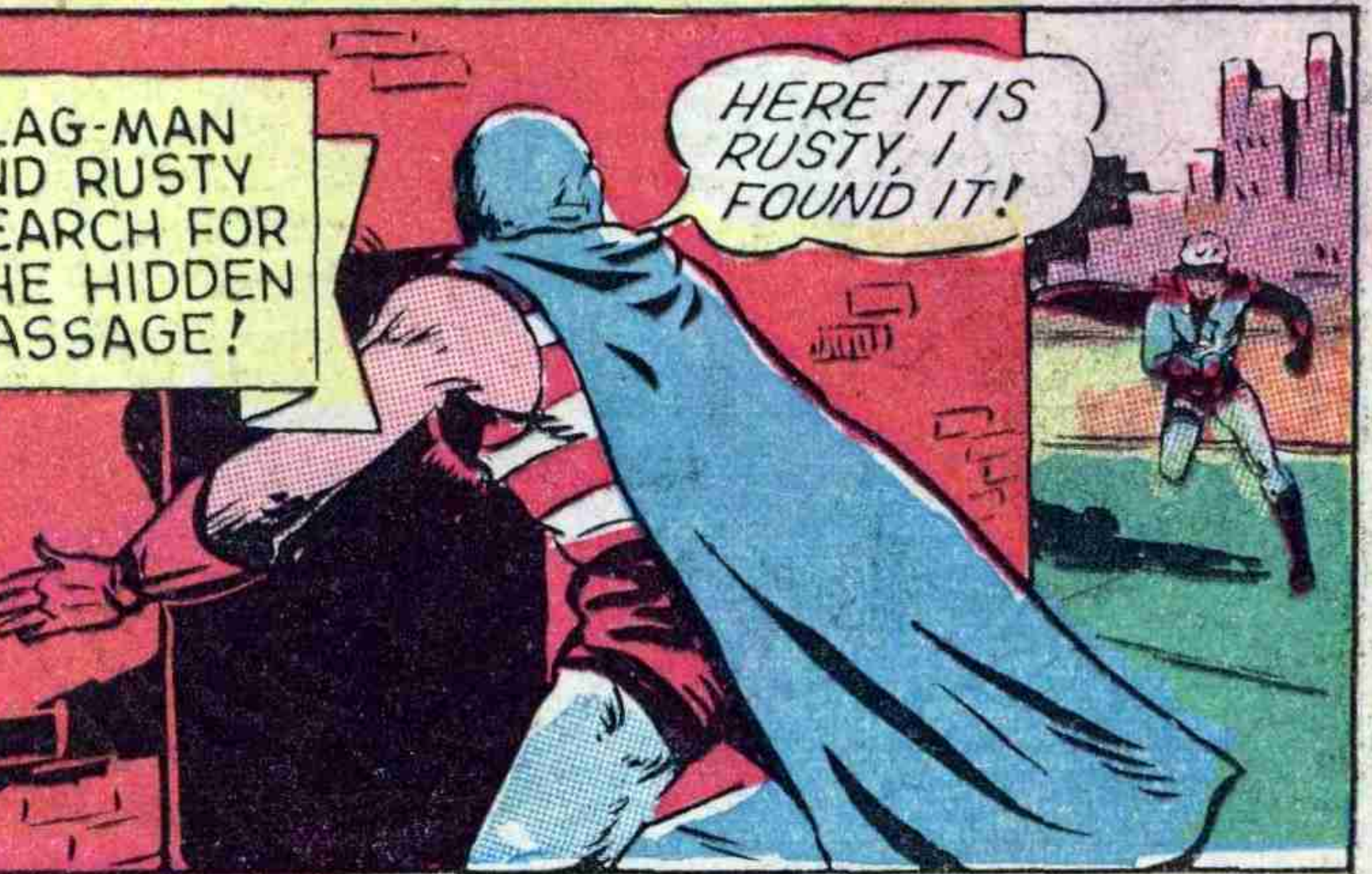
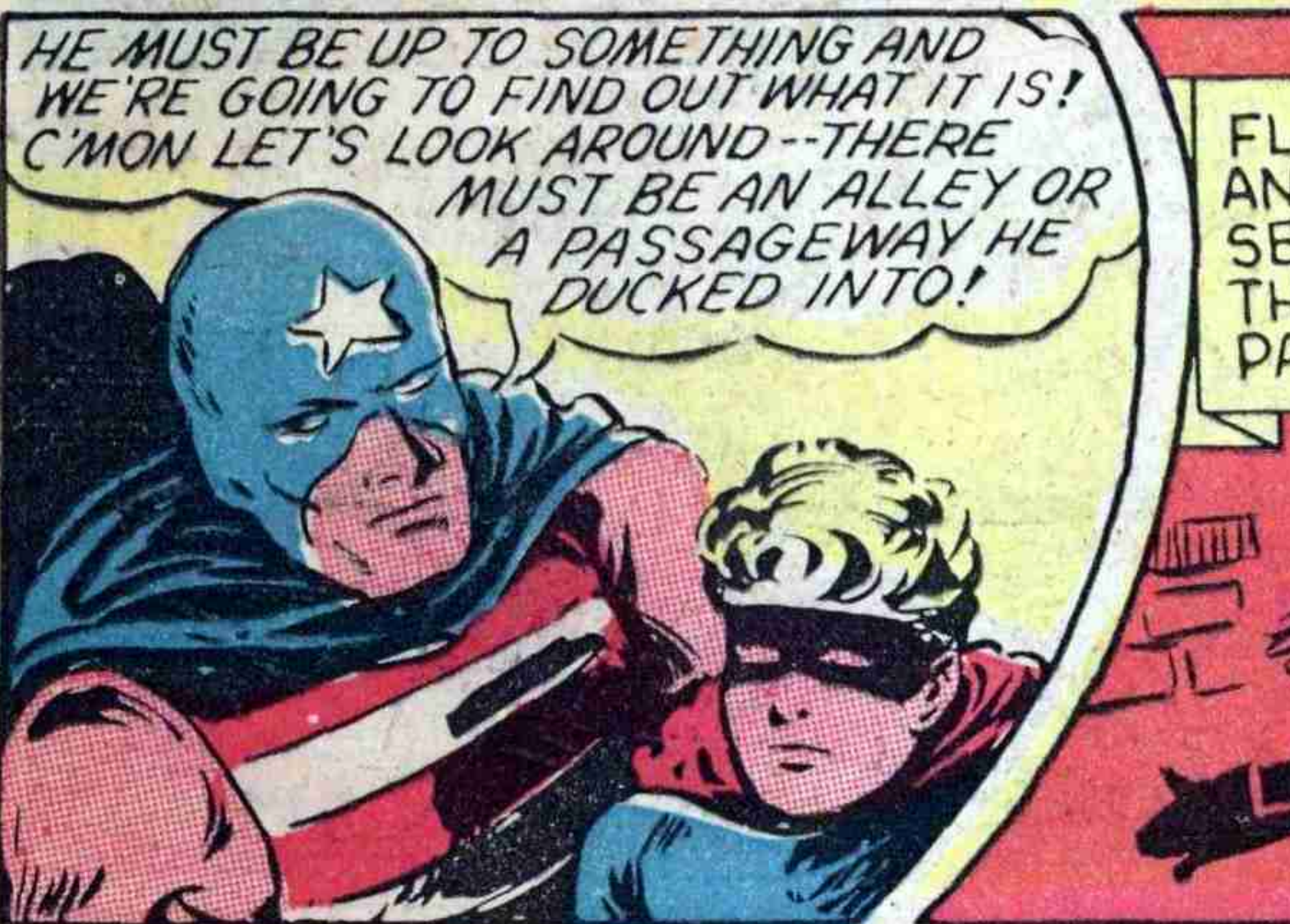
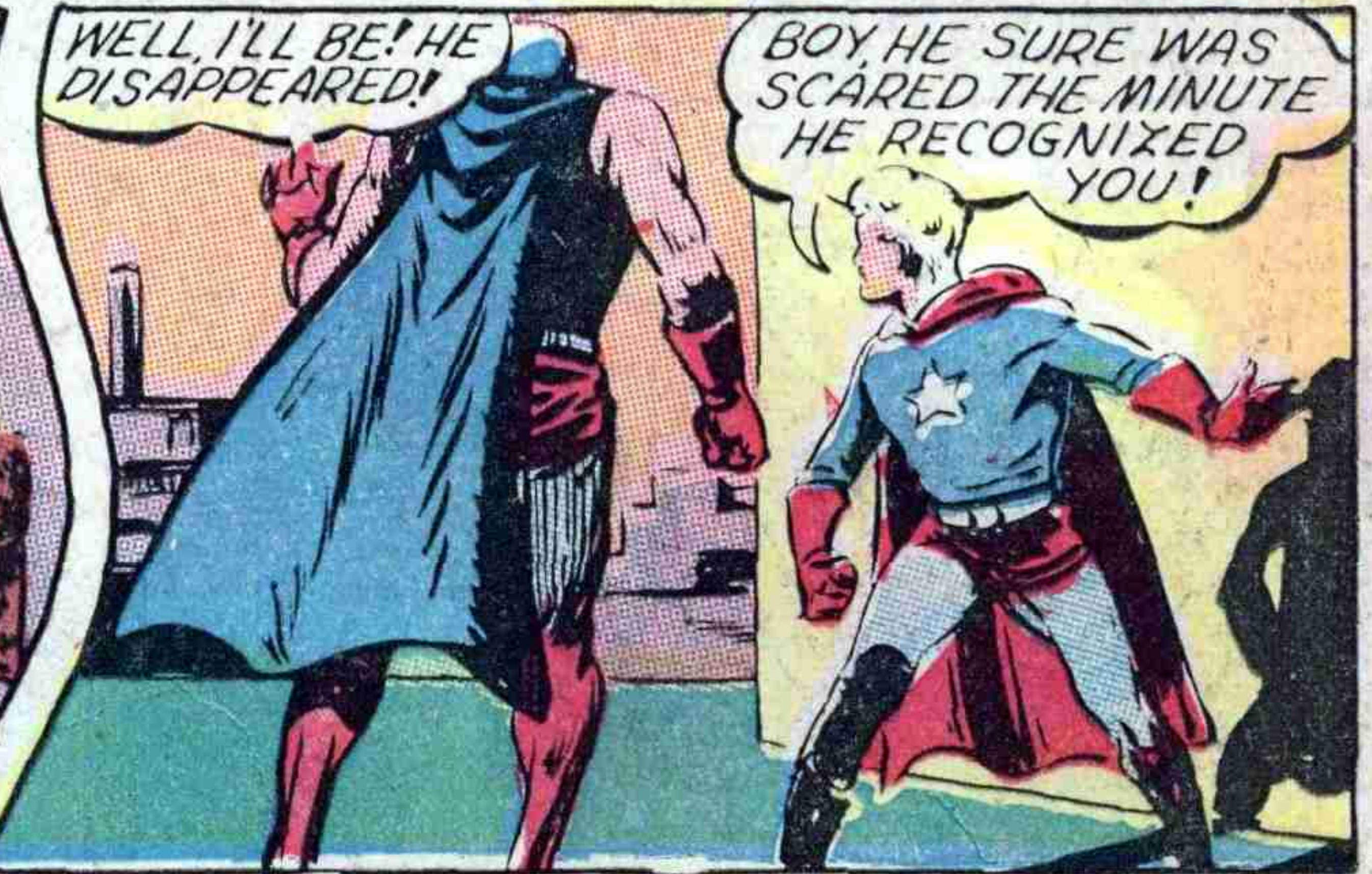


AS THE FLAG-MAN STREAKS DOWN THE WHARF-- HE
CRASHES HEADLONG INTO A RUNNING FIGURE!



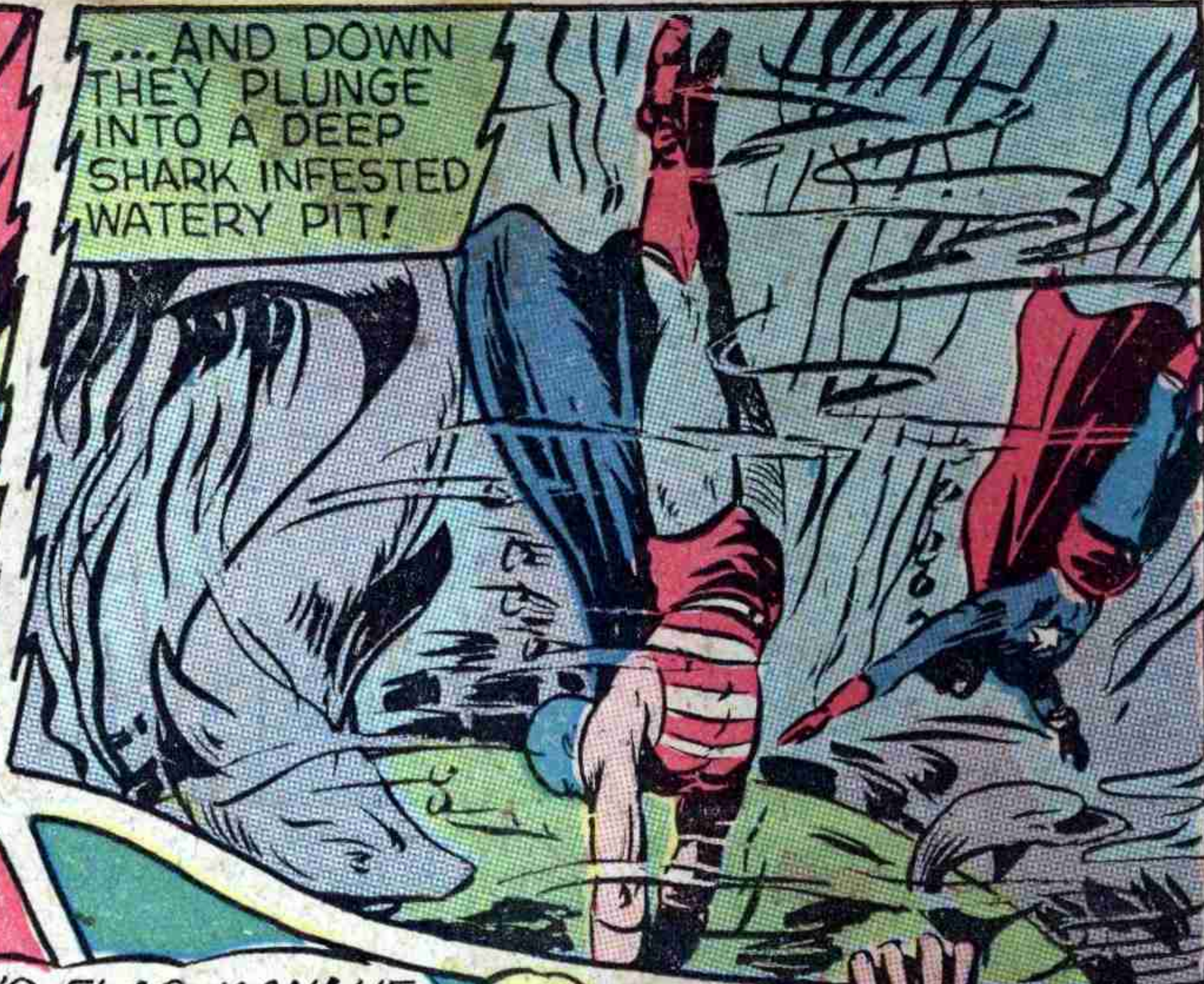
HURRY,
RUSTY, IT'S
SINKING
FAST!







SUDDENLY,
THE FLOOR
BENEATH THE
TWO CRIME
FIGHTERS
OPENS!



...AND DOWN
THEY PLUNGE
INTO A DEEP
SHARK INFESTED
WATERY PIT!

MEANWHILE...IN ANOTHER PART OF
THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE!



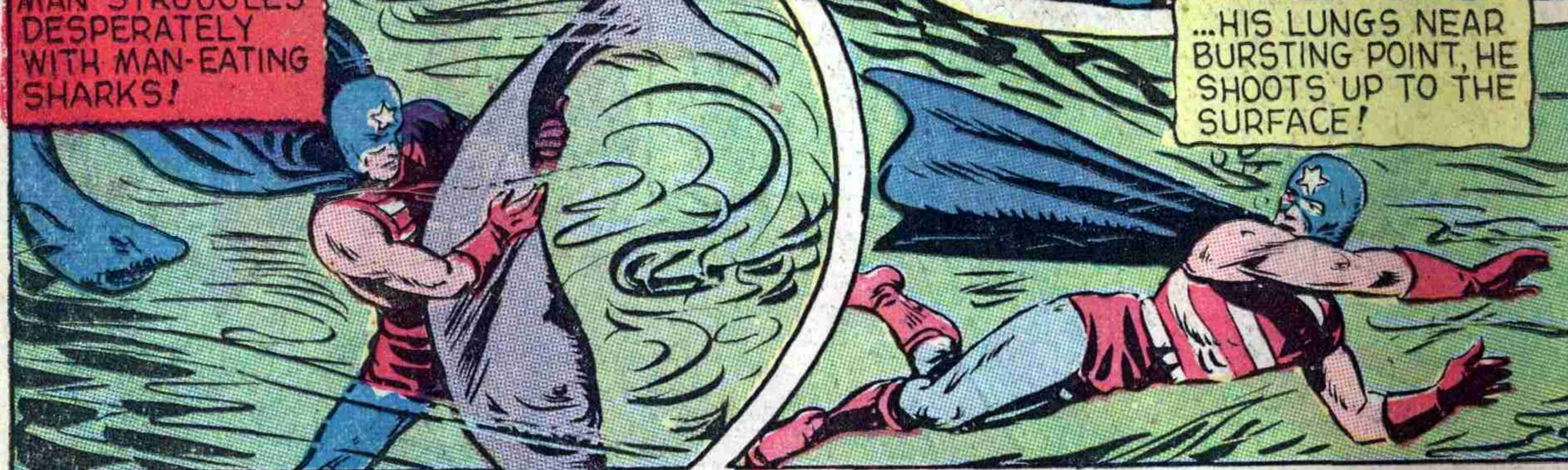
LOOK BOSS, THE WARNING
LIGHT--SOMEONE IS IN
THE TUNNEL!

IT'S FLAG-MAN! HE
FOLLOWED ME HERE
QUICK! WE MUST
DISPOSE OF HIM
IMMEDIATELY!

IN THE PIT FLAG-
MAN STRUGGLES
DESPERATELY
WITH MAN-EATING
SHARKS!



...HIS LUNGS NEAR
BURSTING POINT, HE
SHOOTS UP TO THE
SURFACE!



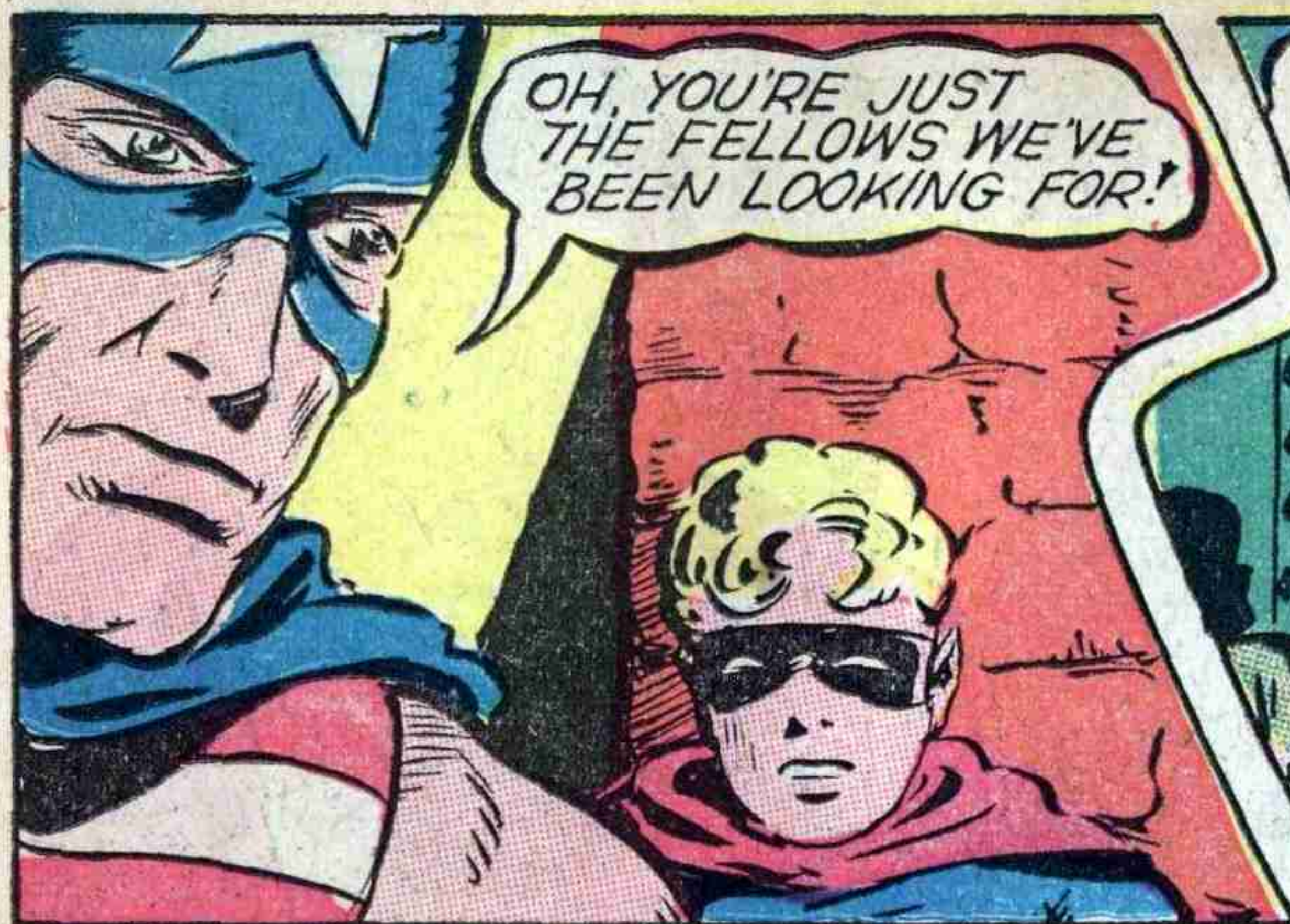
WHEW! GOSH! I
WAS AFRAID YOU
WOULDN'T MAKE IT!

TOO BAD,
OLD BOY!



THAT WAS
TOO CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!

YES, FLAG-MAN,
TOO BAD THEY
DIDN'T FINISH
YOU!



OH, YOU'RE JUST THE FELLOWS WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



YEAH, SO WE NOTICED! AND IT'S TOO BAD YOU LOCATED OUR HIDEOUT! OKAY BOYS, LET 'EM HAVE IT!



NOT SO FAST GENTLEMEN, WE WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN FIRST!

WAHOOOO



TAKE THIS, BRAT!

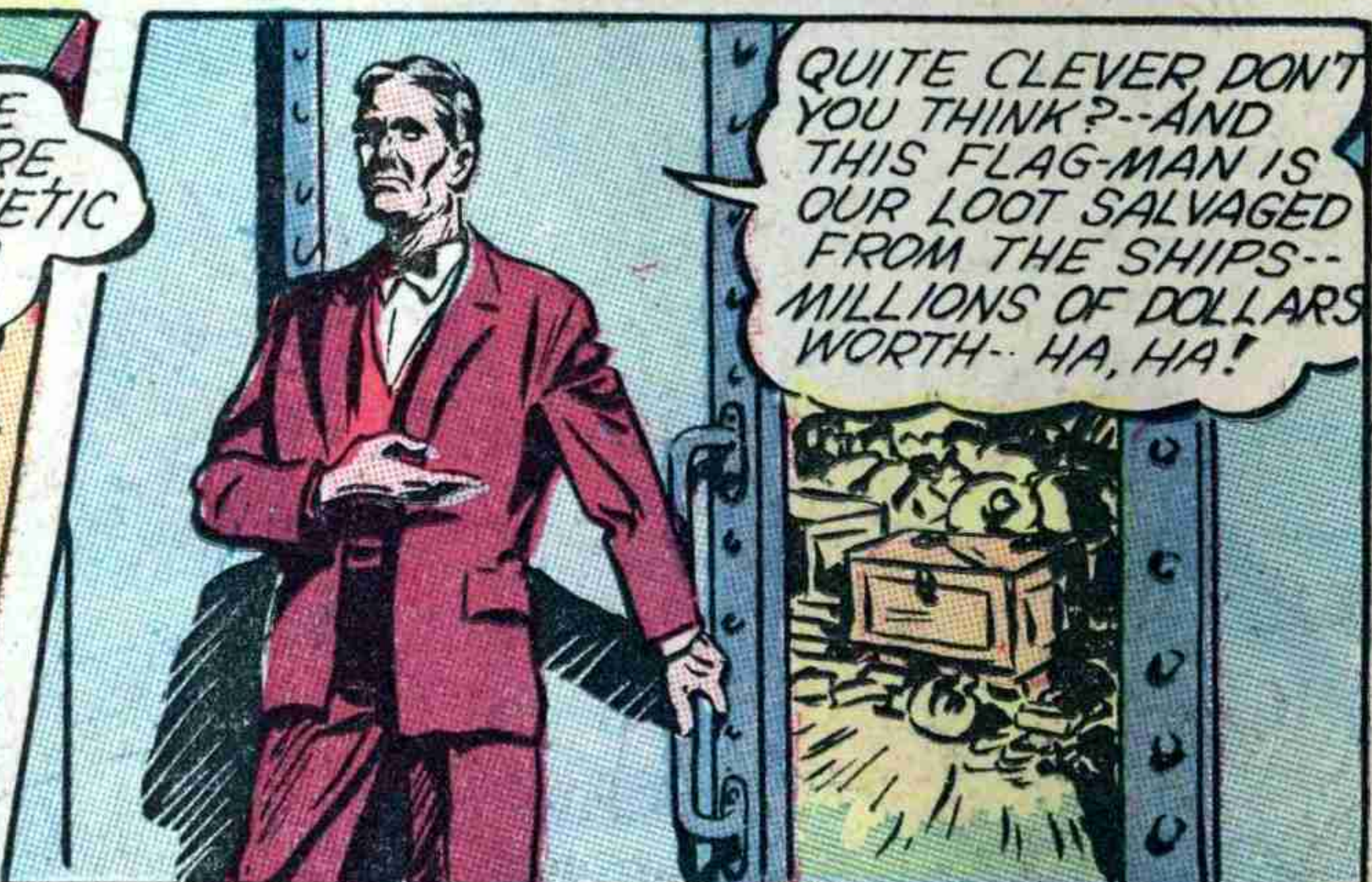
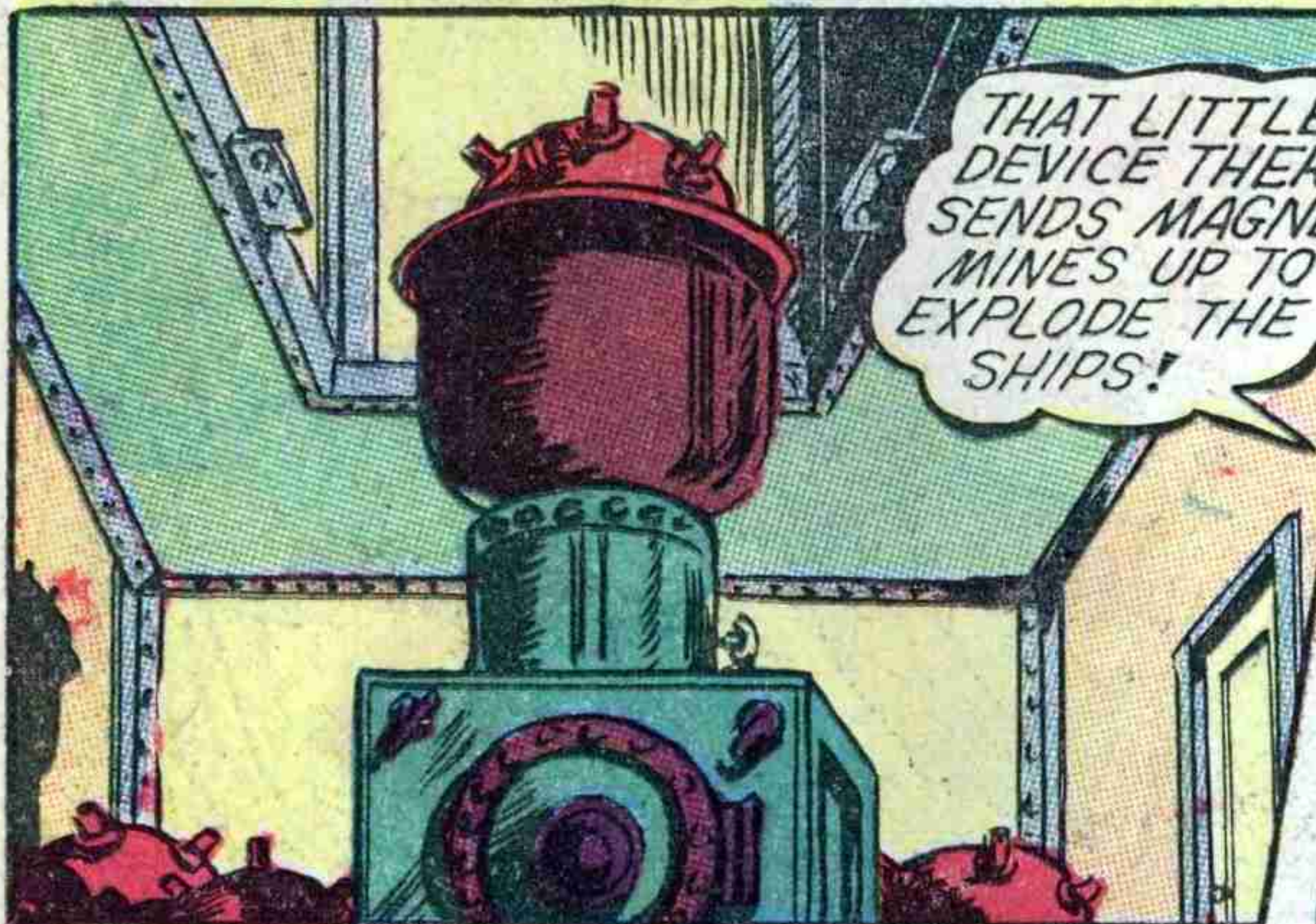


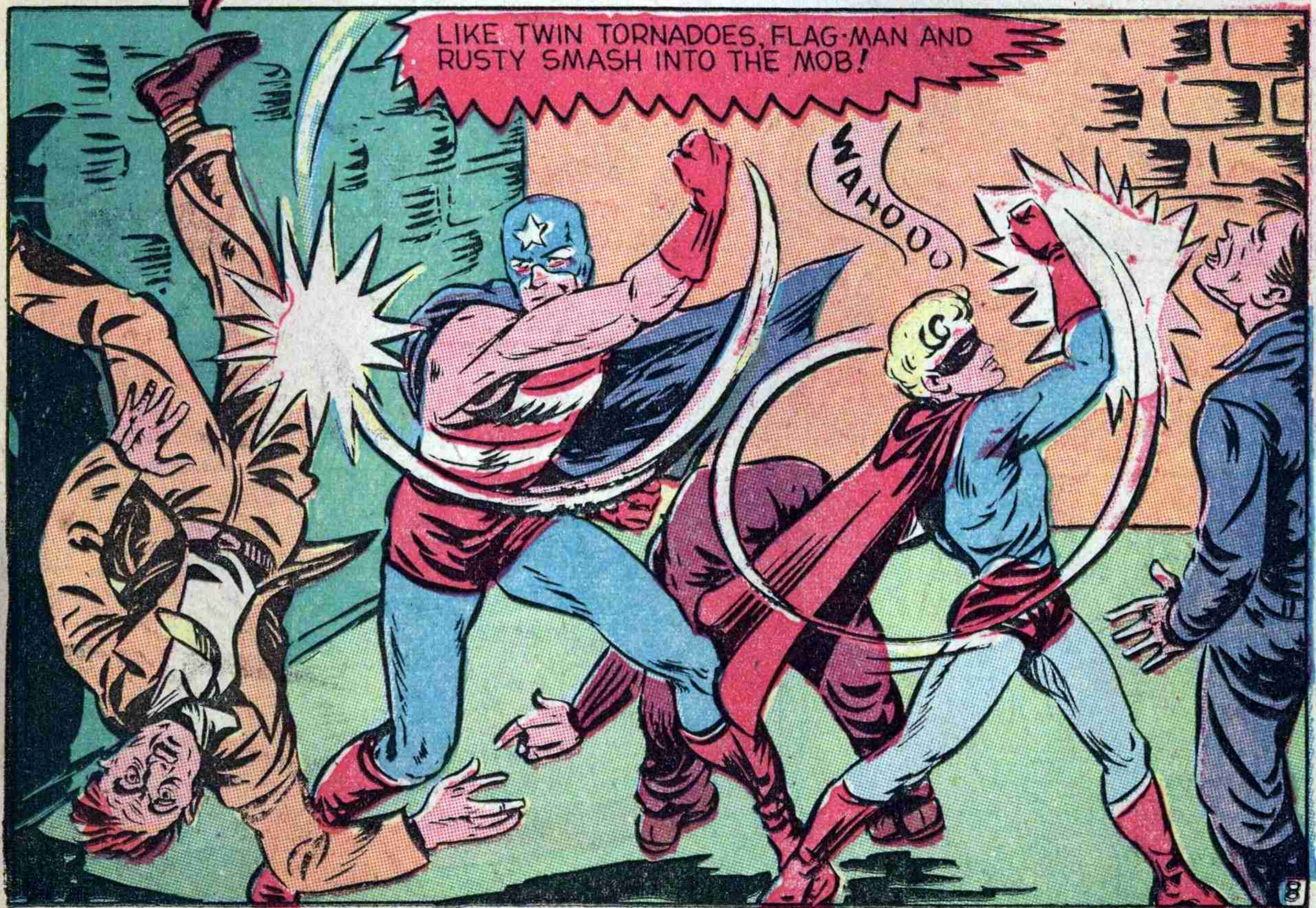
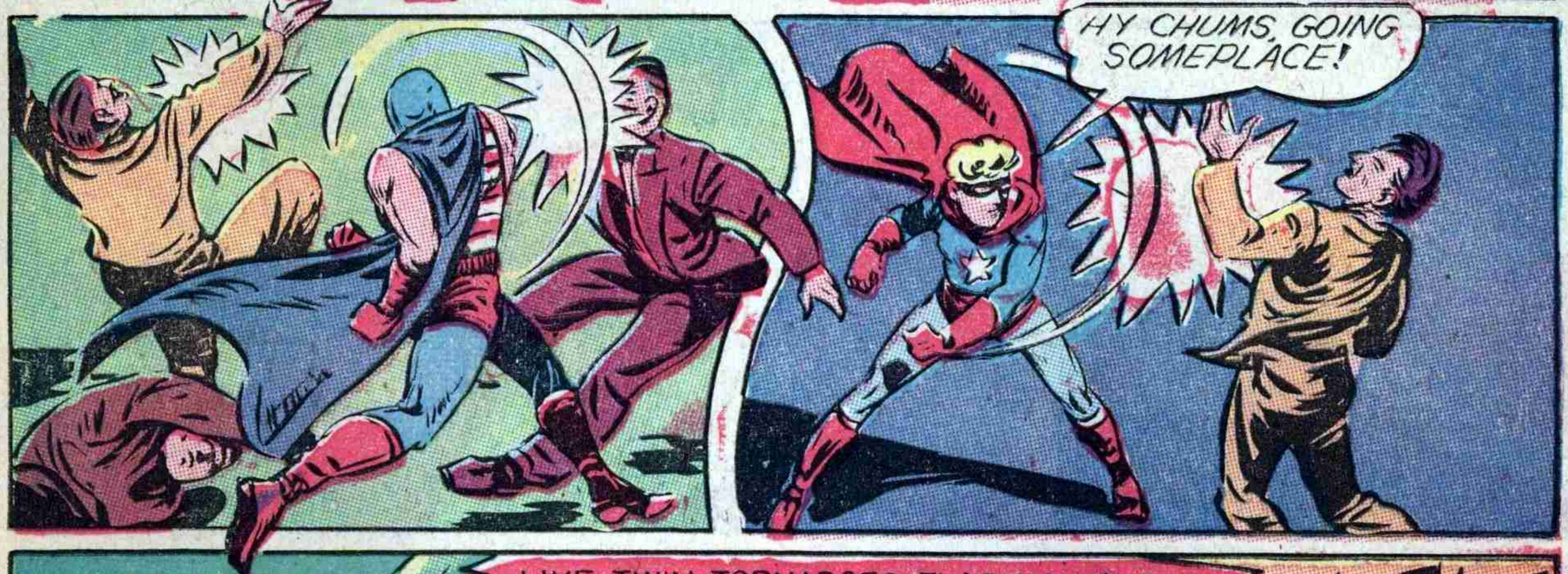
ALLRIGHT, FLAG-MAN! ONE MOVE FROM YOU AND THE KID GETS IT!

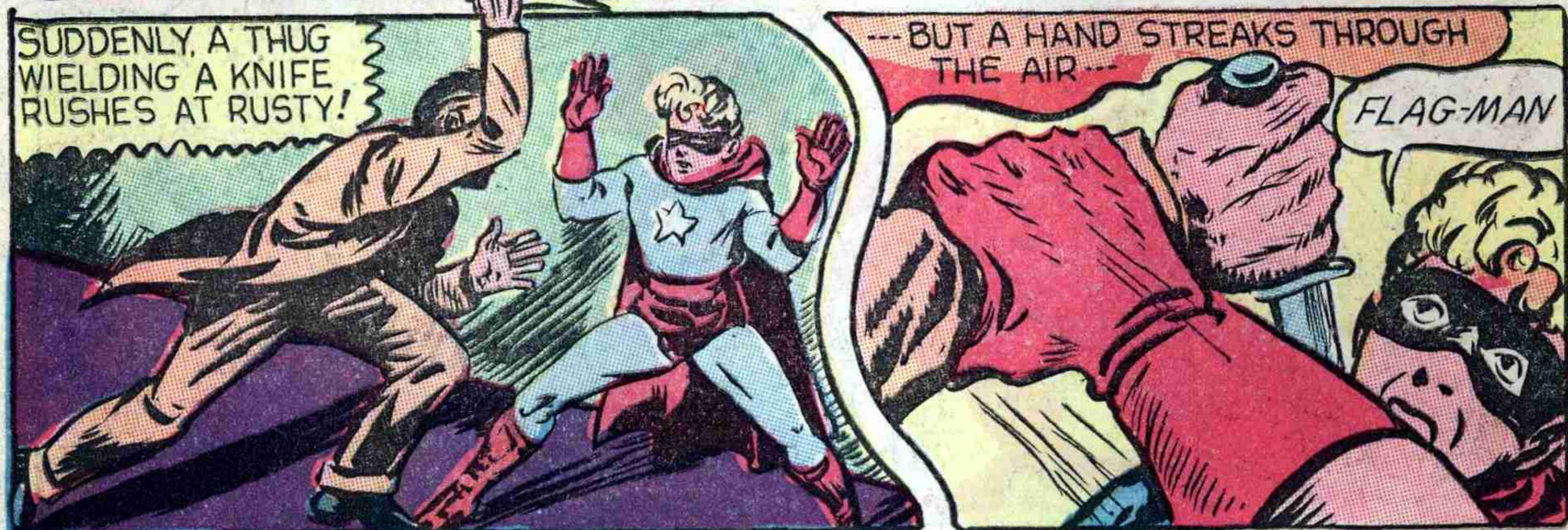


TIE 'EM UP, BOYS, I HAVE AN IDEA-- WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN-- HA, HA, YEAH, A LITTLE AMUSEMENT!









AS THE MINE EXPLODES, THE ENTIRE UNDER RIVER HIDEOUT IS BLOWN SKY HIGH!

BOOM

A FEW SECONDS LATER, TWO FIGURES CLING WEARILY TO A PIECE OF WRECKAGE...

TRY TO MAKE IT IN TO SHORE, RUSTY!

HOW ARE YOU, RUSTY?

O--OKAY, FLAG-MAN, JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP!

I FEEL BETTER NOW--WHEW, I NEVER EXPECT-ED TO COME THROUGH THAT ALIVE!

RUSTY, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, THERE'S TWO OF US WHO THOUGHT EXACTLY THE SAME THING!

FOLLOW THE AMAZING AND EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE "FLAGMAN" and RUSTY in EVERY ISSUE OF THE GREAT
Captain AERO
COMICS

CAPT AERO'S SKY SCOUTS



BOBBY

HEY BOBBY, C'MON AND WE'LL FLY OUR PLANES-- THE GANG'S OUT THERE IN THE PARK!

WAIT UP, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M READING THE "CAT-MAN" COMICS?

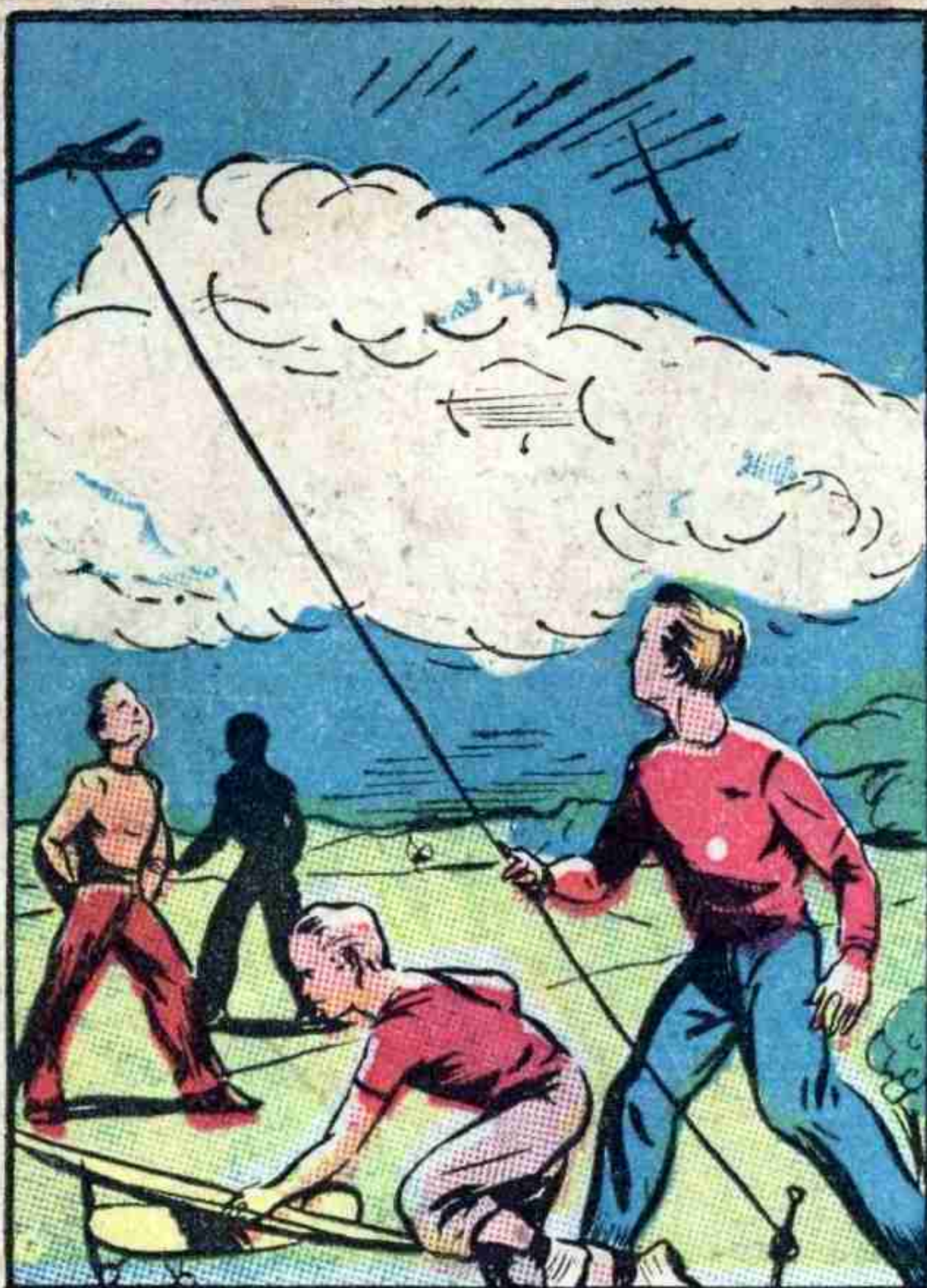
YEAH, BOY THAT'S A HONEY OF A COMIC BOOK--I JUST READ IT MYSELF!

GEE, THE KITTEN IS ONE SWELL DOLL, ISN'T SHE? JIM, I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



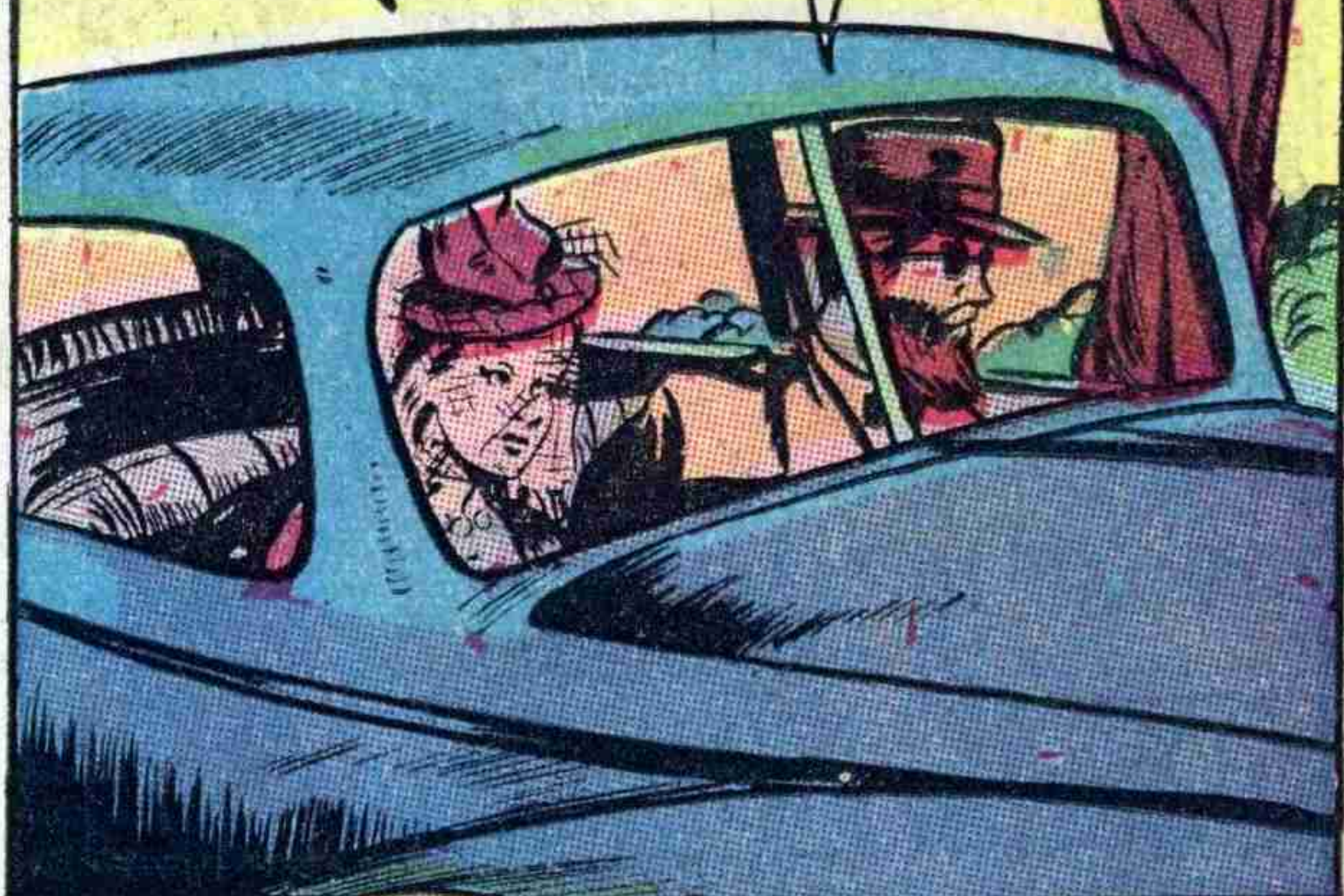
LATER:

IN THE TOWN PARK, THE SKY SCOUTS SEND THEIR GASOLINE MOTORED PLANES SOARING IN THE AIR!



HANS, WHY HAVE YOU STOPPED THE CAR?

WE ARE ABOUT TO CONDUCT AN EXPERIMENT WITH OUR PROCESSED RUBBER PILLS!



YOUR PLANE FLIES VERY HIGH, EH BOY?

SURE, MISTER! SOMEDAY I HOPE TO FLY A REAL SHIP-- I BELONG TO THE SKY SCOUTS!



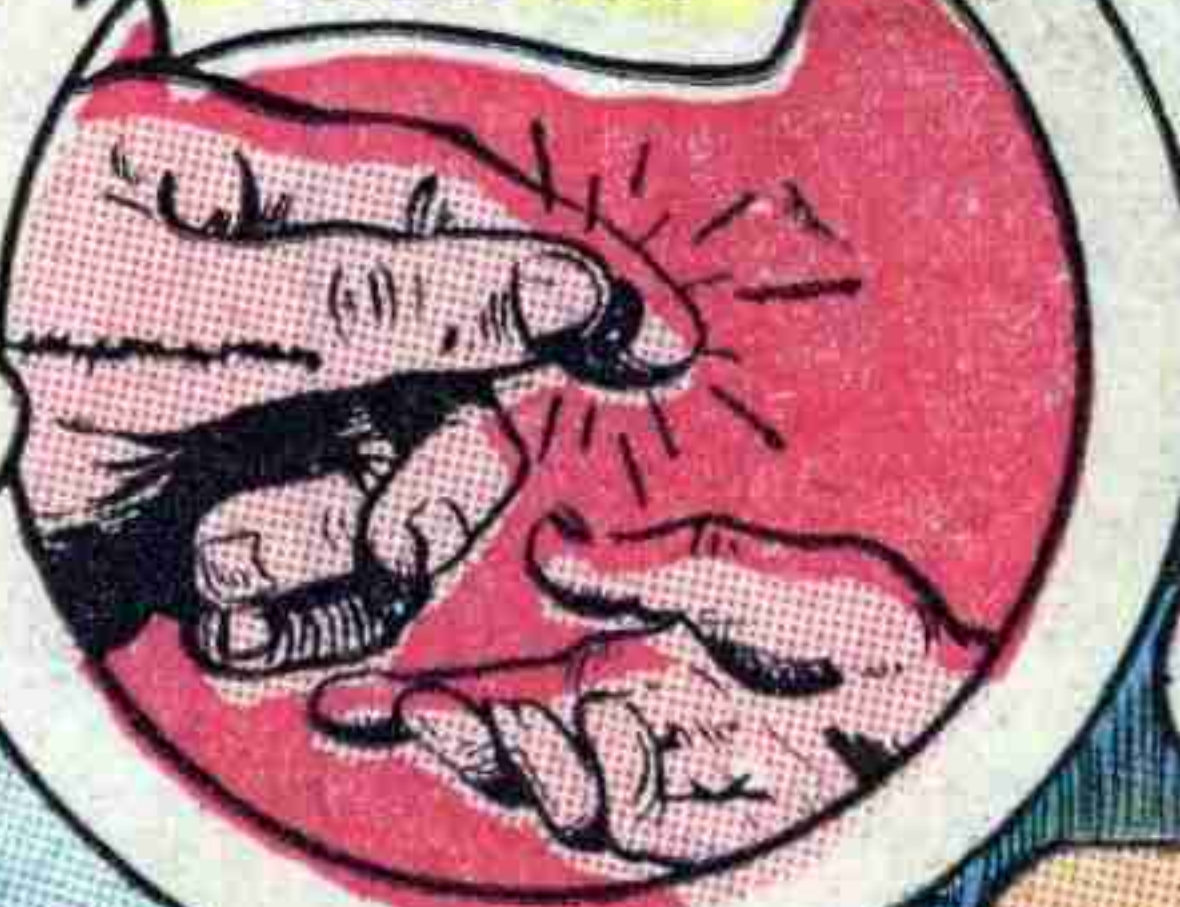
GOOD! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE YOUR PLANE FLY TWICE AS HIGH? JUST PUT THIS INTO THE GAS TANK!

THANKS, MISTER!



HE HANDS BOBBY A TINY BLACK PELLET...

THE STRANGERS DRIVE AWAY AND PARK BEHIND A CLUMP OF BUSHES TO WATCH!



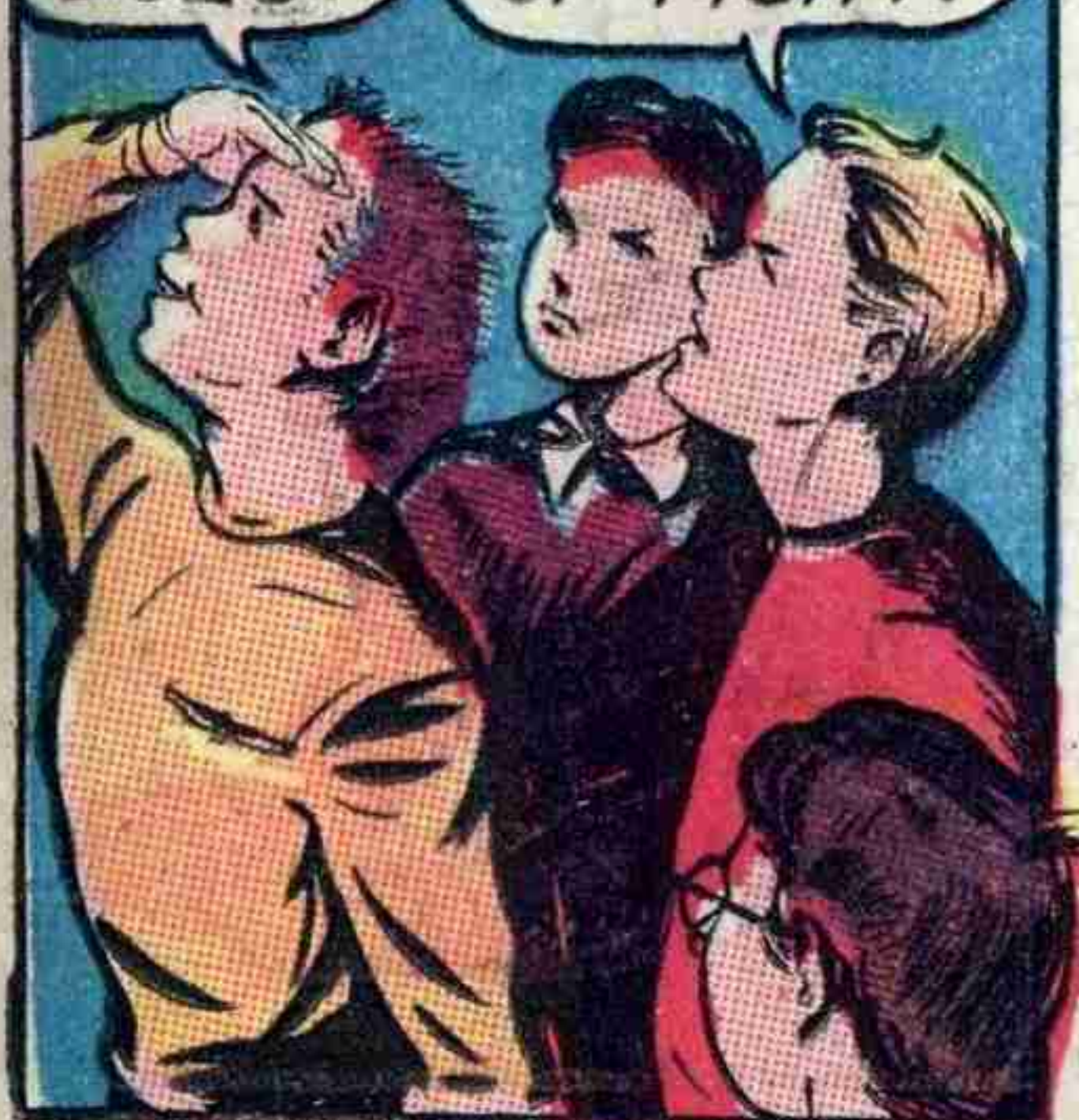
NOW...



BOBBY SENDS HIS PLANE UP AGAIN--

AW, IT ISN'T GOING ANY HIGHER THAN IT USUALLY DOES!

THAT MUG MUST HAVE BEEN KIDDING ME-- HE DID LOOK KIND OF FISHY!



SUDDENLY... THE MODEL PLANE EXPLODES



GEE!... TOO BAD BOBBY!

IF I EVER SEE THAT GUY AGAIN, I'LL---

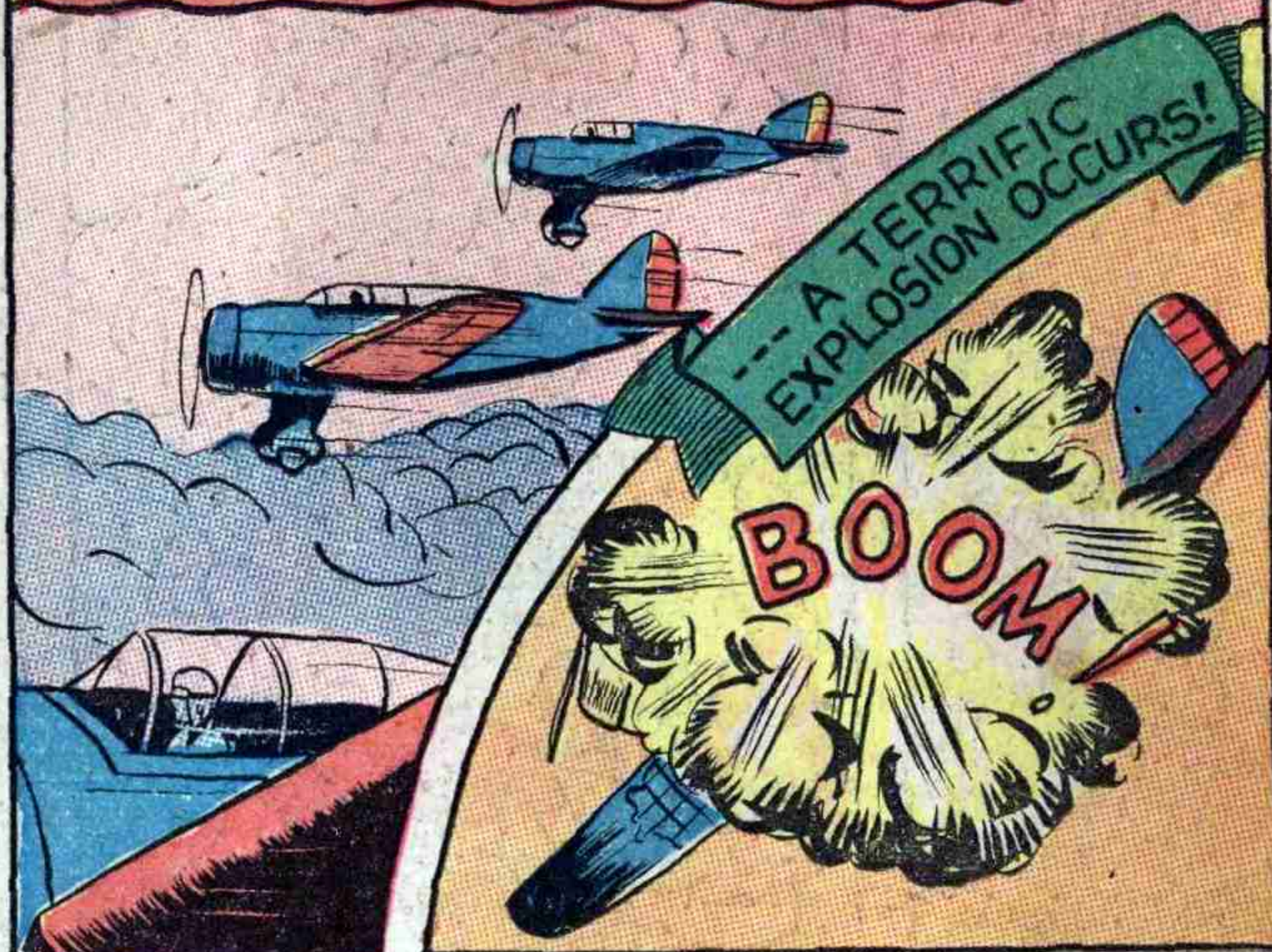


THE NEXT DAY BOBBY AND JIM ARE AT THE AIRPORT WATCHING ARMY PLANES TAKE OFF ON ROUTINE FLIGHTS!

GEE, SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO FLY ONE OF THOSE PLANES LIKE CAPTAIN AERO!



AS THE SQUADRON OF PLANES PASS OVERHEAD --

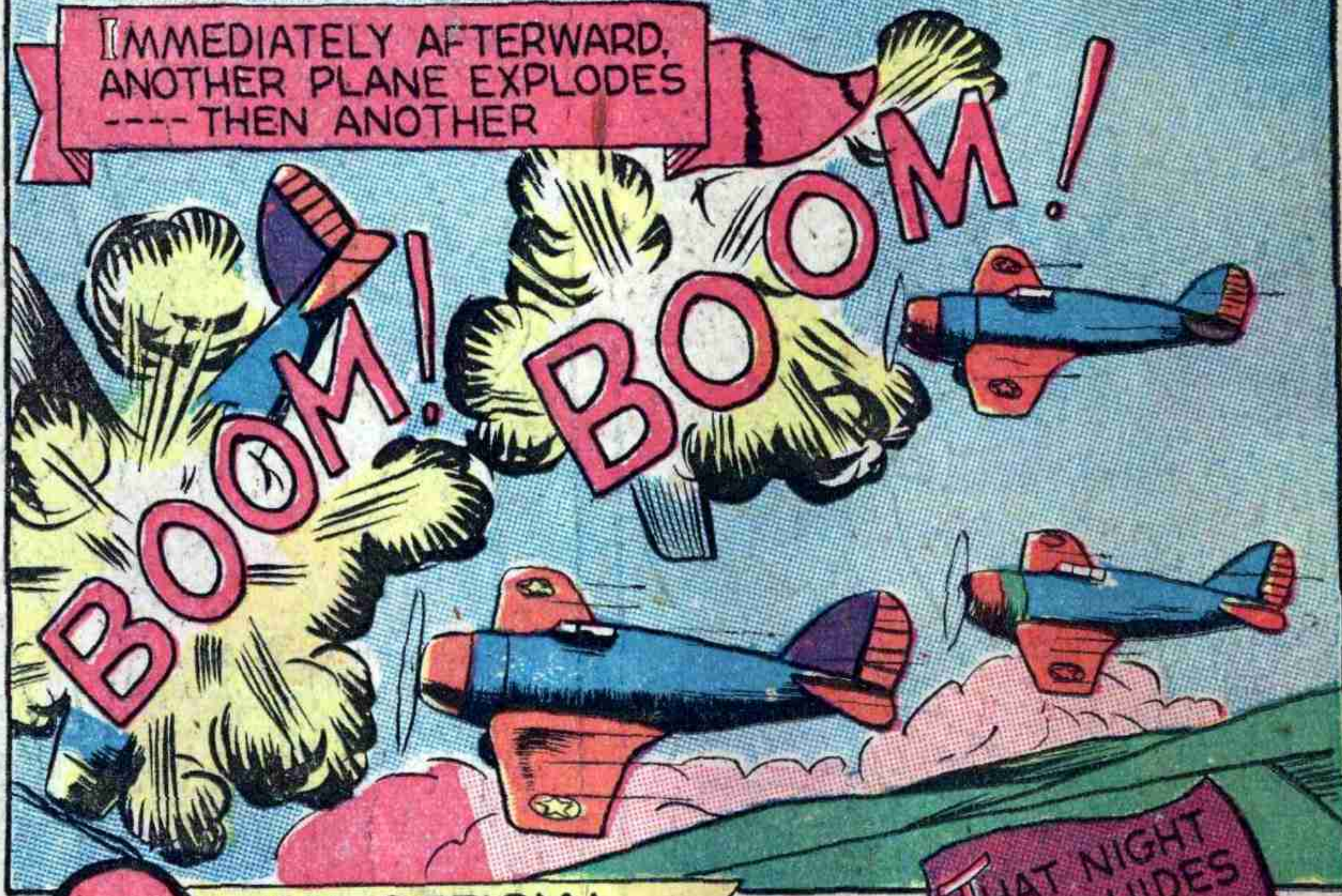


THE SAME THING HAPPENED TO YOUR PLANE!

YEAH! SO I NOTICED!



IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD, ANOTHER PLANE EXPLODES --- THEN ANOTHER



RADIO THE SQUADRON TO LAND IMMEDIATELY!

YES SIR



LATER AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY IS HELD

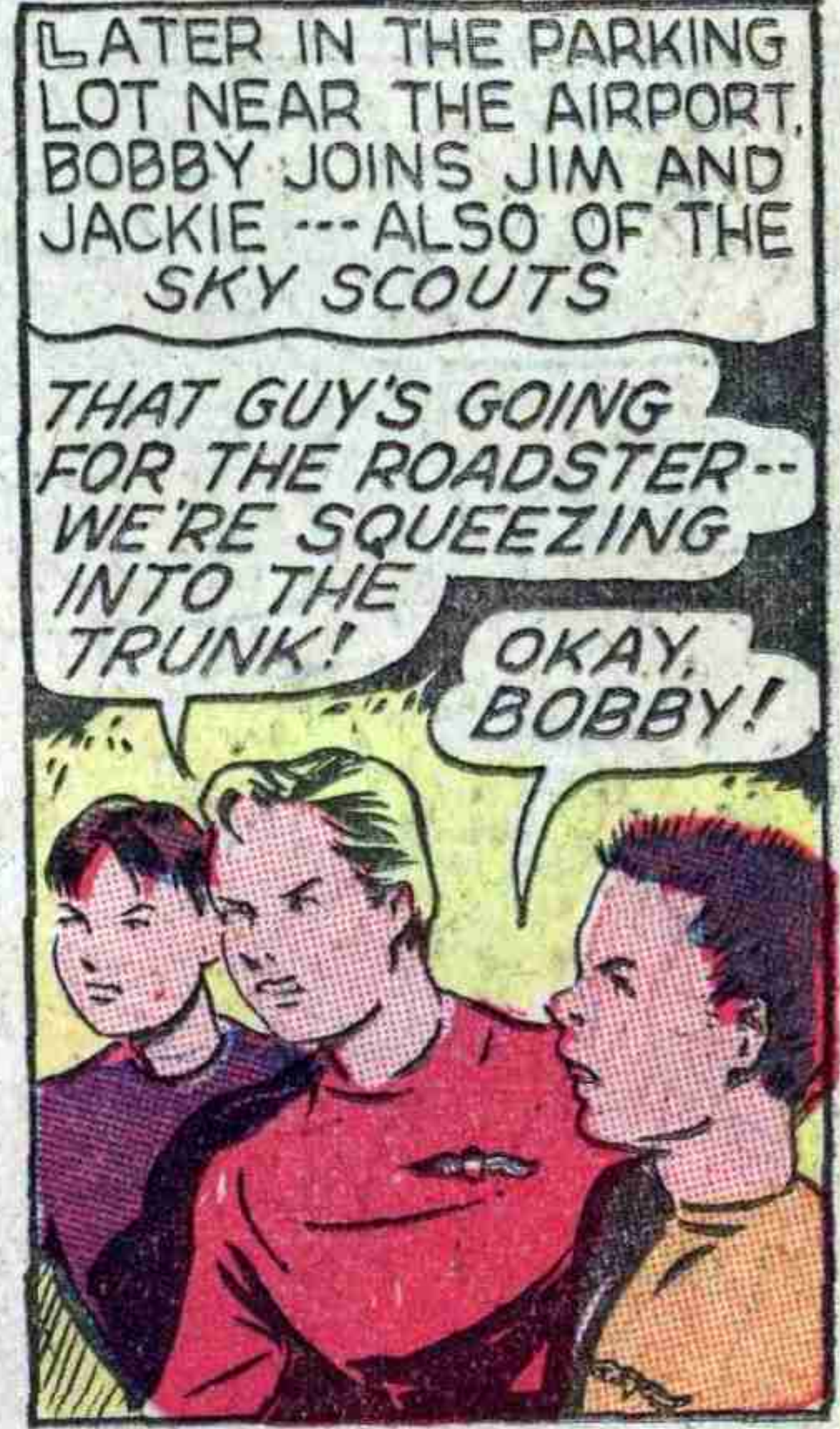
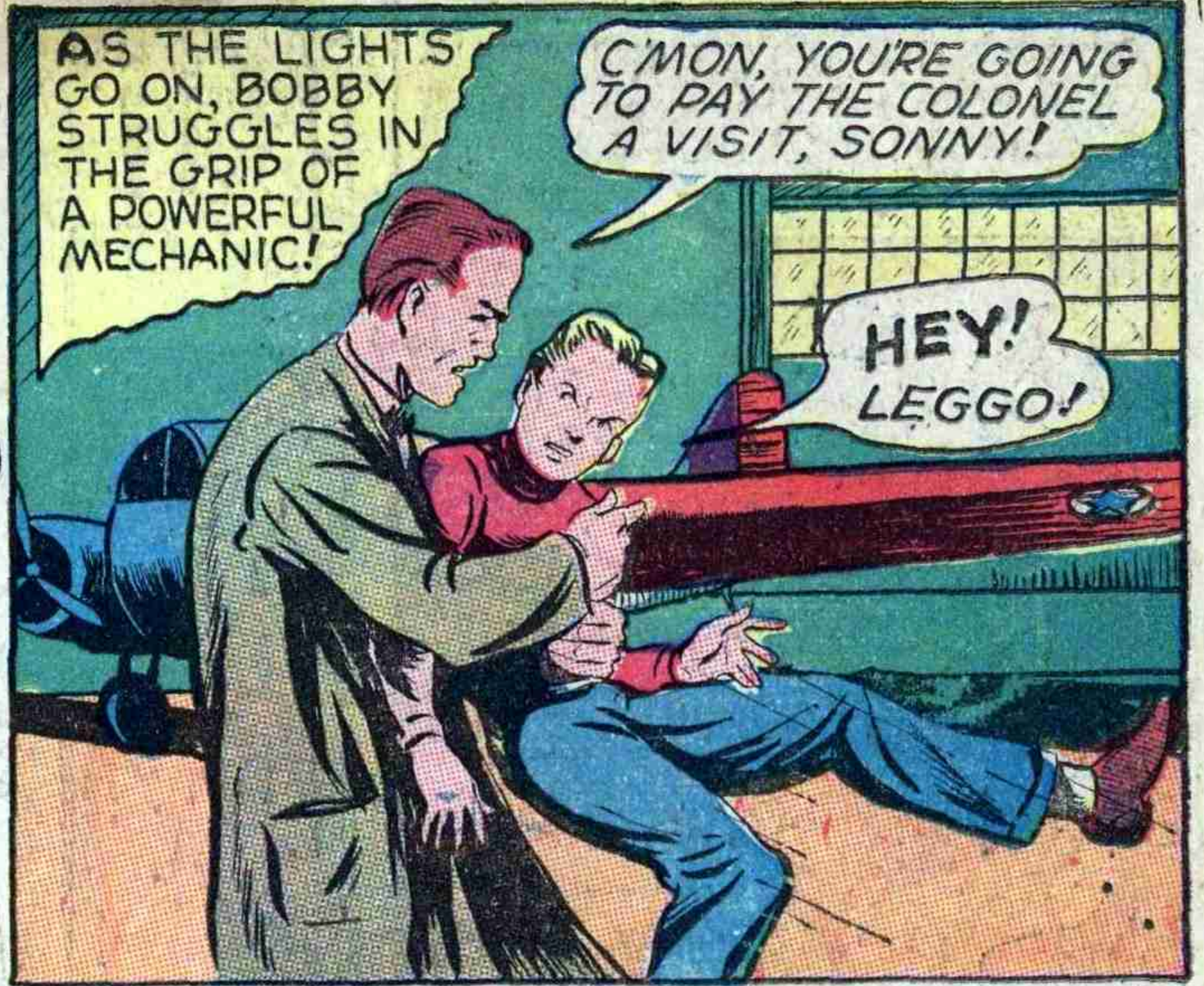
THE GASOLINE TANKS IN ALL THE PLANES EXPLODED--EVEN THE ONES THAT MANAGED TO LAND!

IT IS A CLEAR CASE OF SABOTAGE! DOUBLE THE GUARDS AT THE FIELD TO-NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT BOBBY HIDES INSIDE THE HANGAR





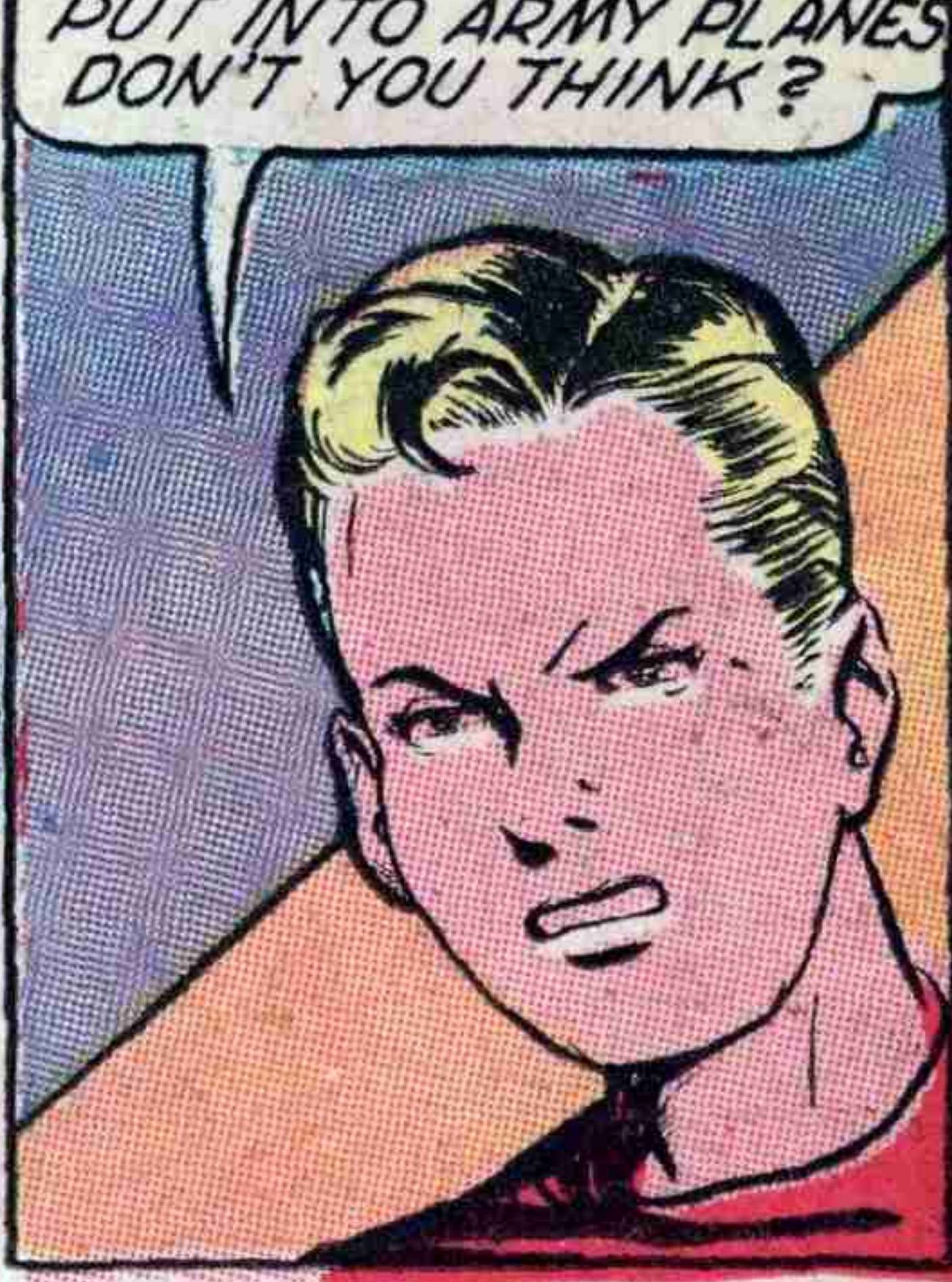
AS THE DRIVER OF THE ROADSTER ENTERS THE FARMHOUSE, THE SCOUTS SCAMPER OUT OF THE TRUNK

STAY OUT HERE--I'M GONNA PAY A SOCIAL CALL!

HELLO--REMEMBER ME? MAY I COME IN?

WHY--ER--SURE, SONNY!

I'D LIKE TO GET A NEW SUPPLY OF THOSE LITTLE RUBBER BALLS; THEY'RE GREAT TO PUT INTO ARMY PLANES. DON'T YOU THINK?



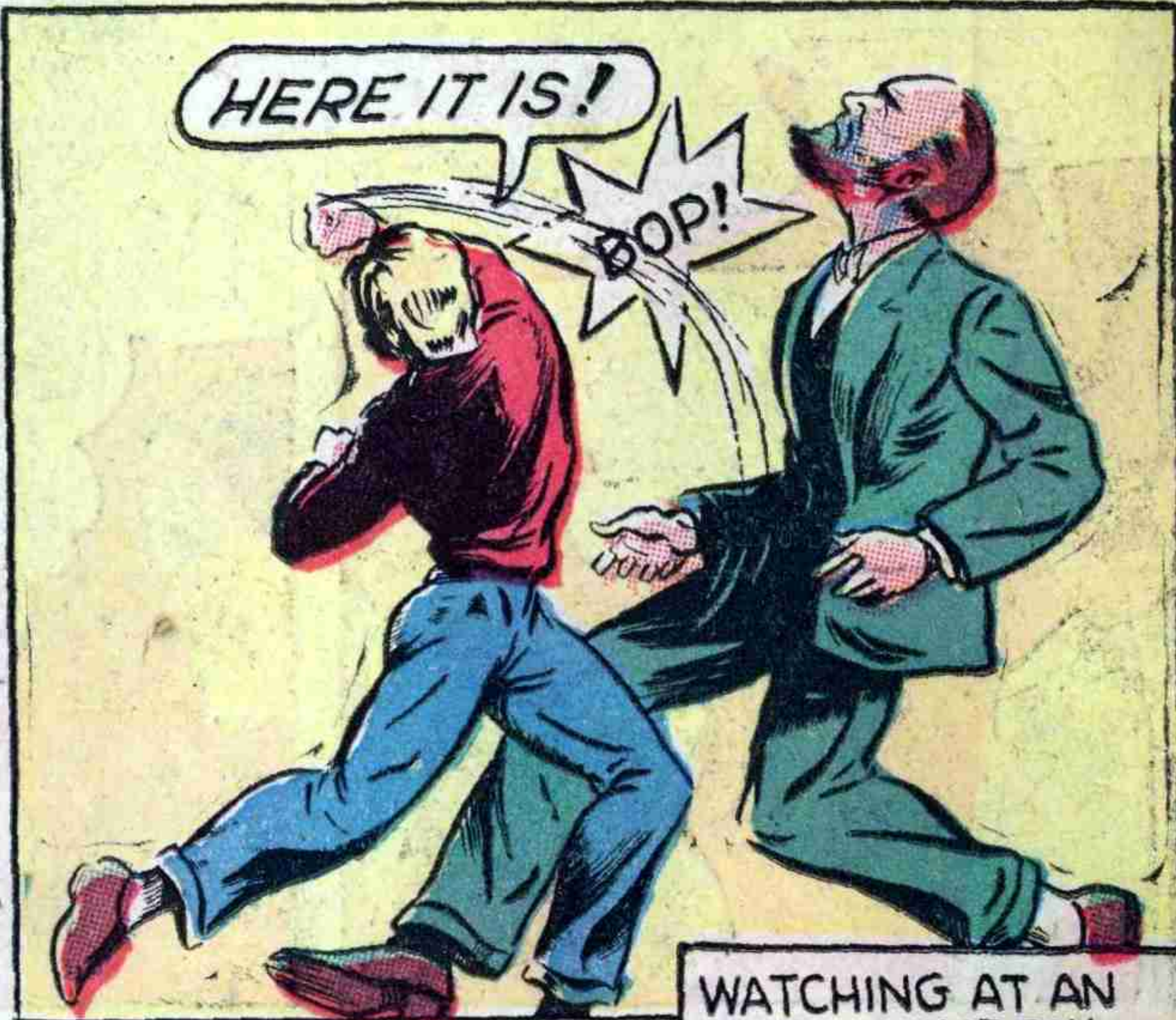
YOU'RE A SMART BOY-- BUT A LITTLE TOO SMART!

WELL, IF IT ISN'T SPINACH FACE AGAIN-- MAY I LEAVE MY CALLING CARD!



HERE IT IS!

BOP!

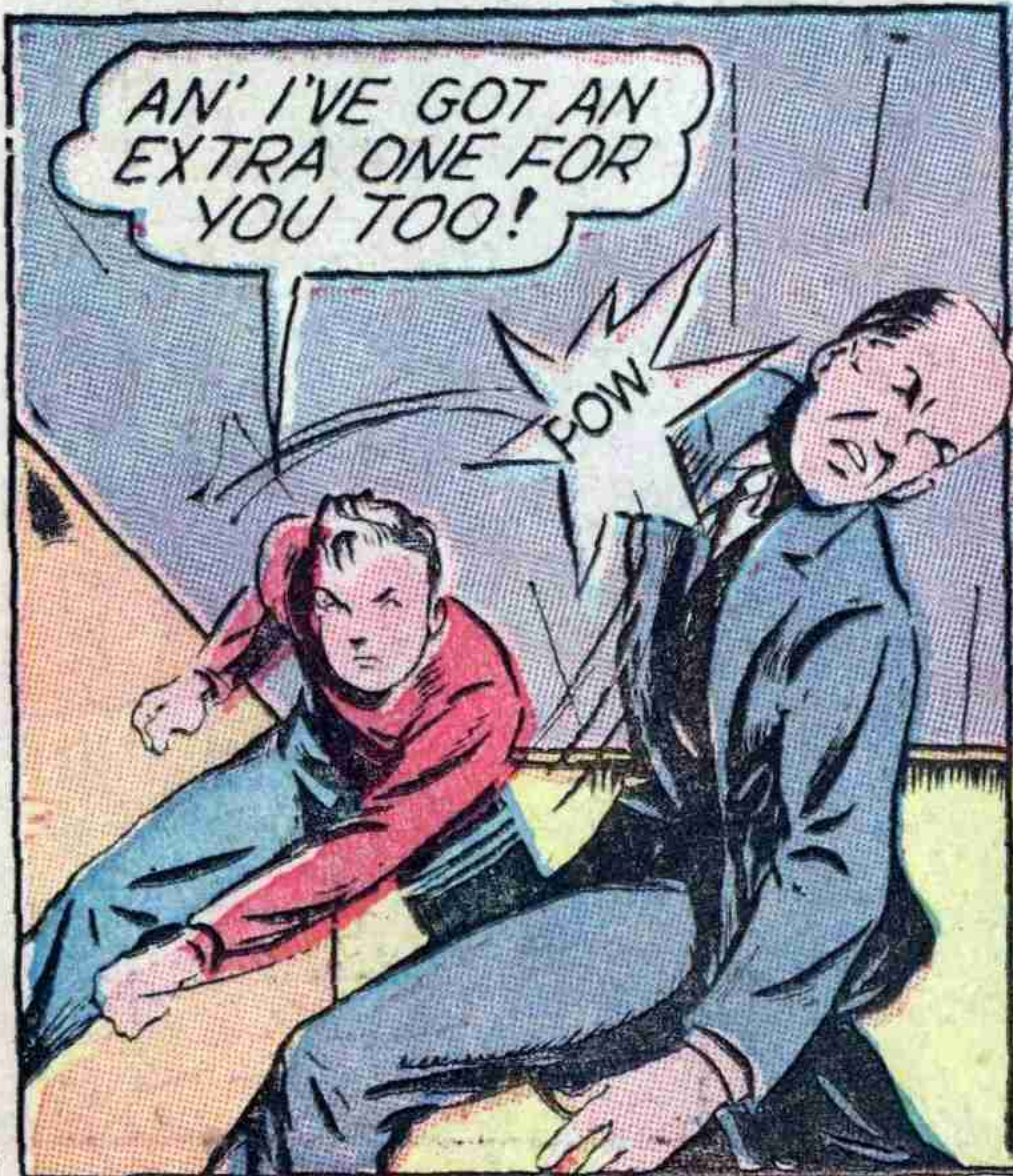


WATCHING AT AN OPEN WINDOW, BOBBY'S PALS REALIZE IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO ACT

I'LL BLITZ HER WITH MY SHIP-- WATCH!

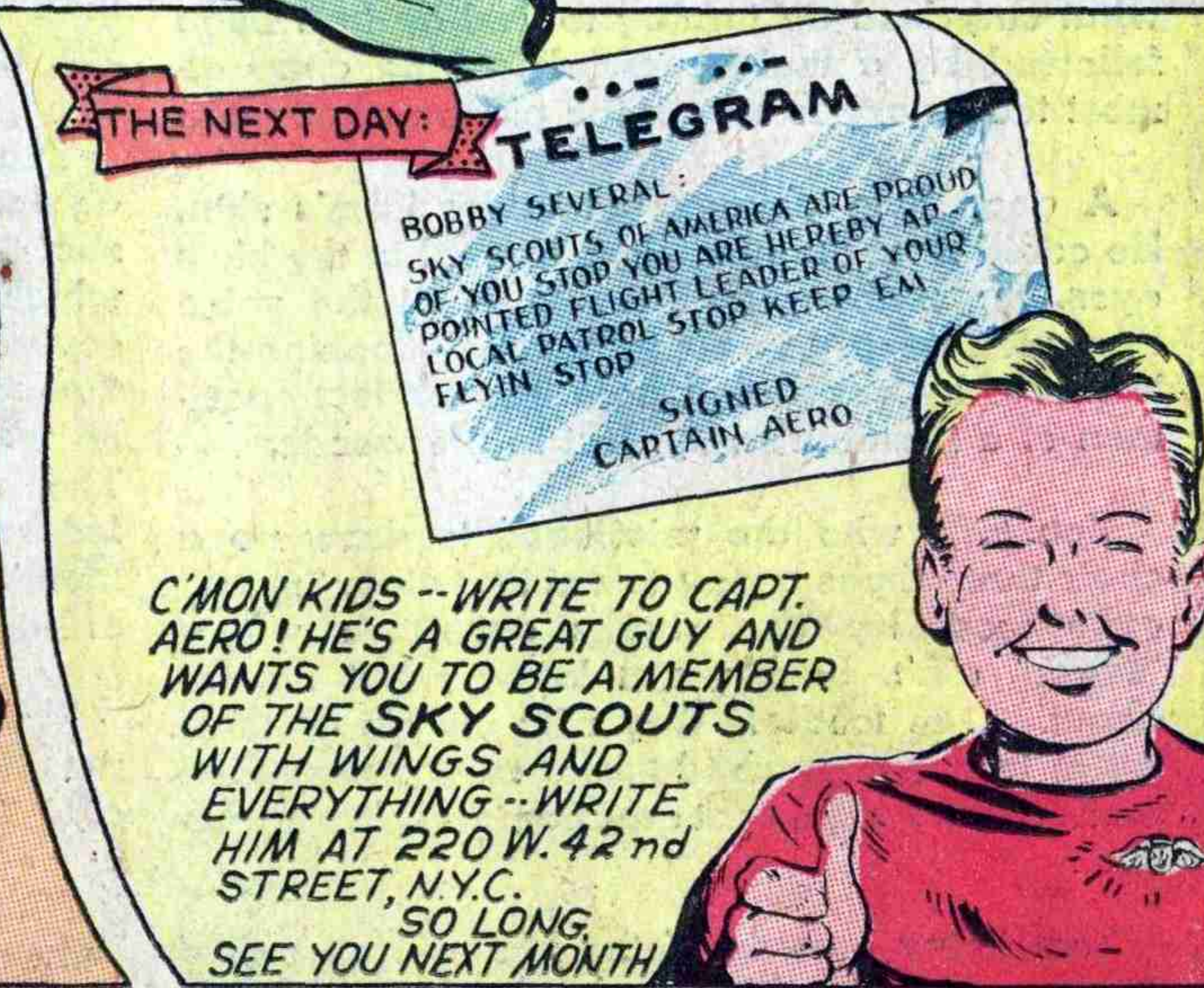
AN' I'VE GOT AN EXTRA ONE FOR YOU TOO!

POW

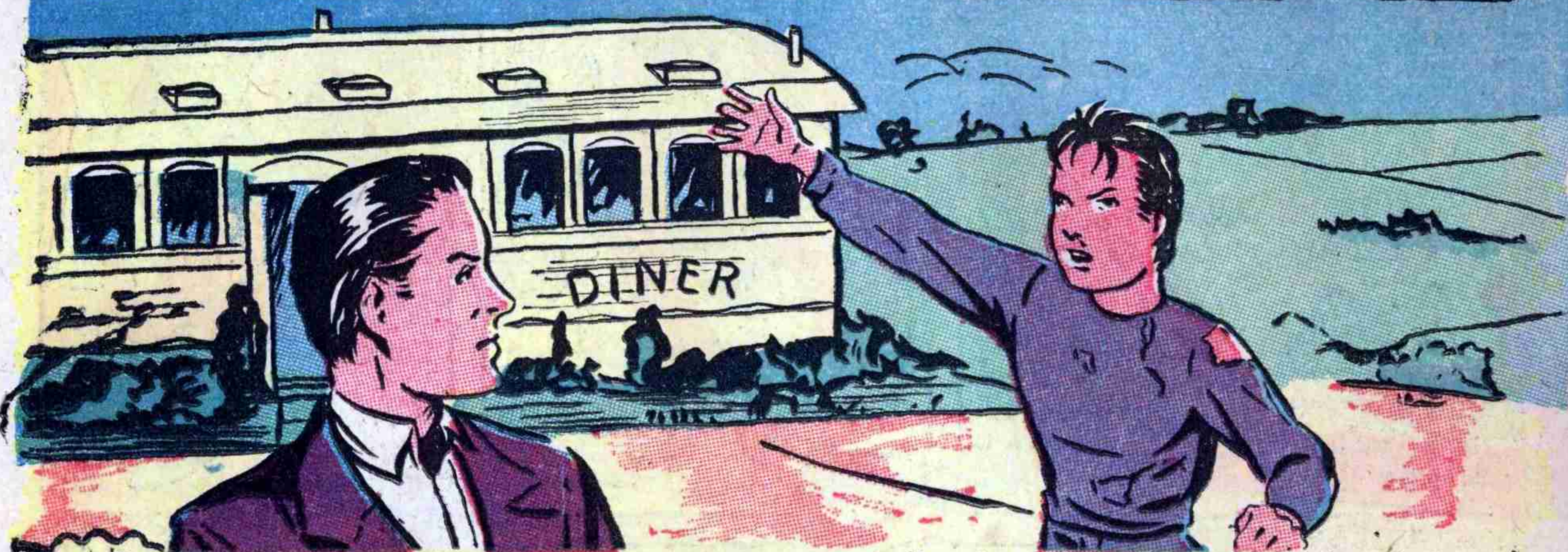


TOUGH GUY, EH SONNY!-- ALLRIGHT, SAY YOUR PRAYERS--YOU'RE GOING TO SLEEP!





HEART AND HEAD



On the Illinois prairie, lunch wagons are frequented by strange characters; here mostly everyone has a plan for tomorrow. Tom Walker, was one such, and as he came through the door, he paused to scan the scene before him, looking from one face to the other he found them all strangers still when taking a seat he felt something of warmth; perhaps the waiters cry of, "Ham and—."

Tom was going to meet life, the call of youth, the thirst for contact with bigger things than he had known in his struggle back there in the city which had hardened him for his place in the sun.

Hurrying away after downing his coffee, his mind on making Rock Island before the next feed, he was already busy searching the road for a lift, when he caught the call, "Pardon me could I ask you a question?" and was somewhat surprised on turning to find he had been followed by a timid comical looking chap almost too weary to stand, the picture of despair.

A good face always got under Tom's skin. He could read the unspoken appeal in the kid's eyes, the manner and the tone, of the voice appealed deeply to his sympathy—looking the kid over he concluded here is a perfect specimen of a mamma's boy, lost in the woods.

You kids who are privileged to draw up a chair three times a day to eat that stuff, "Mom" calls food, try two weeks out there where "Mom" ain't, then you'll know what it's all about. One foodless day with only a glass of water to dry a parched throat sure makes food seem mighty important and home mighty attractive.

Tom knew nothing of the nation-wide police alarm sent out of Boston by banker Franklin,

appealing for information with a description of his son; but five minutes chat told the boy's story. Two weeks from the fireside, broke and confused — a soft kid's venture into a hard world. Nothing that a few dollars and lots of advice couldn't smooth out and Tom gave him a double barrel charge.

Knowing all the signs he gave the kid more than advice; anyone is in better shape to take advice after a feed—here was plain hunger and they drifted back to the lunch wagon.

Walking and talking, they had gone quite a few miles before getting that lift into Rock Island where they made straight for the Western Union for he was certain the kid could not handle life on his own and should be home. Western Union has handled many message, but few have given more comfort than that dictated by Tom and signed by the kid telling his parents of his home coming.

Years later Tom Walker faced that kid again. In desperation he had taken a long shot on a difficult road construction job for which he was not properly equipped. Now several months over the completion date for the contract and with winter fast closing in, he was battling to beat a freeze-up and ruin. The kid on finishing college had passed into federal service, drawing the assignment as Inspector on Walker's job—it was a moment of bitter reflection.

"You are running into clay, Tom and I'm not taking clay. I'll send back every load of it."

"Okay kid, no clay—I'll tell the shovel runner to move when he hits it. But get this in your head, we're in for a big freeze, if

I'm not done and gone before she hits we'll be snowed in for the winter and the bank gets my outfit next spring; so I'm telling you don't block this work kid, don't block it."

"Do it right is all I ask."

"What about the bridge, do I cross it?"

"The bridge is green Tom, and I'm taking no chances."

"But kid, I sweetened the mix for the bridge deck and it will hold twice its weight right now."

"Tom, I can't take the chance."

"Kid, if I have to haul around by the old road I'm licked, you don't want to break me, do you?"

"Of course not, but that bridge deck is far too green to take a chance putting the trucks over it."

"Now listen kid, don't be near that bridge when I get there, it might not be healthy for you; we're throwing that road in and nothing is stopping us."

Tom Walker turned without another word. This was no time for argument. The threat of the weather and the time clause in the contract forced action. He was seeing red as he was looking failure in the face, he would meet it as he had always met it—fighting—and he meant to fight.

Ten years had passed since Tom had given the kid a ticket for home, and that feed out on the Illinois prairie. Both were conscious of the moral claim this fact injected into the situation, but both men had their standards. Tom did not press the claim he chose to fight.

You need only hear the roar of trucks that came without pause throughout the night to dump their loads, to know that Tom had gone back to the pit to make a fight for it. The kid stood by to encourage and direct his race against time. You could sense his keen desire to be of service as he shouted again and again—"Speed her up boys, dump her here; back out there; pull to the right; swing this way; move rock there; thin it there; bank it in the middle; Casey, trot the old bulldogger straight up the left.

Shortly after midnight one of the truckmen shouted, "Looks like we'll make it if we can cross the bridge, how about it, kid?" — to which he answered, "Sorry, old man, but I can't allow it."

Almost in the next minute he heard the dump man cry—"She's sticking, Bill," then the kid called, "Hold it, let me see what you've got in that load." Trucks were piling up and more were coming, but the kid held up the work with his cry. "Take it back, no clay was my order."

"Aw, kid we gotta finish this job."

"Take it back."

"We can't, the boss would go nuts."

For a second the kid hesitated, then, "Okay take the load up ahead."

"You're gonner let me dump it?"

"Yes, off the fill."

"Kid, Kid! Holy cripes it'll be your funeral."

But the kid ordered the first load dumped off the fill near the bridge, then speaking to the driver, "Tell Tom to move the shovel; let him think I took those loads, but that I won't take any more."

"But kid, when he finds out he'll kill you."

"Get back to the pit, tell Tom the barometer is rising."

The news of rising barometer with its promise of holding the storm which threatened to make it impossible to complete the work, was received back at the rock pit with a cheer by the men who were bone weary from the strain of long hours for the past week in this fight against weather. It also served to soften the anger felt by Tom Walker. If the weather held over the night and he could persuade the kid to let the trucks use the bridge, they could make it even though they had lost an hour moving the shovel. Again was heard the roar of the Diesel and the screech of the friction drum as the bucket swung into action, the routine that must go on through the night.

Every man in the crew was now in his stride, trucks rolling and the shovel eating its way into the bank with the precision of men who felt this fight was also their fight. Tom Walker felt humbled by this show of devotion by men who seemed to do more work than they had ever done before.

The other trucks dumped their loads as the kid directed and he called to Casey, "Run the bulldogger over here; we are going to shove this pile into that hole and build a road down to that ledge running parallel with the bridge and on up to the highway on the other side so that we can get at the last fifty feet without traveling the 25 miles on the old turnpike to make it.

"But without light kid, the man doesn't live who can handle this baby in that cut. Not me, I might tackle it in daylight."

"Get down, get down! I'll handle it."

"Take her kid, but don't say I didn't call it crazy."

"Move back there boys, let those trucks come up; throw those headlights over the span, I've got two hours of hard work in that cut and I don't want a word out of anyone of you."

As he gave her the gas, the bulldogger moved slowly forward shoving a huge quantity of clay and rock into the cut; then she suddenly nosed downward; but he caught her with the emergency; he threw her into reverse and backed on to the roadway. The heavy rain and sleet worried him and made him realize the importance of light. In the dark he might go off the brink, whilst too much speed might cause him to loose control, but the job must be done, and he bent to the task.

Each time he sent the bulldogger towards the edge he was playing with fate. One foot and eternity. A fool and a machine. Ugly night, ugly thoughts.

Each time he backed onto loose gravel he was defying it. Now he was ready to ease her down onto the ledge, something of a prayer escaped his lips; now he was down. Now for reverse, she was crawling, would she slip? No, no, she's making it; each lurch brought sweat that soaked him, he was covered with a sheet of ice as it quickly froze. The hazzards he was facing blinded him to every sense, but the safety margins; there on the ledge inches counted.

"Kid, one slip and you are off that ledge for a three hundred foot drop."

"It's your job not to slip."

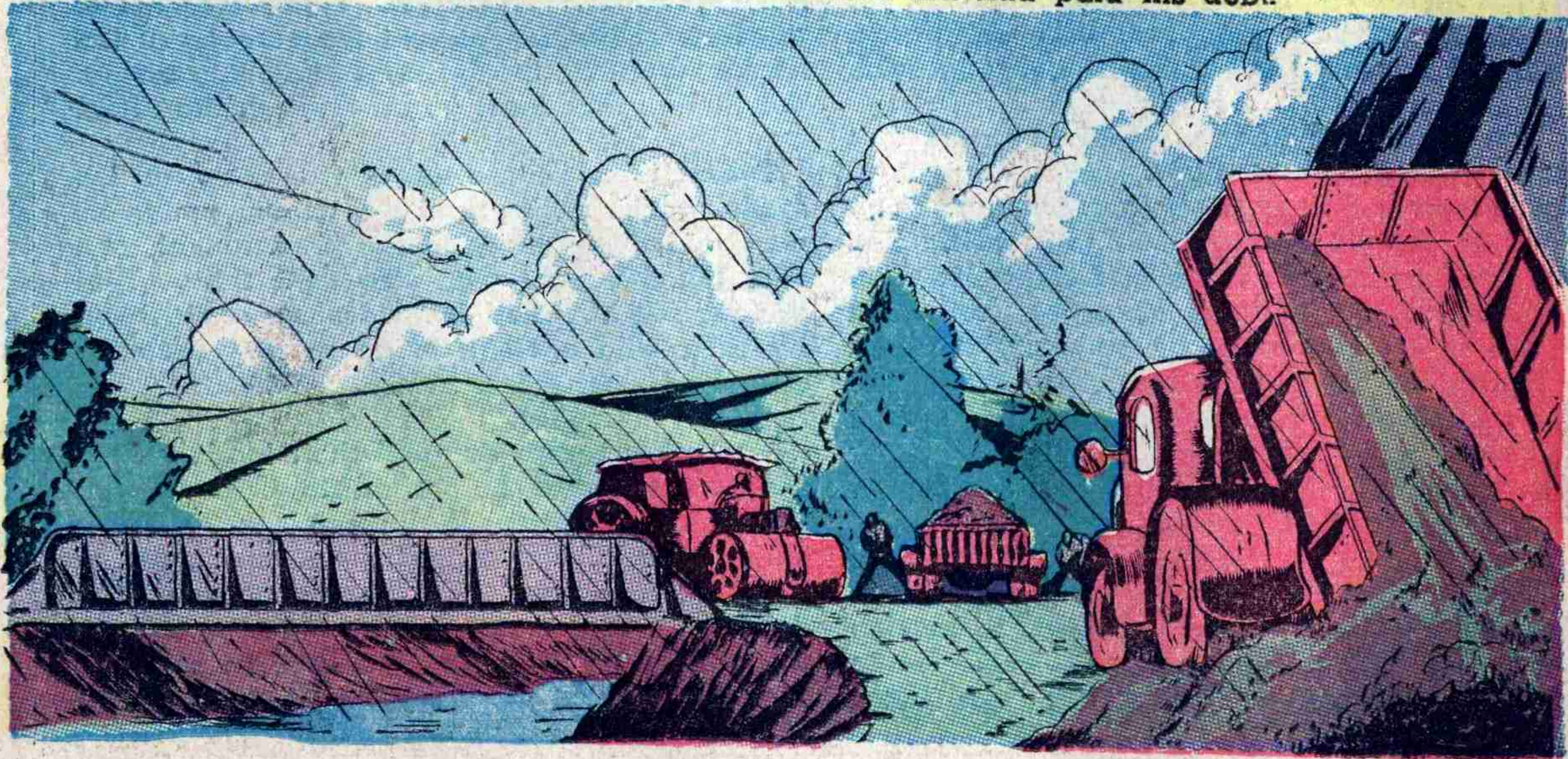
Down, back, forward, down, hold her, ease it, hundreds of times it seemed this routine, and each time his spirits rose but the strain was hitting him with needle-like darts through the body.

Just a few more trips and the ramp to the ledge would be finished. On and on went the bulldogger shoving rock and clay, spreading and packing as he held on to the controls, easing her to the brink, and back again for more.

"Yes, Carey had something when he warned me." "One more trip and the ramp is ready—now it will hold." "Shove rock into the dip—one trip should do it. "Now send her up, let her rip her path. We are making it, we are making it old girl! Come on baby, come on baby, we can't fail; spread it out; claw your way to the top." "Tear that boulder out of your way, steady baby, steady—there now you've done it."

Now he was driving her back and forth to pack her for the job of supporting the trucks with their load of rock, just a few more runs and he would pass them. Then he came to a stop with a cry, "Well, boys, there she is, take her; shoot those trucks across," and slumped forward exhausted. Carey pulled himself up besides him and backed the bulldogger off the highway and round to the first load that came across sweeping it into the fill—satisfied now that they would make it, and soon again was heard the roar of trucks as they caught the tempo of the thing.

The kid had paid his debt.



ALIAS

- by -
ALLEN UIMER JR



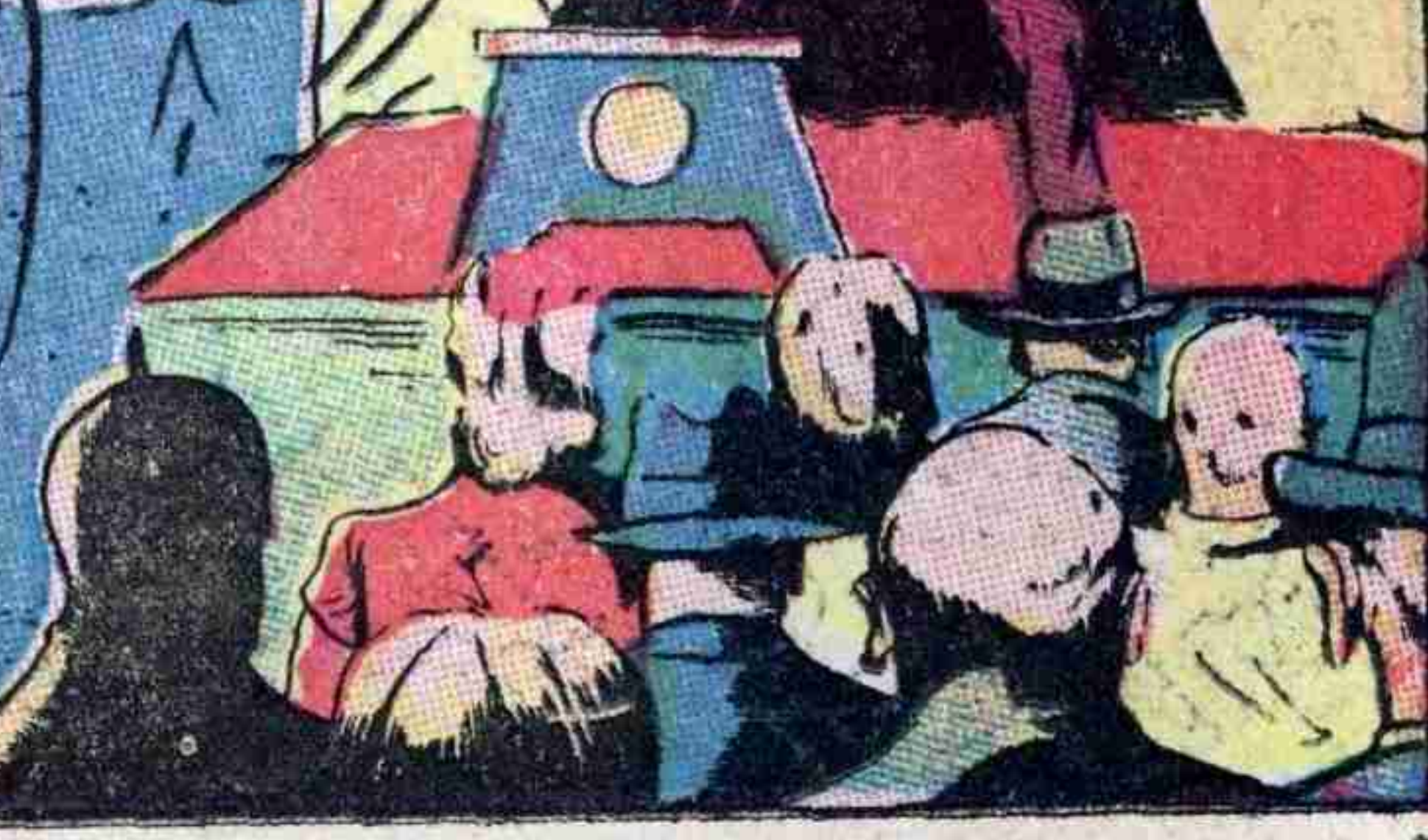
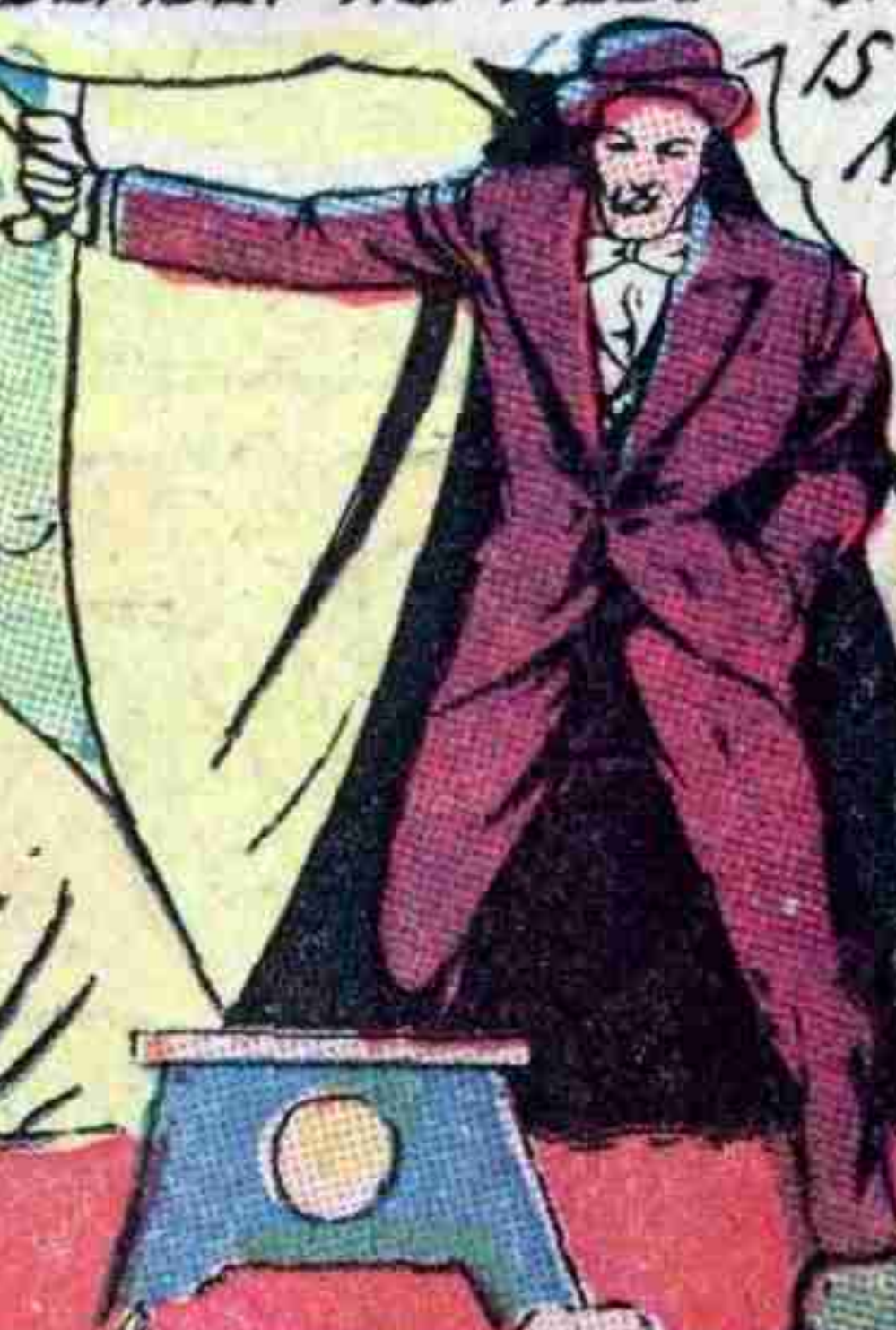
**LAA-DEES
AND GENTLEMEN!**
PREE--SENTING THE
**CIRCUS OF
DEATH!!**

AS IF FROM OUT
OF NOWHERE COMES
THE MYSTERIOUS
CRIME FIGHTER X,
TO SMASH THE
VICIOUS CRIMES
THAT ARE BEYOND
THE REACH OF
THE LAW!

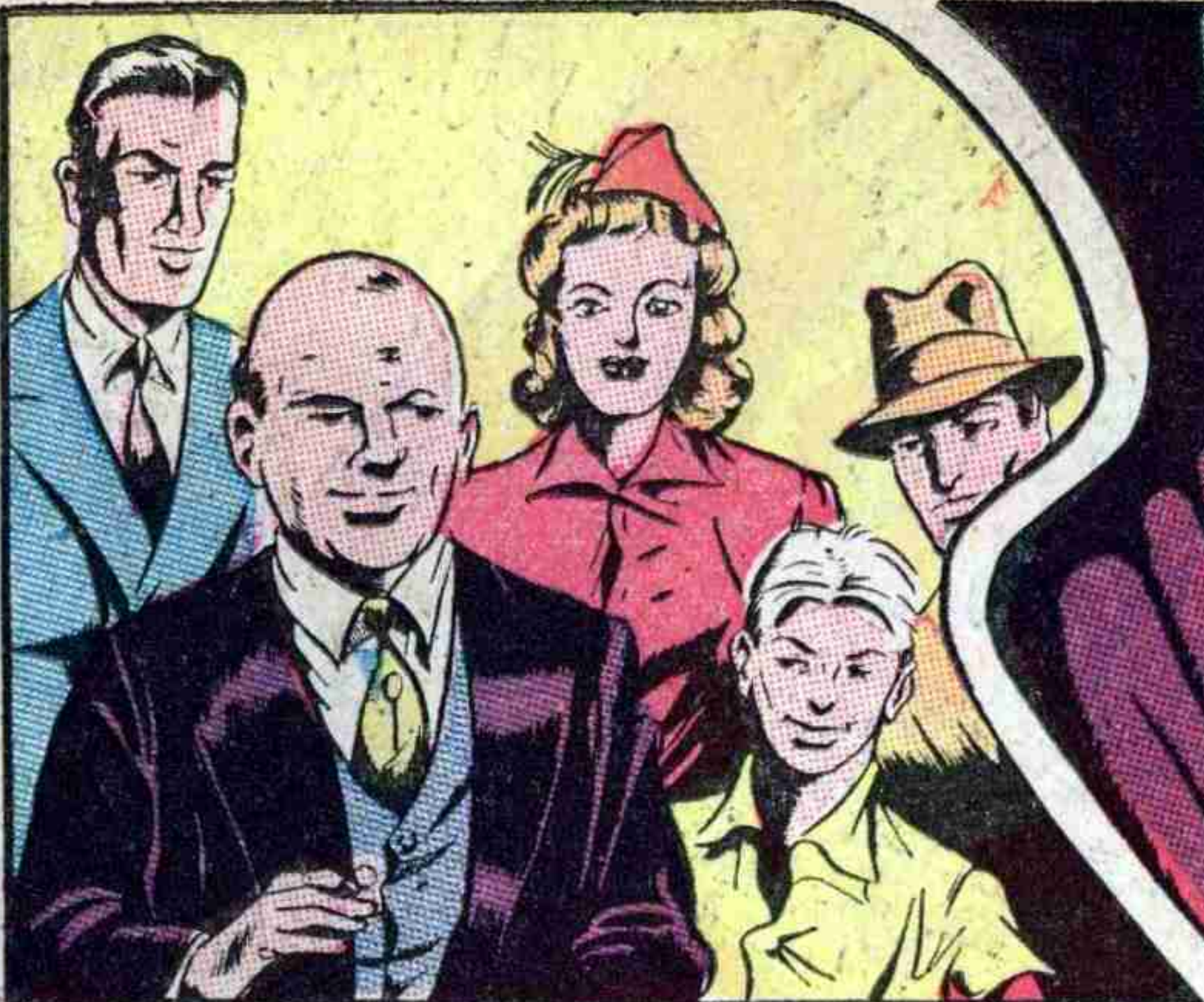


--AND FOR ONLY ONE THIN
DIME YOU CAN SEE TANGA, THAT
EXOTIC BEAUTY-- THAT CHARMING
LADY OF THE SNAKES-- SHE LIVES,
EATS, AND SLEEPS WITH THE
DEADLY REPTILES-- ONE DIME

IS ALL YOU
NEED SO
HURRY,
HURRY,
HURRY!



AMONG THE SPECTATORS TO SEE THE EXOTIC SNAKE CHARMER IS J.P. WESTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE WESTWELL ARMS COMPANY



...AS THE LIGHTS DIM THE CURTAINS SLIDE BACK OUT OF SIGHT REVEALING TANGA, "LADY OF THE REPTILES"



FROM SOMEWHERE, SOFT MUSIC ENCHANTS THE GIANT SNAKES AS THEY SLOWLY COIL AROUND THEIR MASTER!



... SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE SIDE-SHOW IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

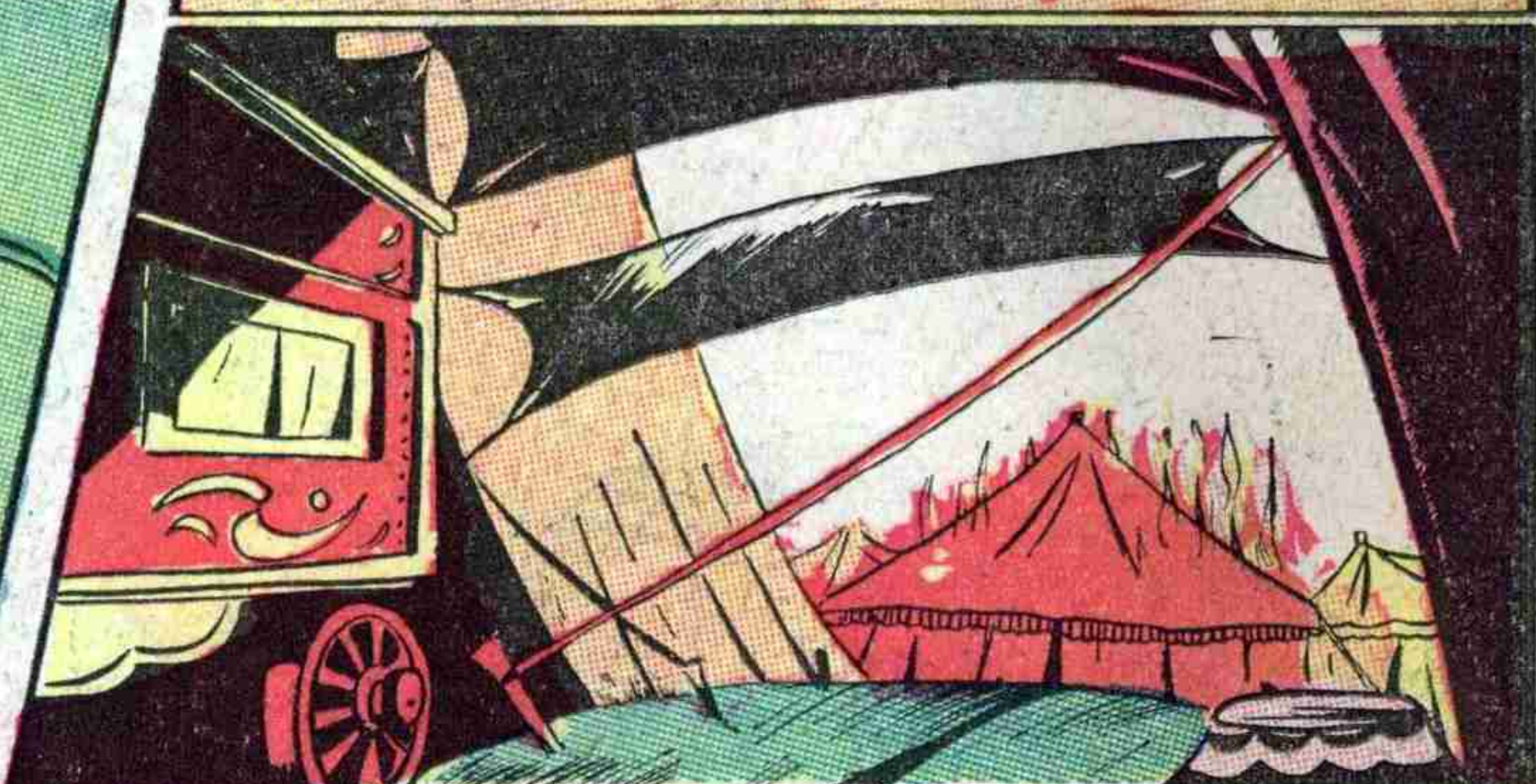
EEEEEEK!!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS!

THROUGH THE BLACKNESS A DEADLY REPTILE FINDS ITS MARK!



... AND A FEW SECONDS LATER, FLAMES POUR FROM THE SIDESHOW!



FIRE!



THE ENTIRE SHOW IS SOON A RAGING INFERNO - CIRCUS HANDS WORK DESPERATELY TO CONTROL THE FLAMES!



SUDDENLY, A MAN PUSHES HIS WAY THRU THE CONFUSED CROWD AND DASHES INTO THE FLAMING SIDE-SHOW!

STOP! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE, COME BACK!

BLAST IT! I'M TOO LATE -- IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED!

HE'S DEAD! AND THE PLANS OF THE WESTWELL RIFLE ARE GONE! THIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!

AND SO THE FOLLOWING DAY AFTER THE ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF WESTWELL...

LOOK AT THE CROWD POPPY! IT'S A SELLOUT! THE FOOLS--DO THEY THINK THERE WILL BE ANOTHER MURDER TO-NIGHT!

MURDER! TANGA! DID YOU SAY MURDER? BUT THE POLICE SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! WESTWELL WAS BURNED TO DEATH--WHY DO YOU SAY HE WAS MURDERED!

THE LITTLE FOOL THINKS I LOVE HIM!--BAH, HE'S GETTIN TOO NOSEY--TONIGHT I'LL FIX HIM!

HURRY POPPY, YOU'LL BE LATE FOR YOUR ACT!

AS THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE ALIAS X SLIPS SILENTLY INTO TANGA'S DRESSING ROOM!

HMM, THERE'S NOT MUCH IN HERE--HELLO, WHAT'S THIS!--MONEY, THOUSANDS OF...

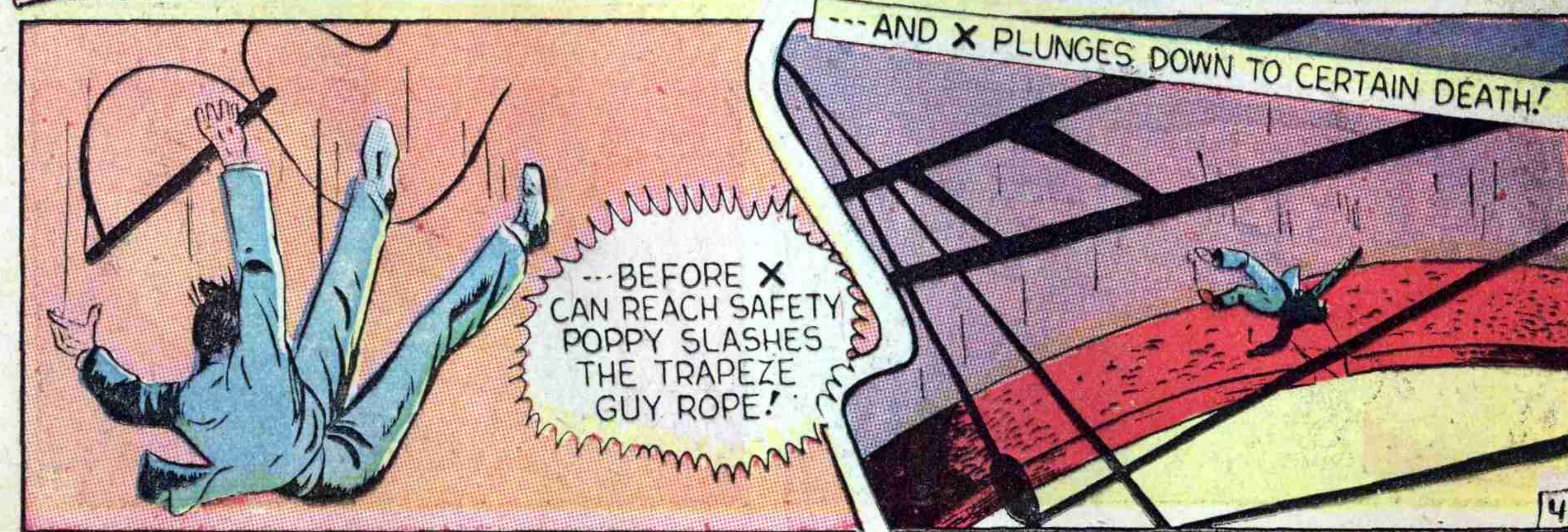
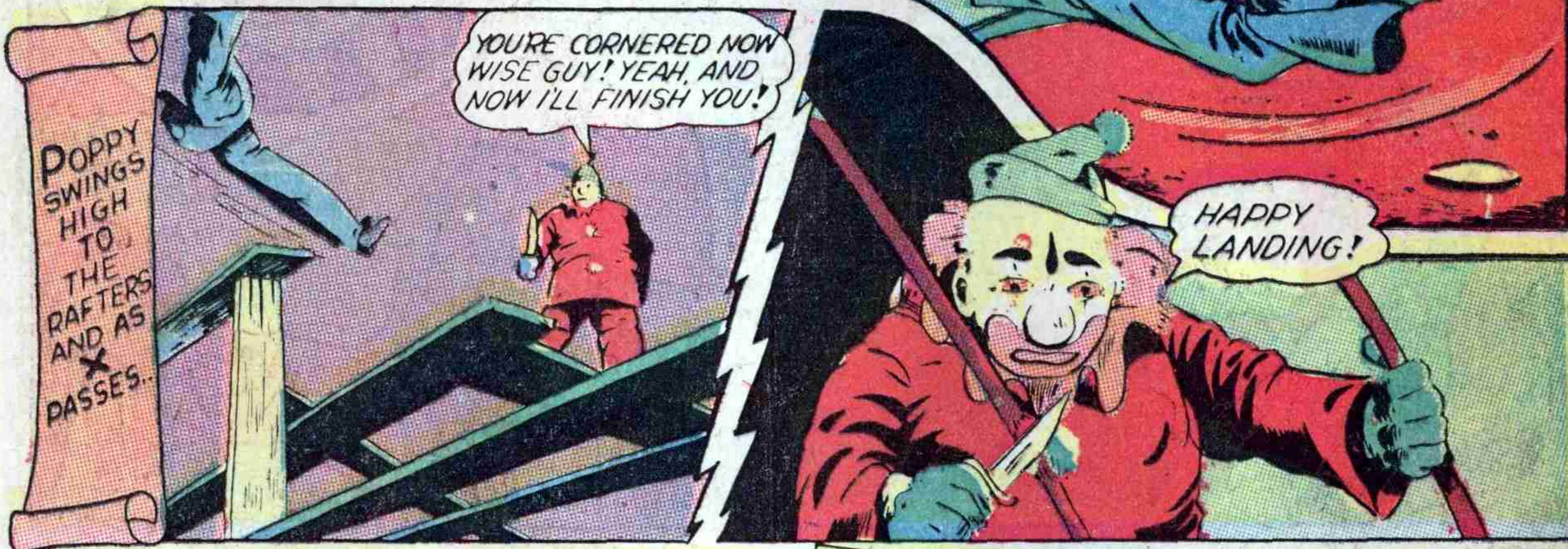
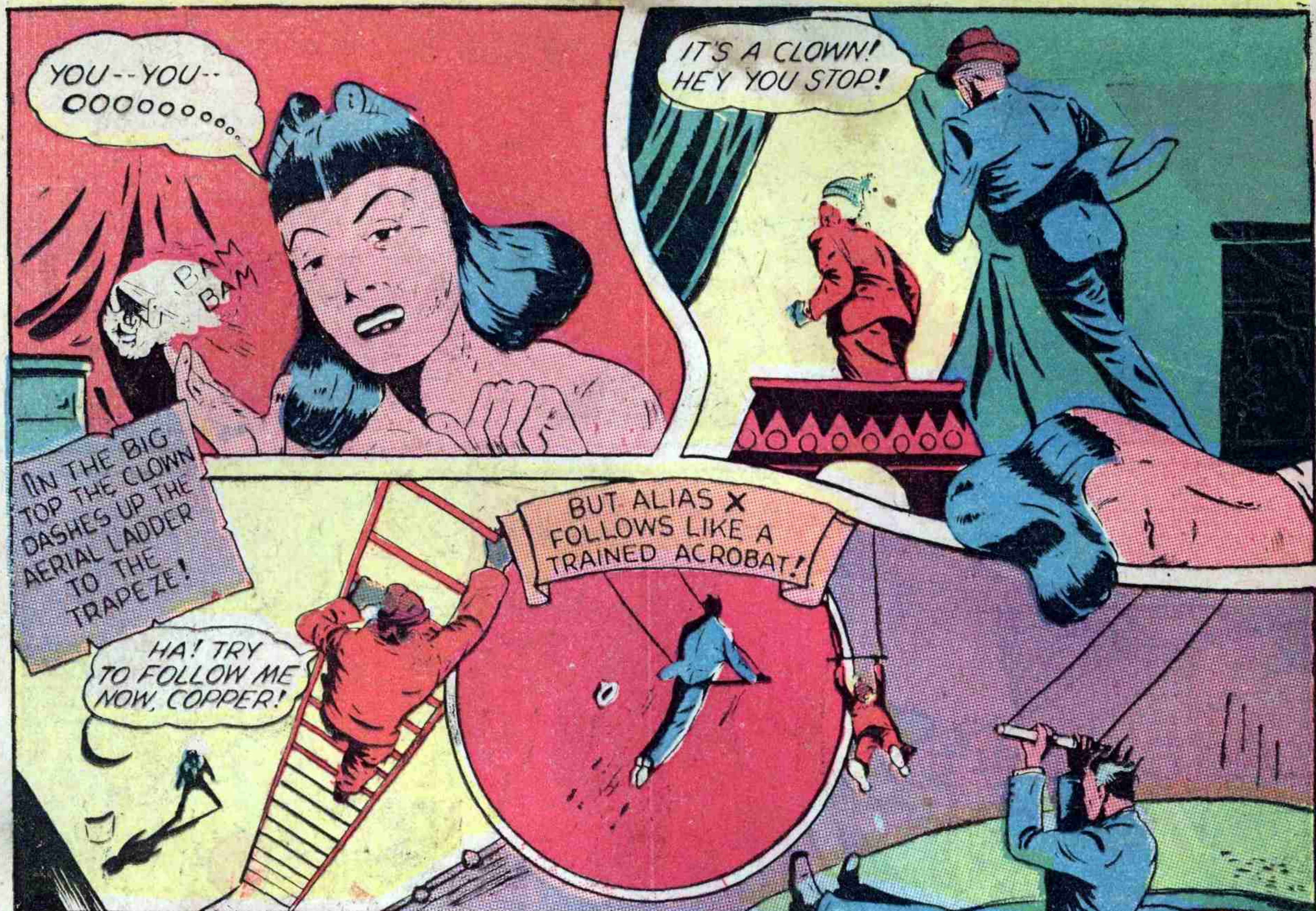
FIND ANY-THING, COPPER?

OH, YOU MUST BE TANGA! SUSPECT NUMBER ONE OF THE MURDER OF J.P. WESTWELL!

WRONG WISE GUY! BECAUSE I HAP-PEN TO KNOW WHO THE REAL KILLER IS!

SUDDENLY... AN AUTOMATIC IS SHOVED INTO THE DRESSING ROOM!

BAM BAM





... CLOSE TO THE GROUND, X HITS THE EDGE OF A SAFETY NET-- BREAKING HIS FALL!



WHILE HIGH ABOVE, THE KILLER CLOWN PREPARES TO FINISH THE UNCONSCIOUS CRIME FIGHTER!

POPPY!



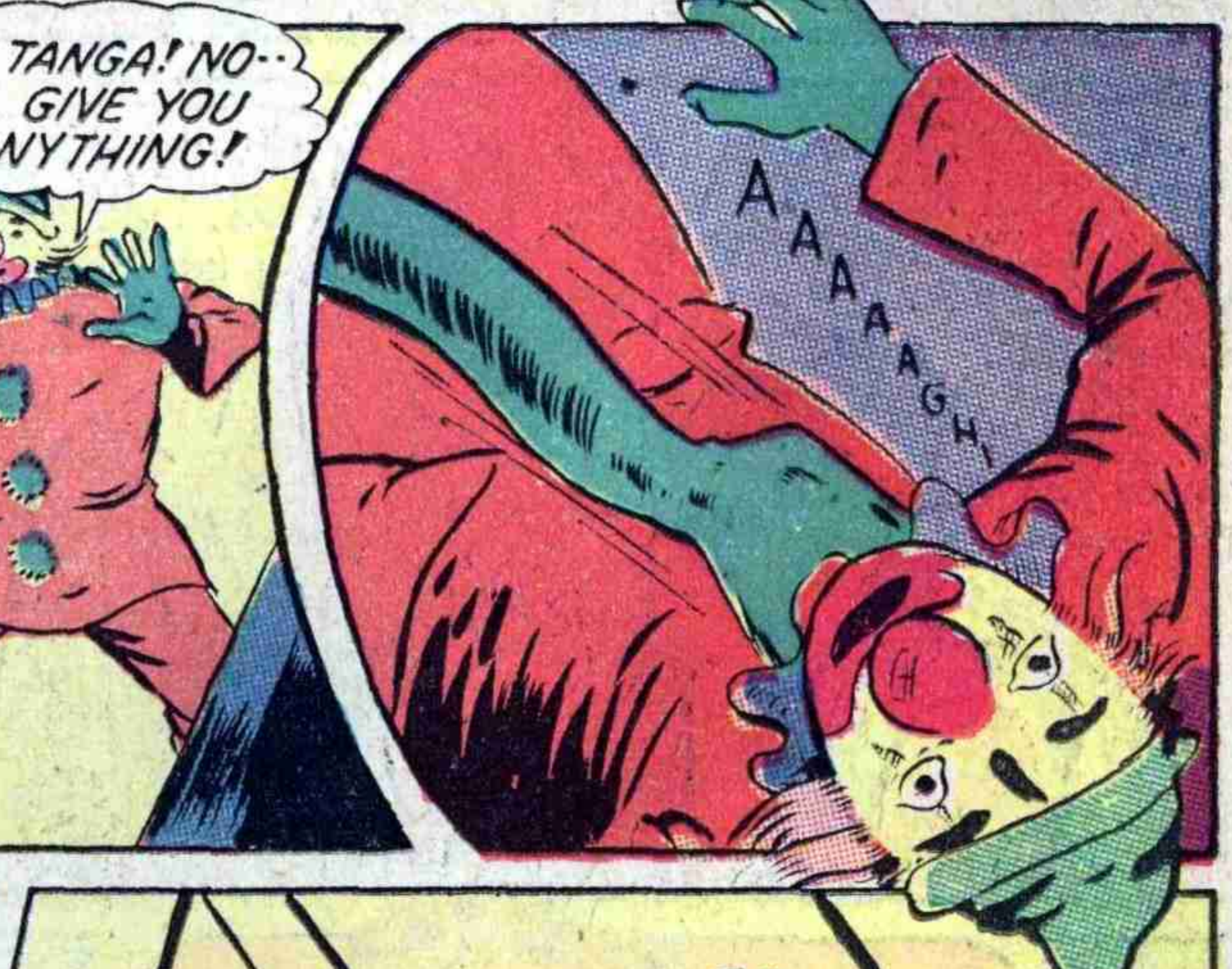
TANGA! Y-YOU, I-I THOUGHT YOU-W-WERE I-I-I



I KNOW POPPY! YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD. YOU TRIED TO KILL ME! YOU MURDERED WEST-WELL AND STOLE THE RIFLE PLANS! NOW POPPY YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES!



NO TANGA! NO-- I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING!



I-I-I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME, TANGA-- THIS TIME I'LL FINISH YOU!



BELOW, ALIAS X COMES TO-- LEAPING ONCE AGAIN TO A TRAPEZE HE SWINGS HIGH INTO THE AIR!



...WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, X SMASHES INTO THE MURDERING CLOWN!



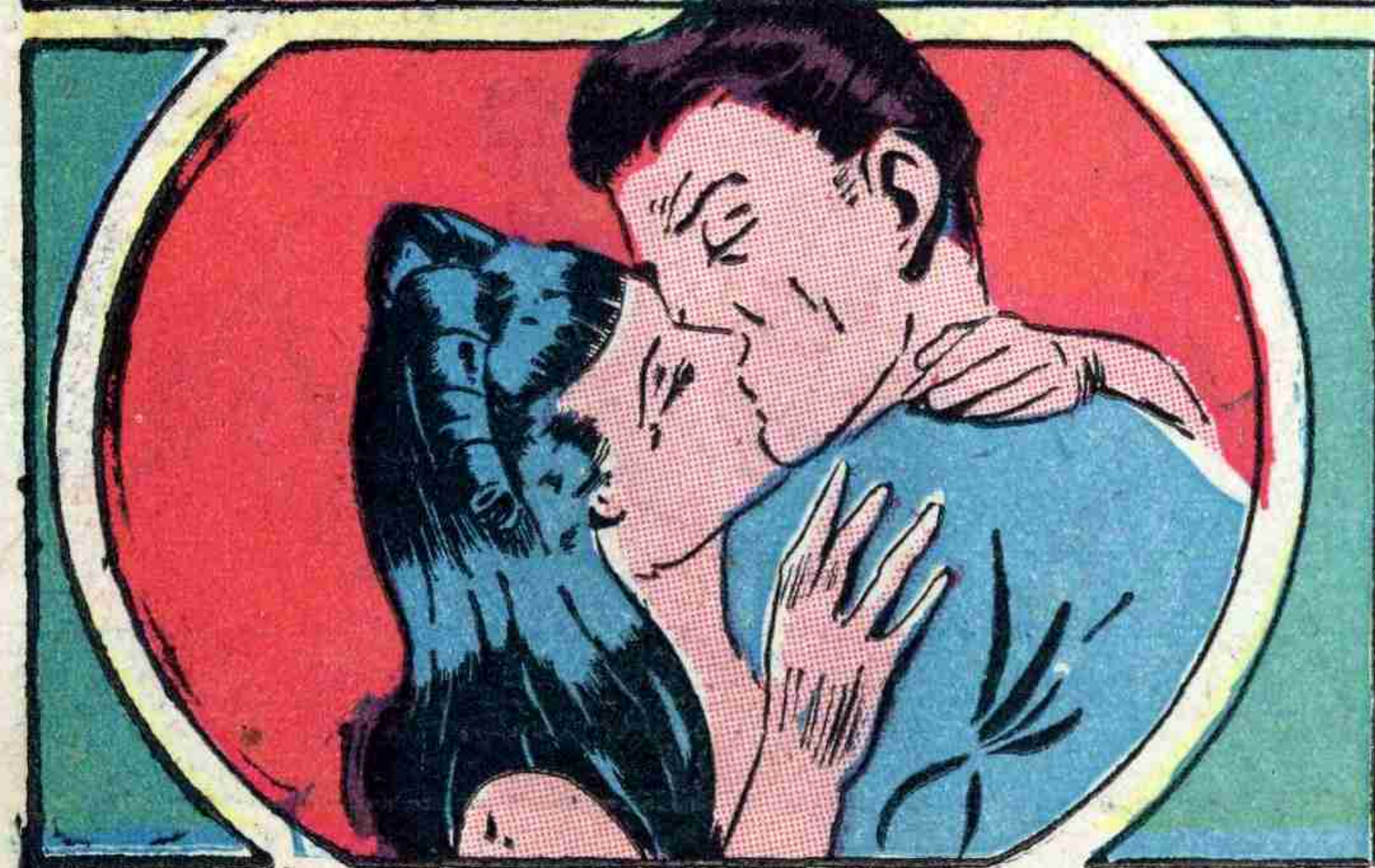
YOU'LL BE ALLRIGHT TANGA--I'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!

N-NO, I'M DONE FOR! POPPY WAS A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY-- HE MURDERED WESTWELL FOR THE PLANS TO SELL THEM TO SOME FOREIGN POWER!
I...I...



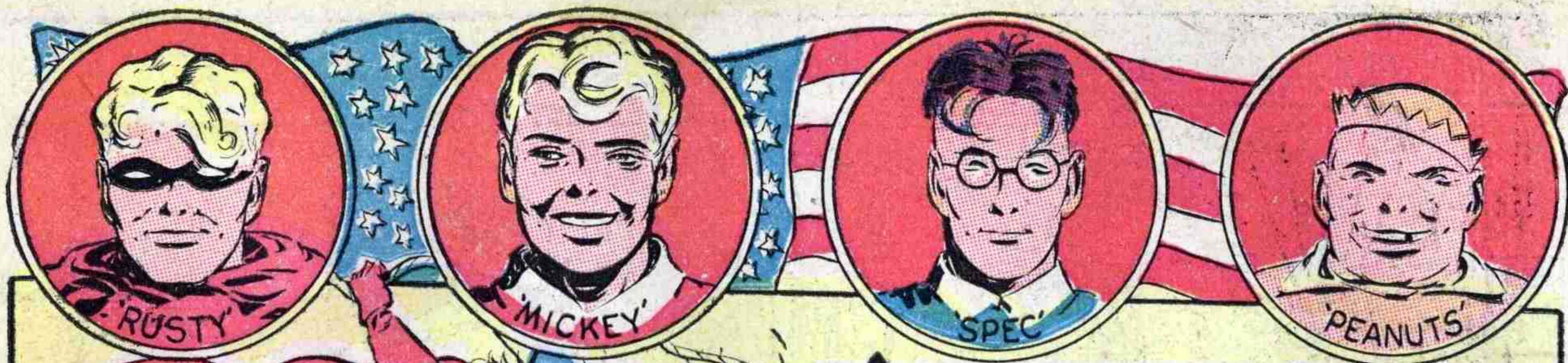
I-GUESS THIS IS THE FINAL ACT FOR TANGA--THE CURTAIN IS FALLING FOR THE LAST TIME-- KISS ME P-PLEASE!

YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL, TANGA-- A VERY BRAVE GIRL!



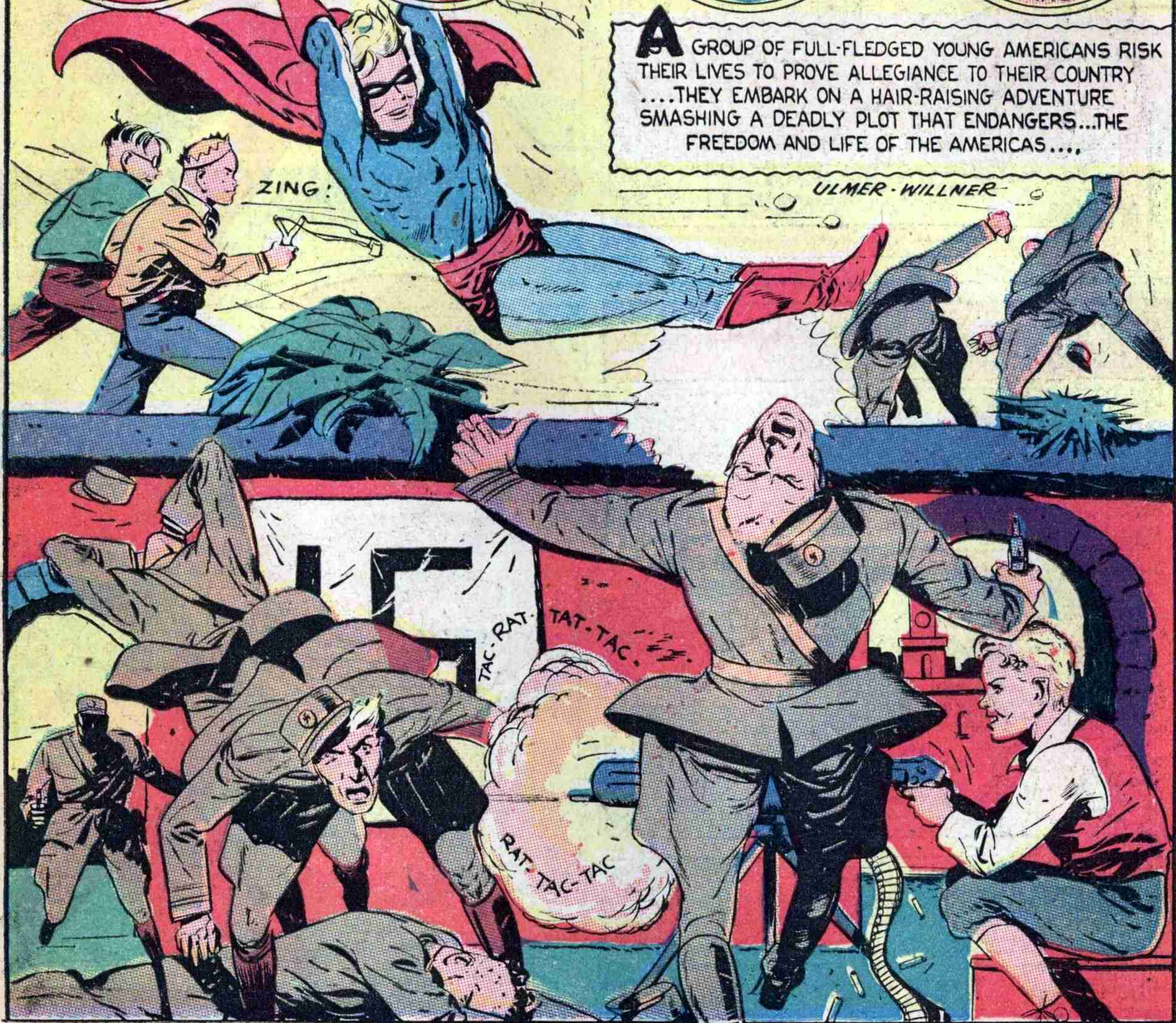
...AND SO ONCE AGAIN, ALIAS X DISAPPEARS INTO THE FOG TO SEEK OUT NEW ADVENTURES AND SMASH ALL EVIL DOERS, WHO PROFIT BY THEIR VICIOUS CRIMES!

With Compliments
ALIAS X



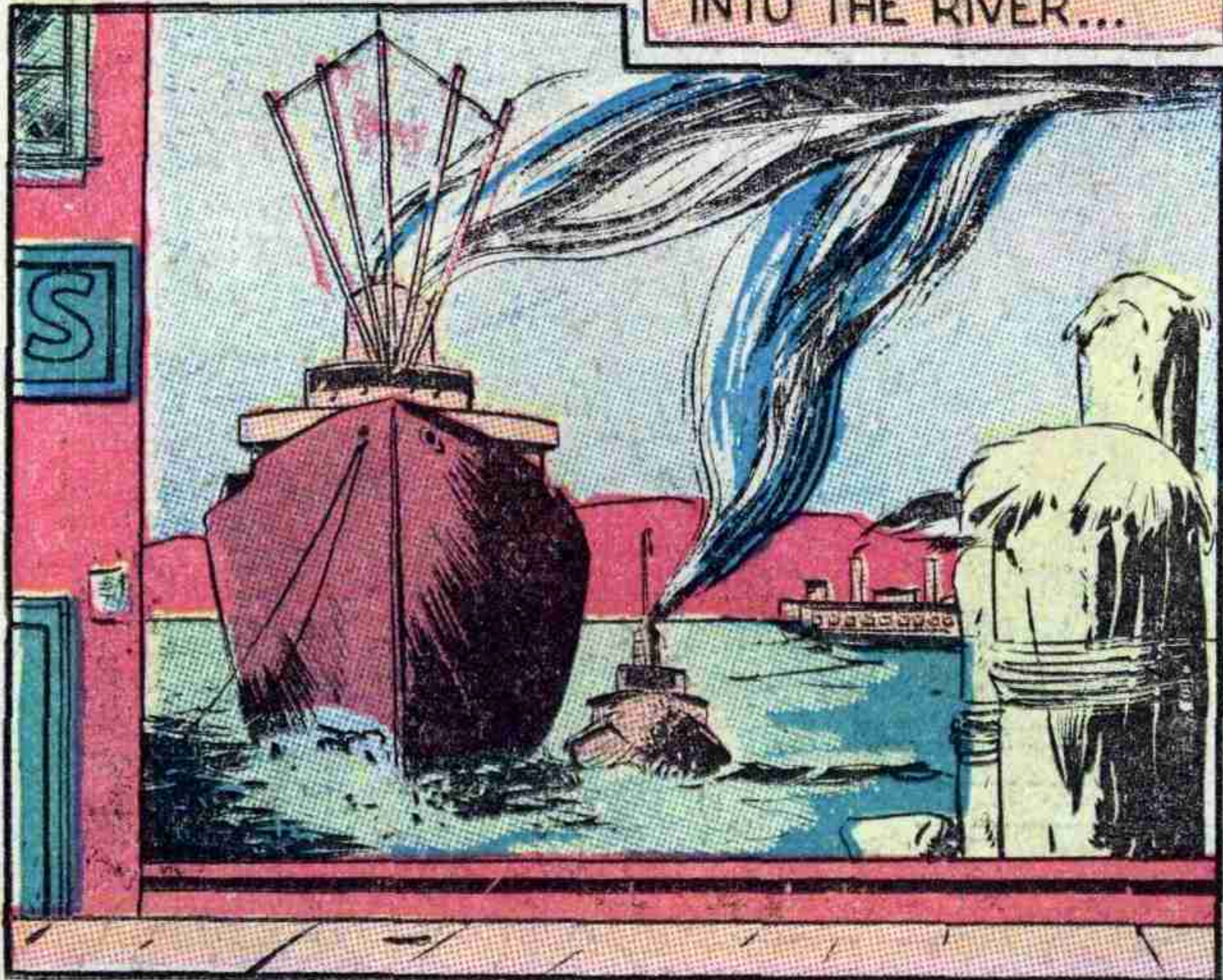
A GROUP OF FULL-FLEDGED YOUNG AMERICANS RISK THEIR LIVES TO PROVE ALLEGIANCE TO THEIR COUNTRYTHEY EMBARK ON A HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE SMASHING A DEADLY PLOT THAT ENDANGERS...THE FREEDOM AND LIFE OF THE AMERICAS....

ULMER · WILLNER



PALS ^{OF} FREEDOM

AT PIER FOURTEEN, A BRITISH FREIGHTER HEAVILY LOADED WITH WAR SUPPLIES MOVES SLOWLY OUT INTO THE RIVER...



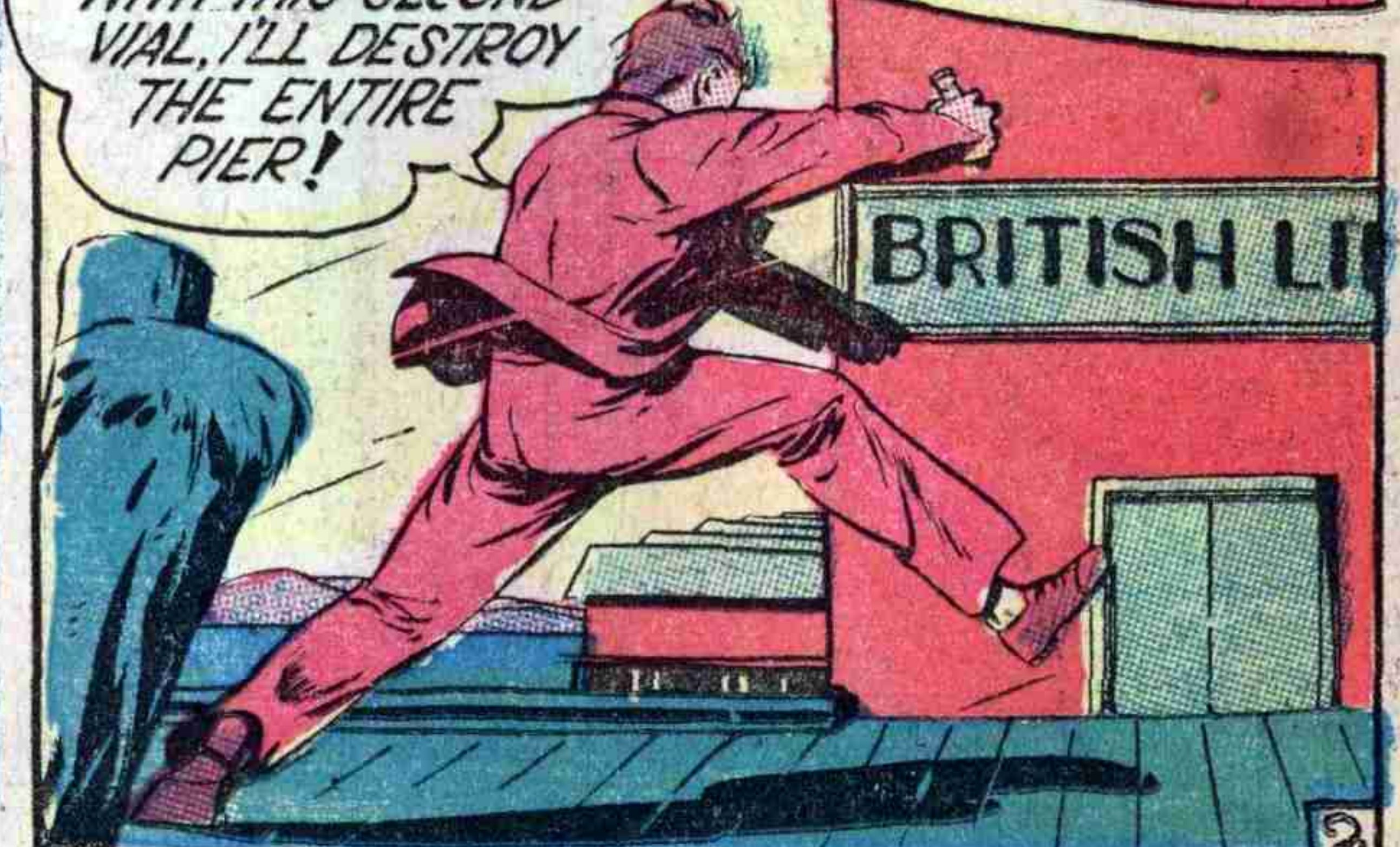
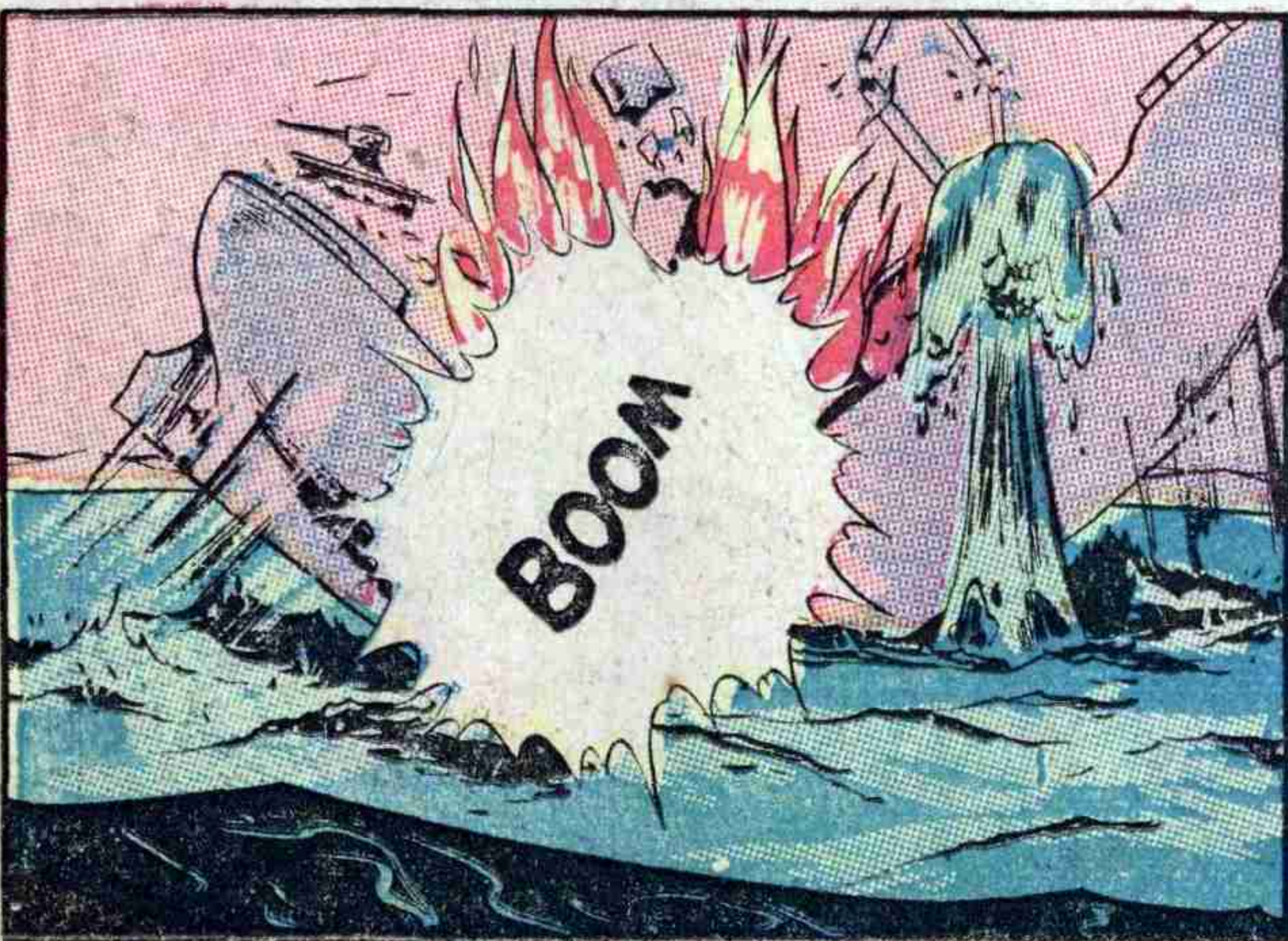
SUDDENLY A MAN RACES ACROSS THE DOCK BRANDISHING A GUN!



THE STARTLED GUARDS GIVE CHASE --- THE MAN TURNS AND WITH MANIACAL FURY PUMPS A DEADLY HAIL OF BULLETS INTO THEIR BODIES...



A SPLIT SECOND LATER THERE IS A TERRIFIC BLAST! FLAMES LEAP INTO THE AIR... LITERALLY TORN APART THE SHATTERED SECTIONS PLUNGE TO THE BOTTOM...



ABOUT TO THROW A SECOND MISSILE, THE SABOTEUR IS STARTLED BY A WILD YELL...



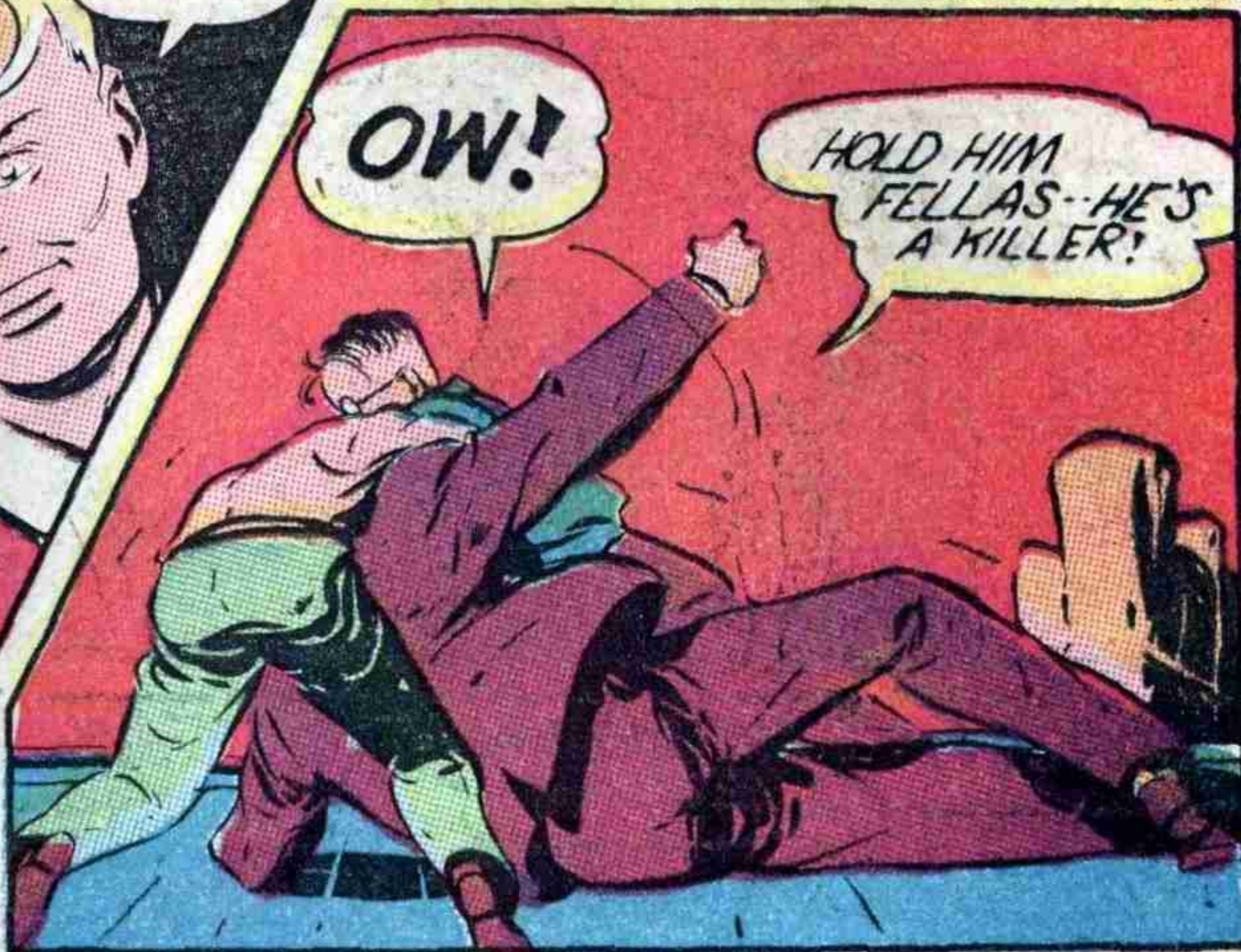
AIEEEEEEEEEEE

GRAB HIM, BOYS!

...AND THREE YOUNGSTERS LEAP FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES AT THE MAD SABOTEUR...

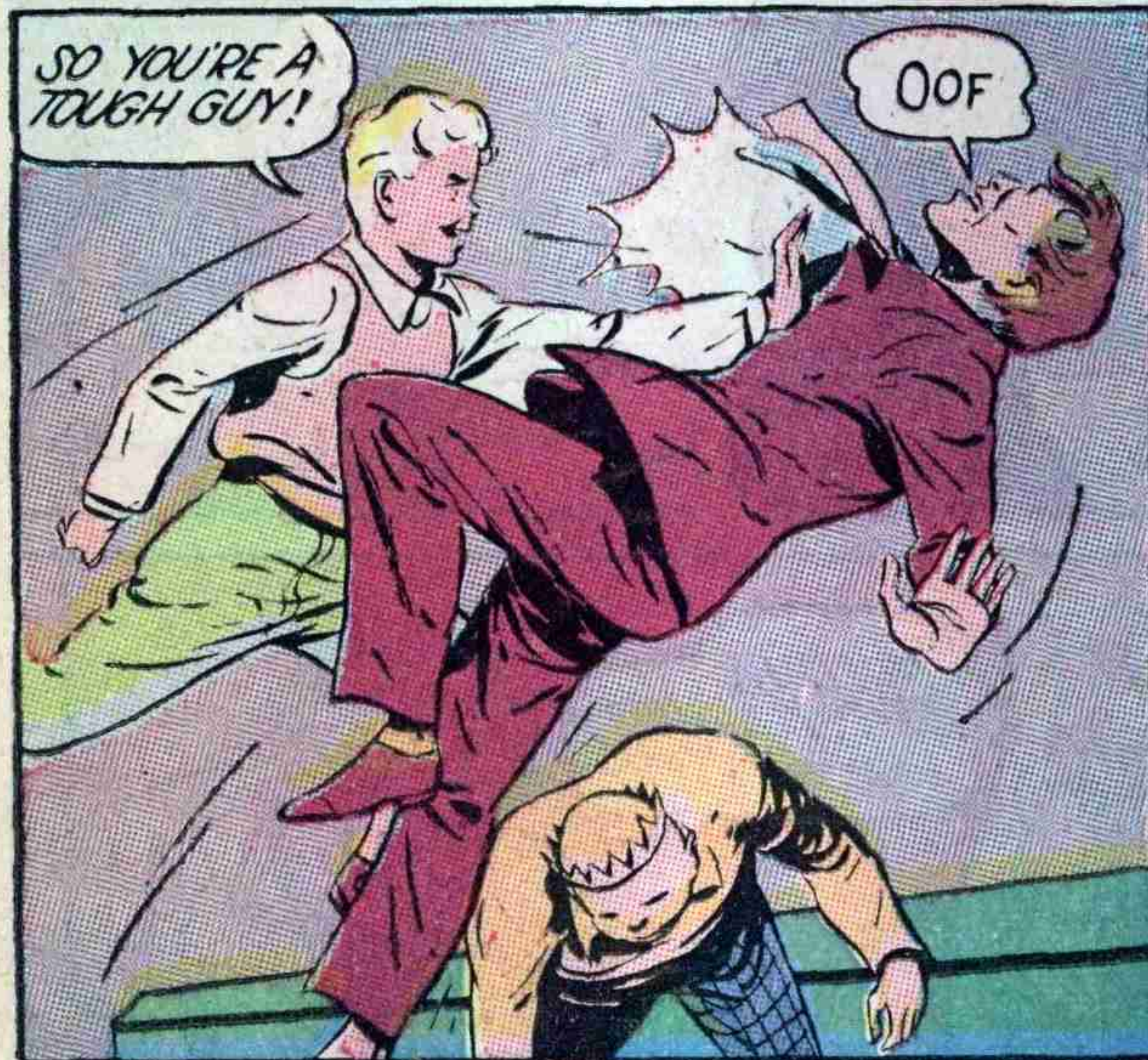
OW!

HOLD HIM FELLAS--HE'S A KILLER!



SO YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY!

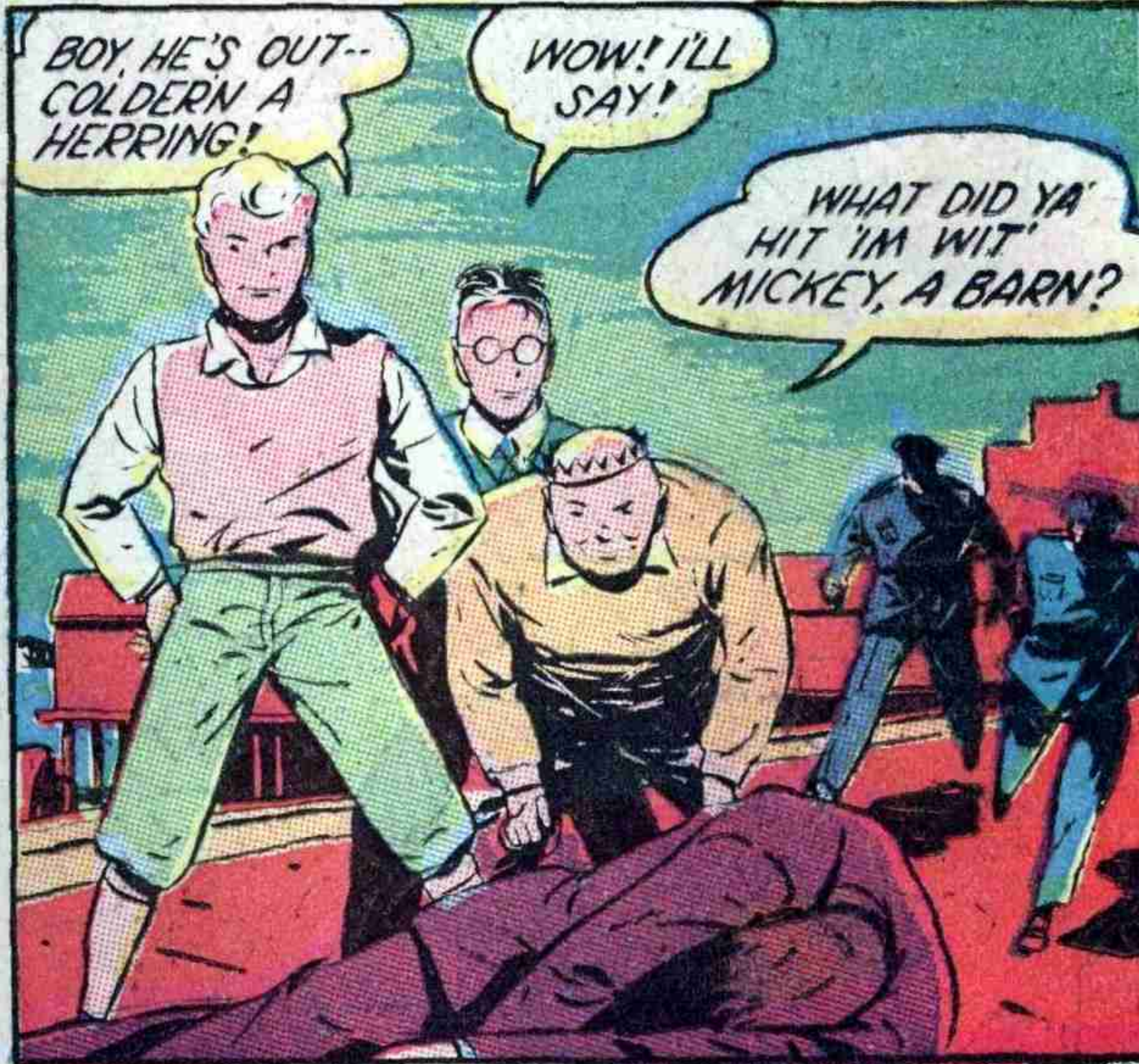
OOF



BOY, HE'S OUT--COLDER THAN A HERRING!

WOW! I'LL SAY!

WHAT DID YA HIT 'IM WIT' MICKEY, A BARN?



GOOD WORK, BOYS!--YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB NAILING THIS BIRD--I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU ARE WELL REWARDED!

AW, WE DON'T WANT ANY REWARD!

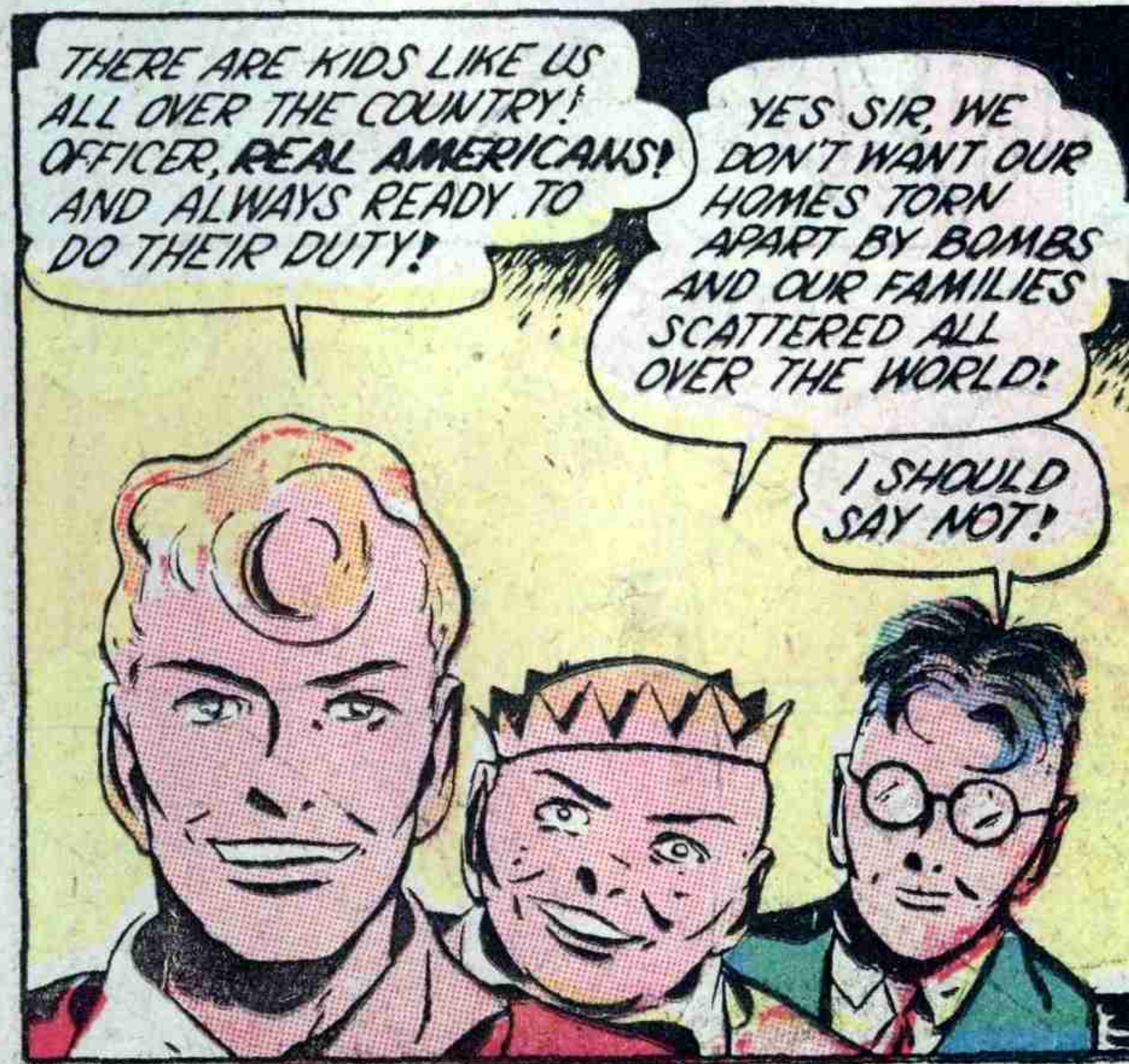
I'LL SAY NOT! WE'RE AMERICANS IT'S OUR DUTY TO PROTECT OUR COUNTRY!



THERE ARE KIDS LIKE US ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! OFFICER, REAL AMERICANS! AND ALWAYS READY TO DO THEIR DUTY!

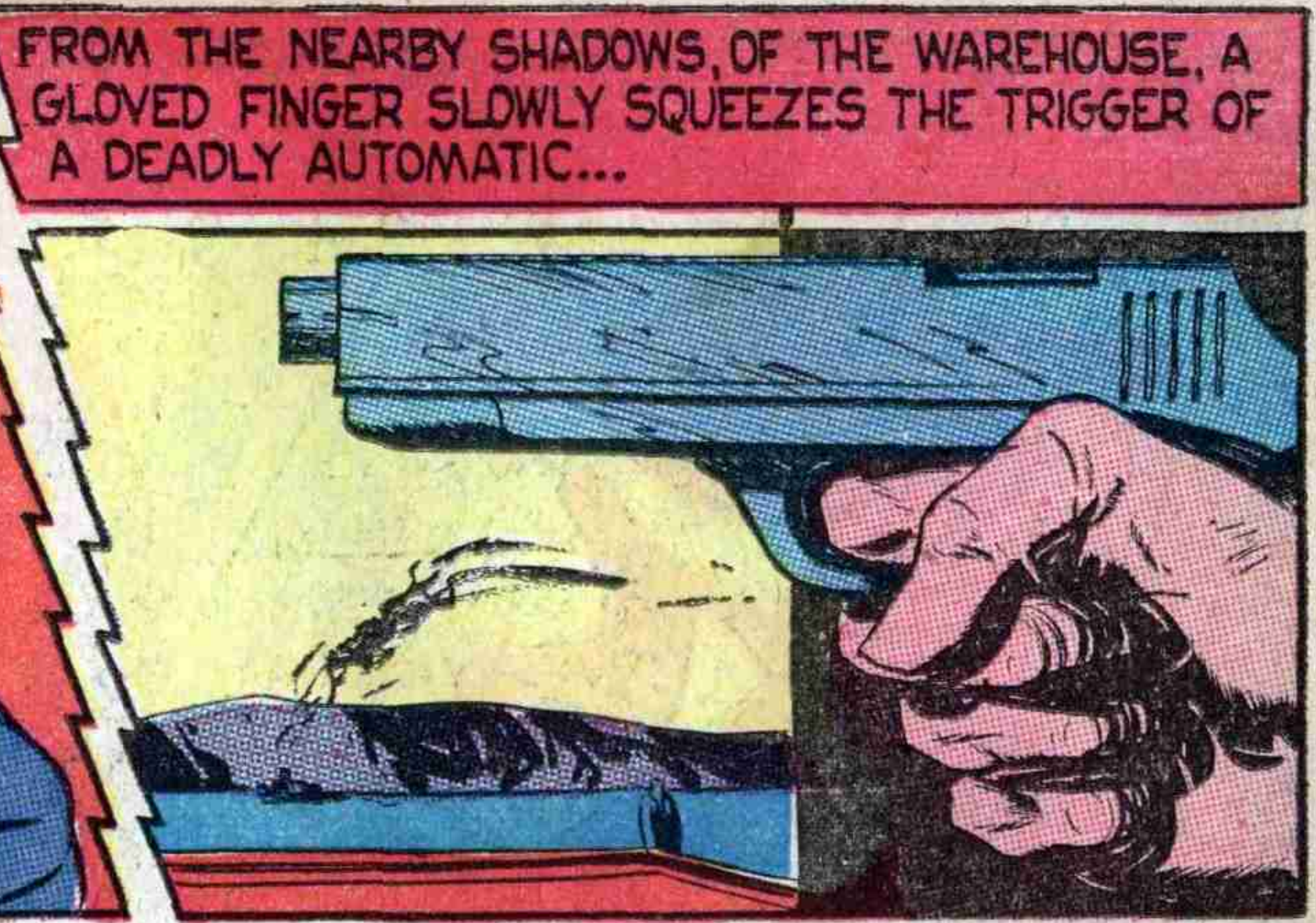
YES SIR, WE DON'T WANT OUR HOMES TORN APART BY BOMBS AND OUR FAMILIES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE WORLD!

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

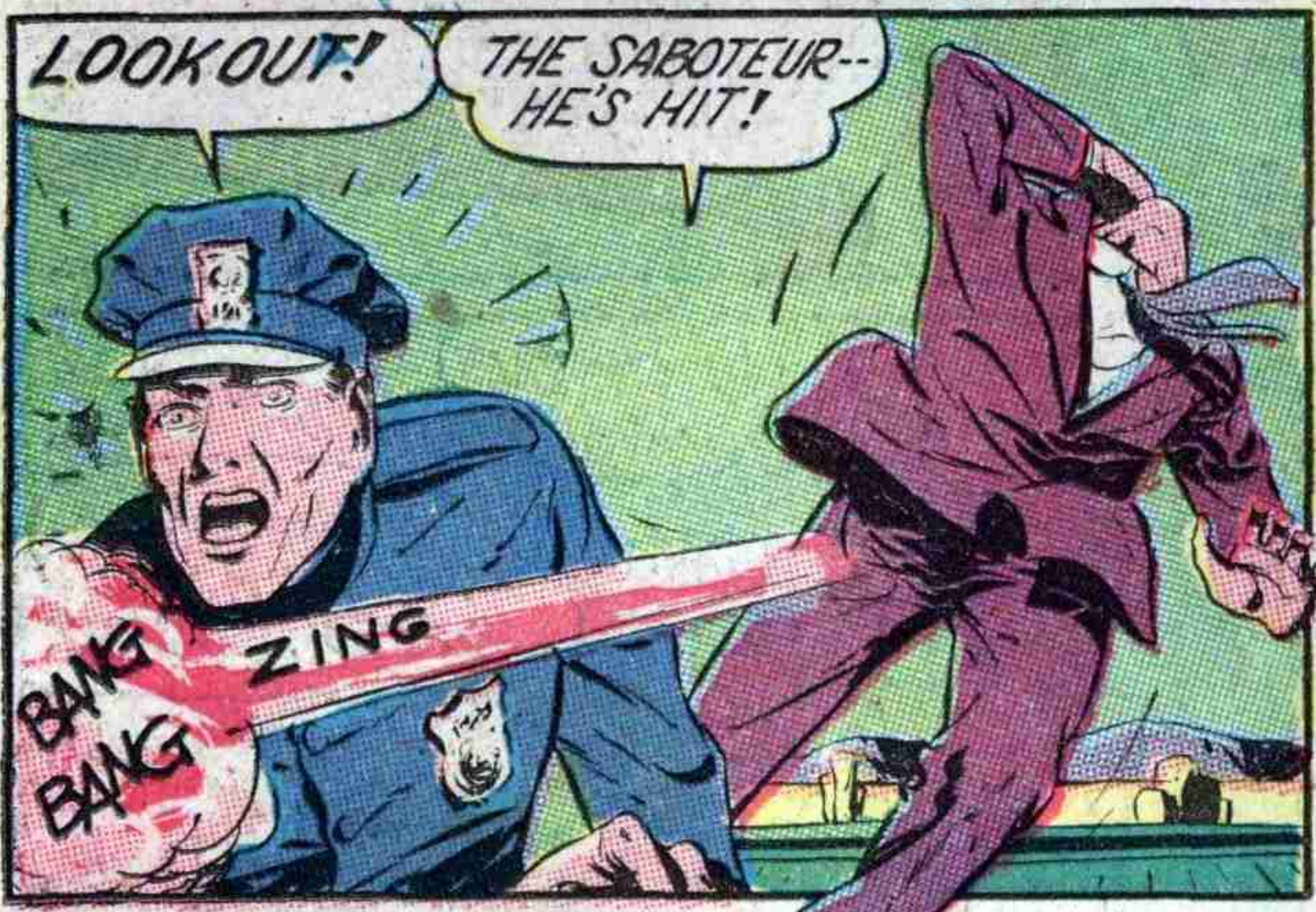




YOU'RE RIGHT, BOYS--ALL AMERICANS SHOULD THINK THE SAME WAY--- WE'LL TAKE THIS SPY TO HEADQUARTERS AND MAKE HIM SING!



FROM THE NEARBY SHADOWS, OF THE WAREHOUSE, A GLOVED FINGER SLOWLY SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER OF A DEADLY AUTOMATIC...

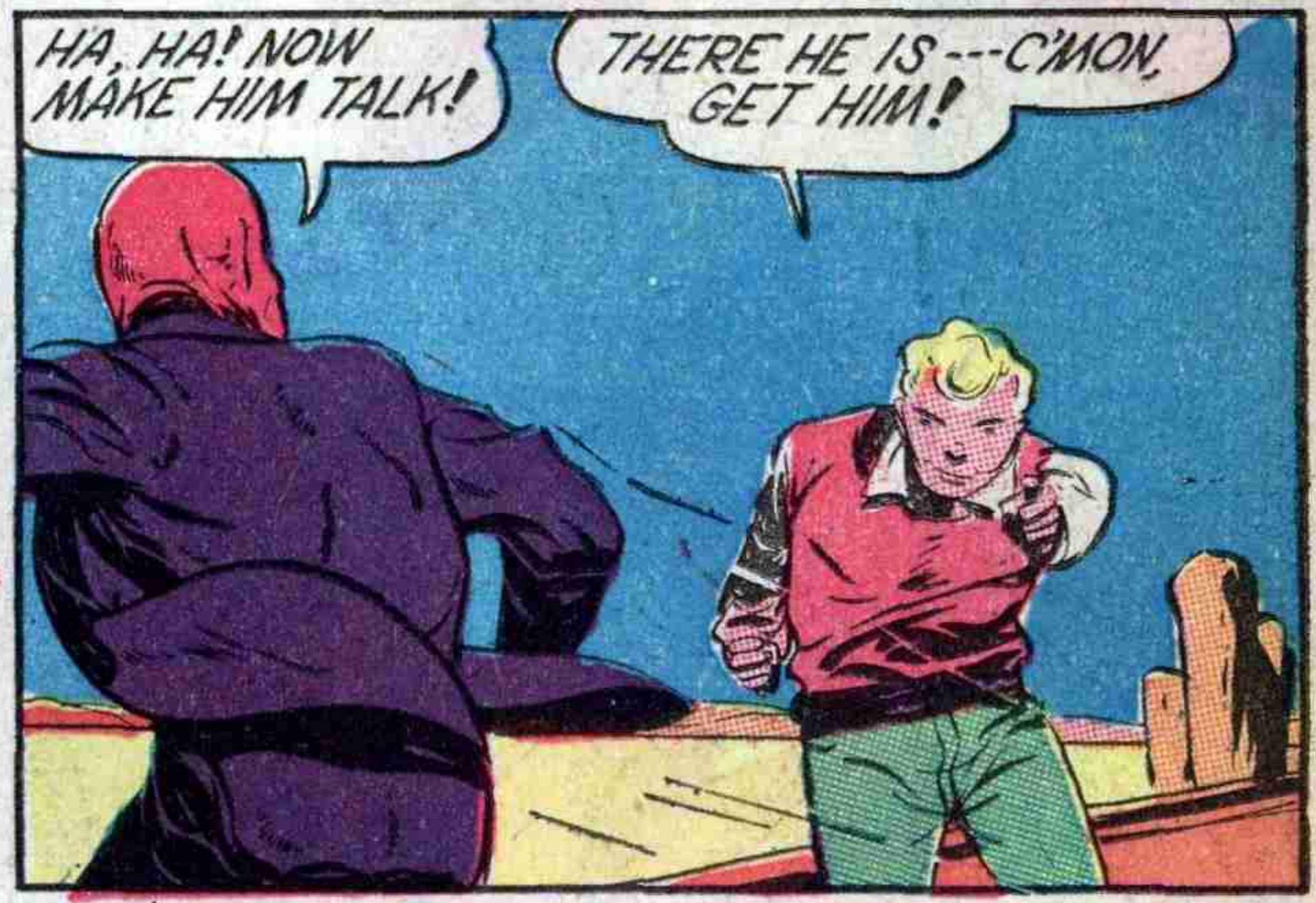


LOOK OUT!

THE SABOTEUR-- HE'S HIT!

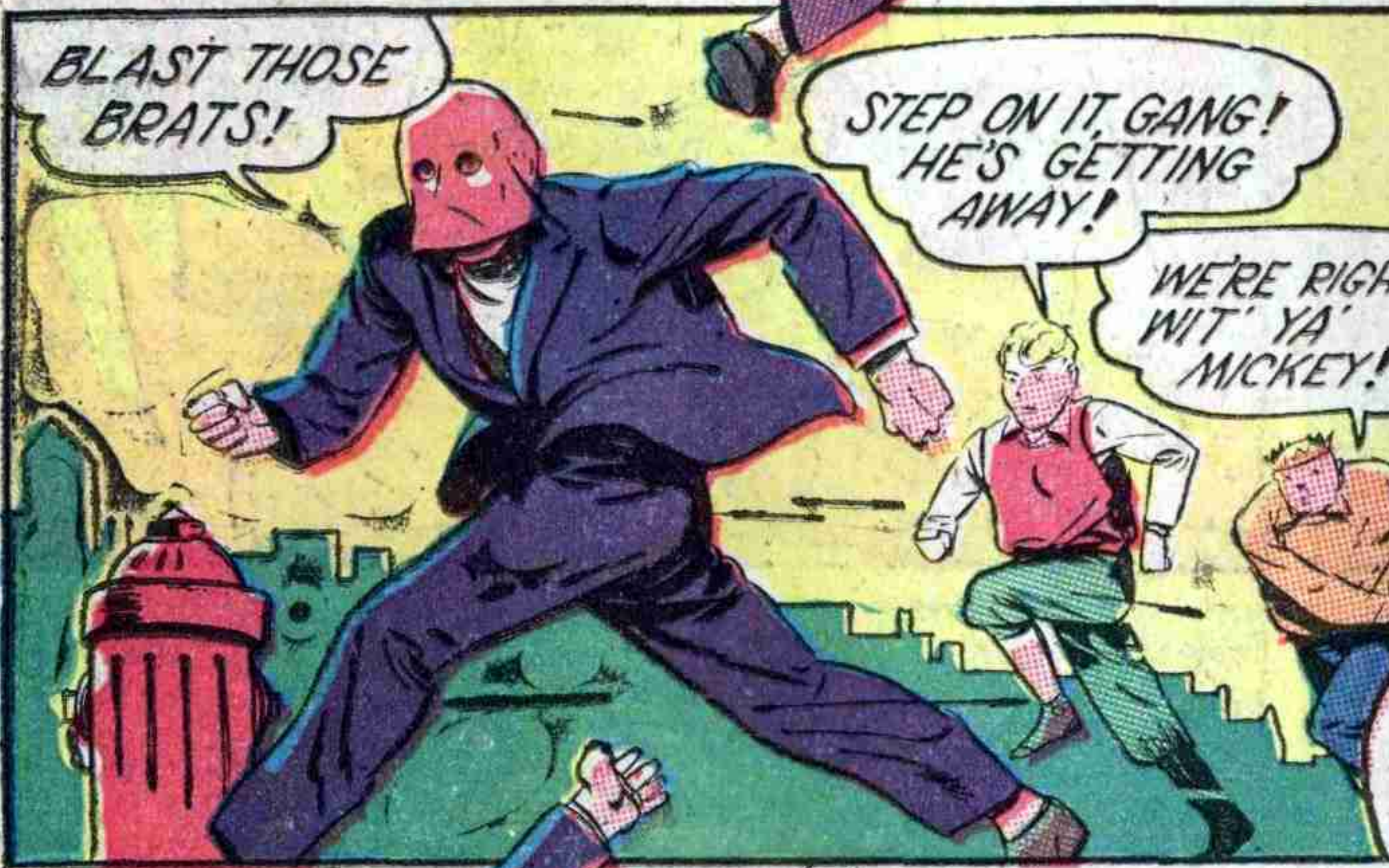
BANG BANG

ZING



HA, HA! NOW MAKE HIM TALK!

THERE HE IS---C'MON, GET HIM!



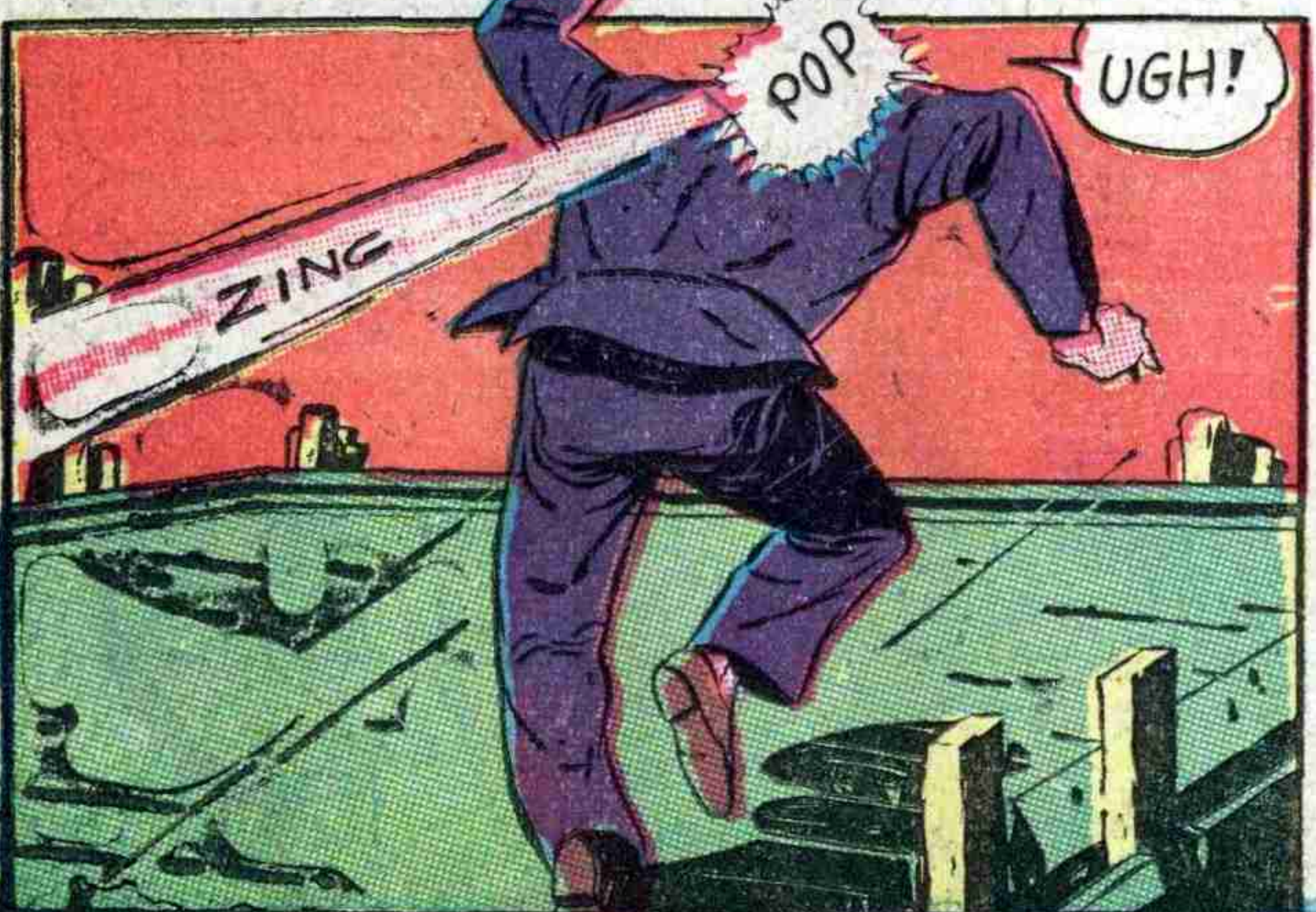
BLAST THOSE BRATS!

STEP ON IT, GANG! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

WE'RE RIGHT WIT' YA' MICKEY!



HOLD IT, BOYS, I'LL STOP HIM---WATCH!



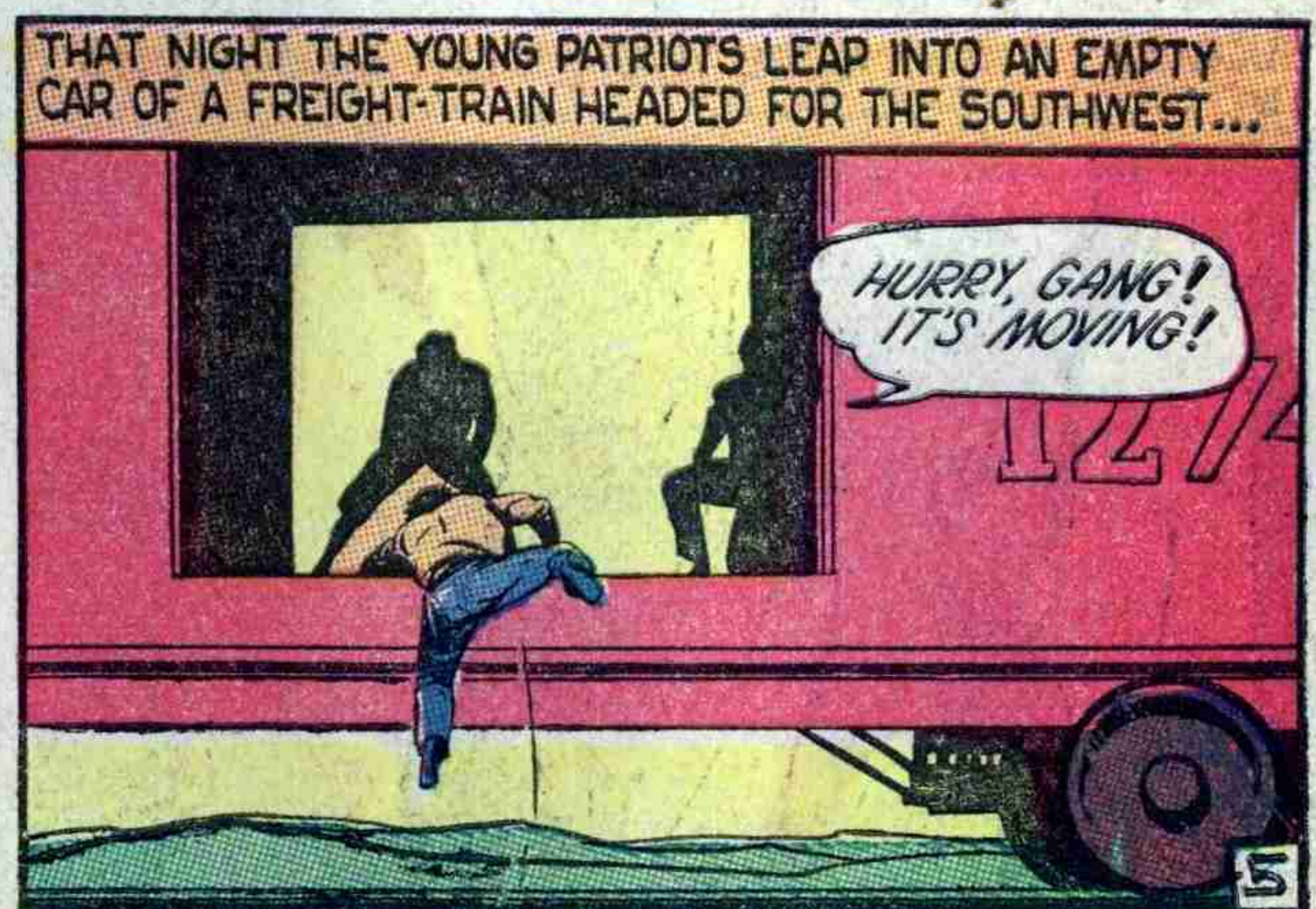
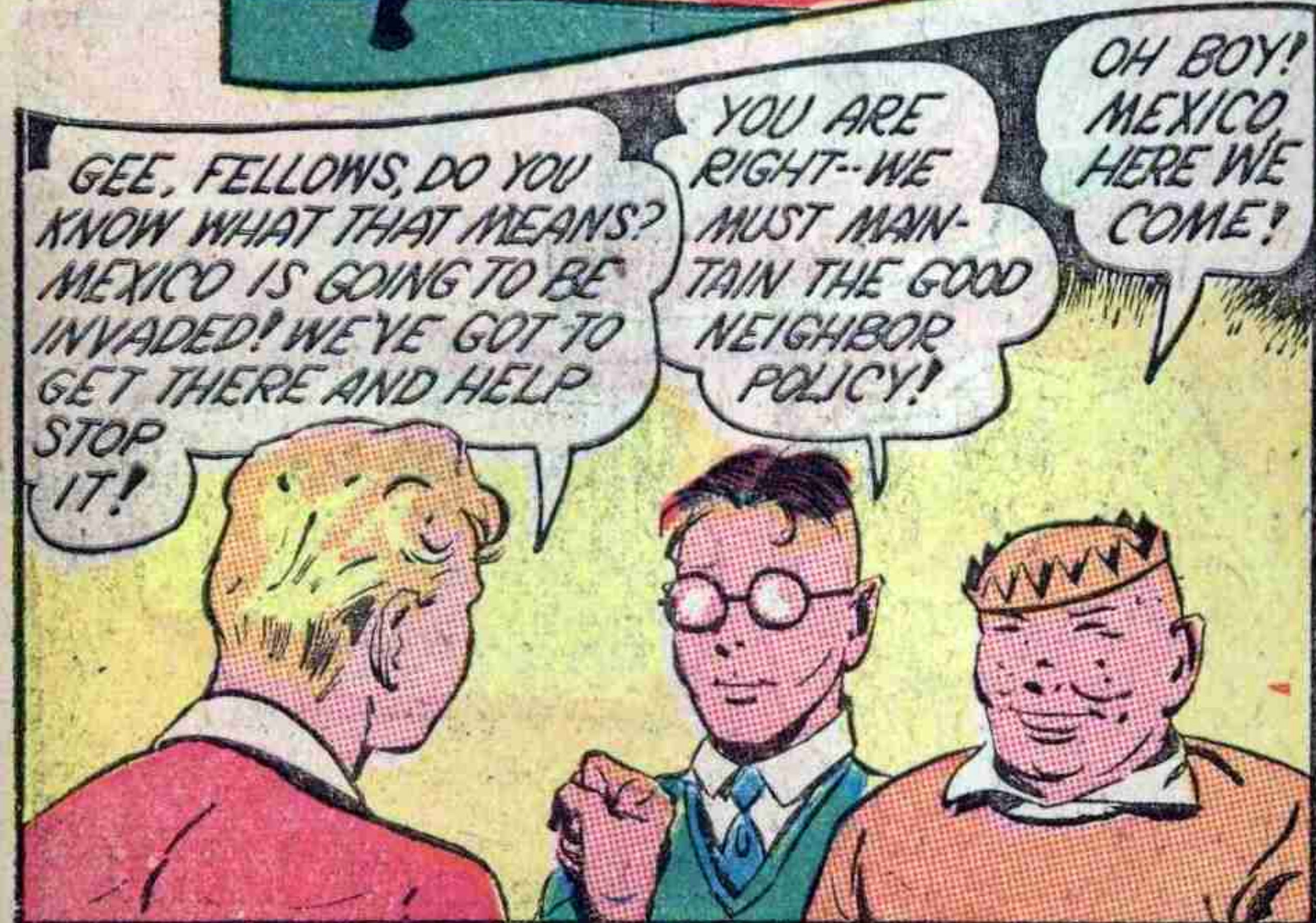
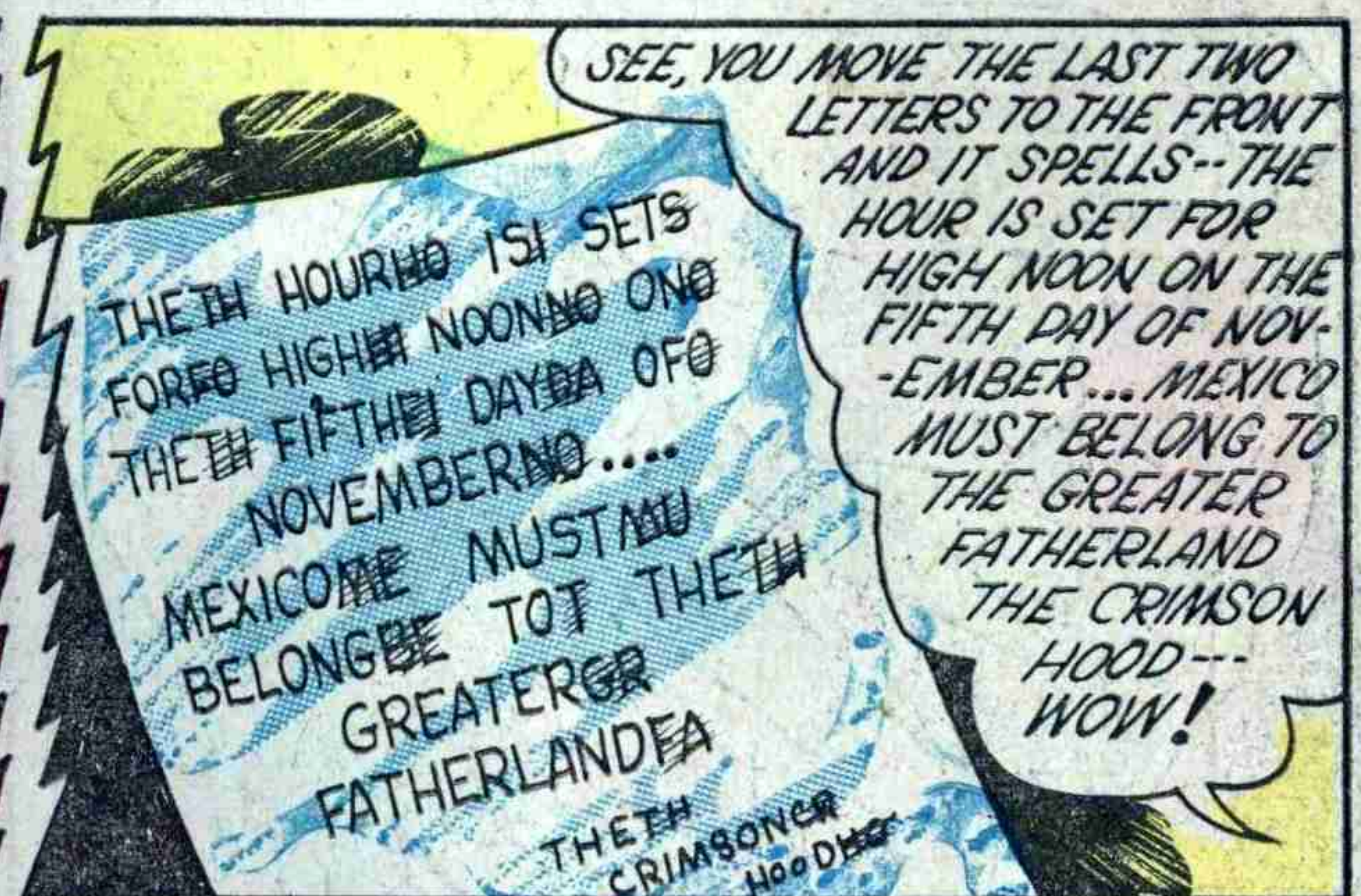
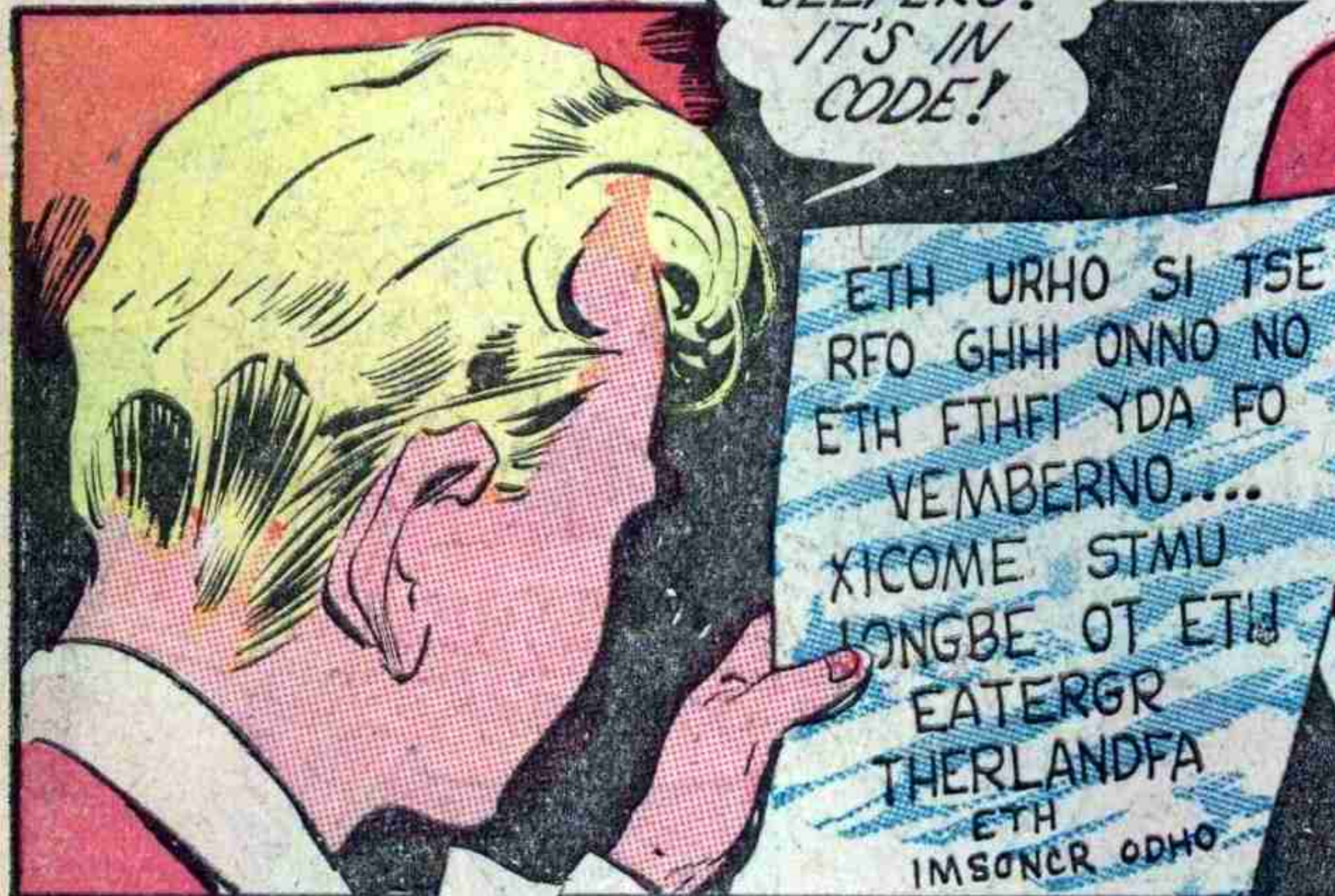
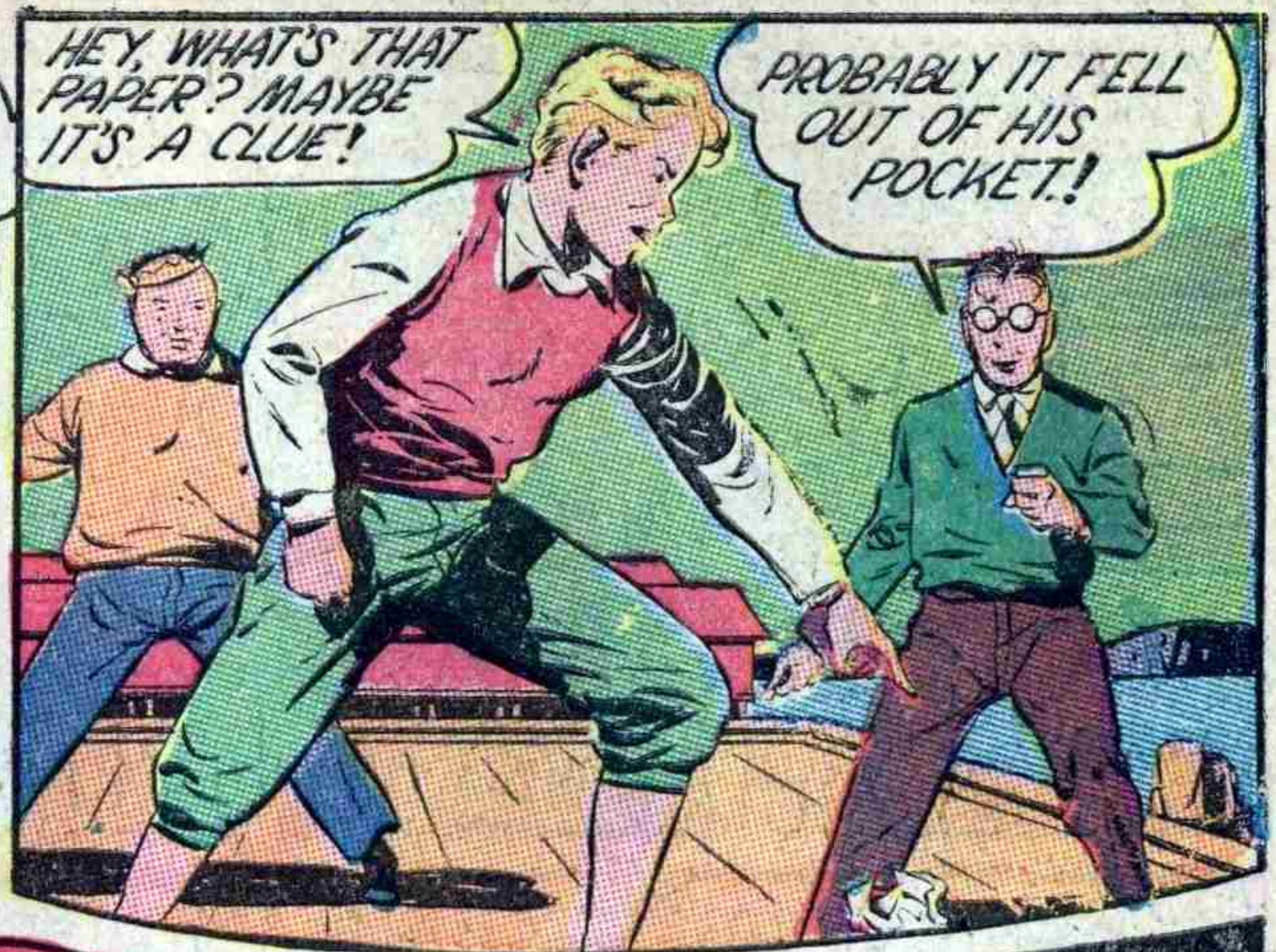
POPOP

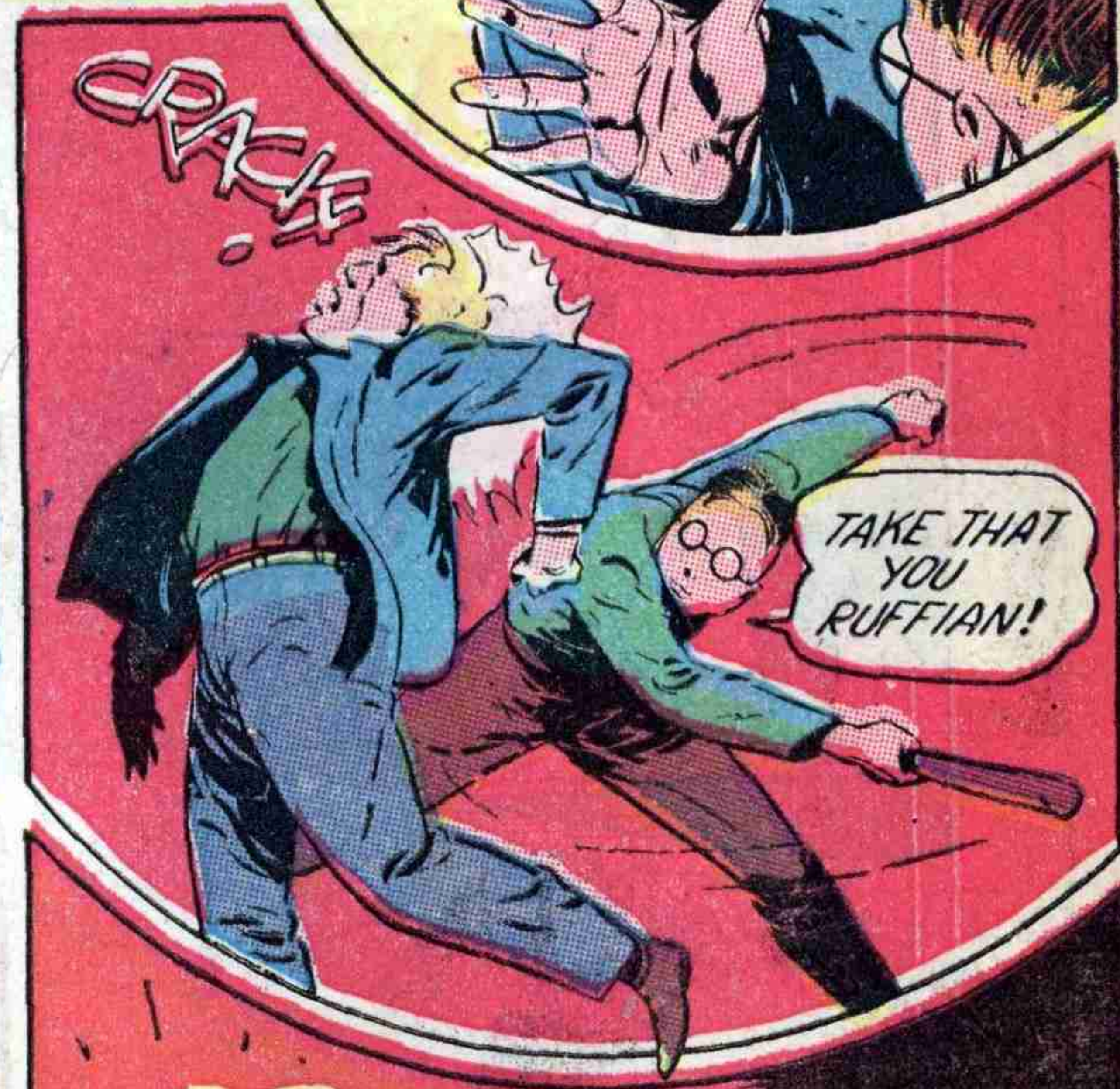
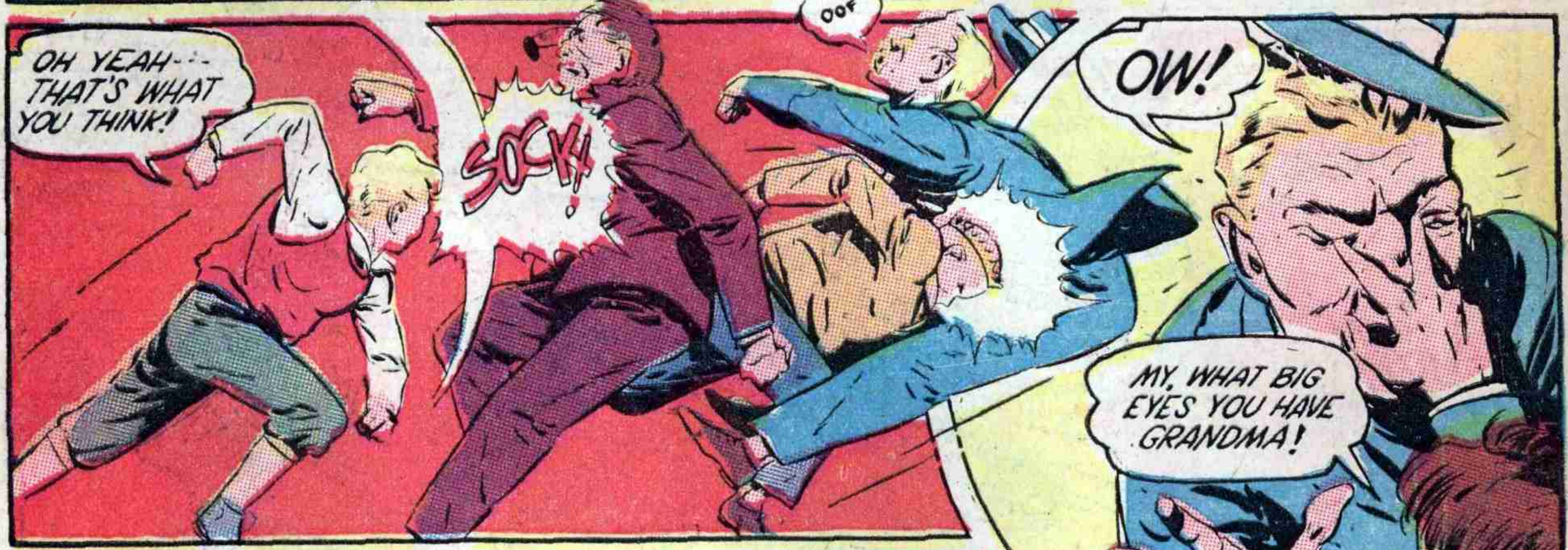
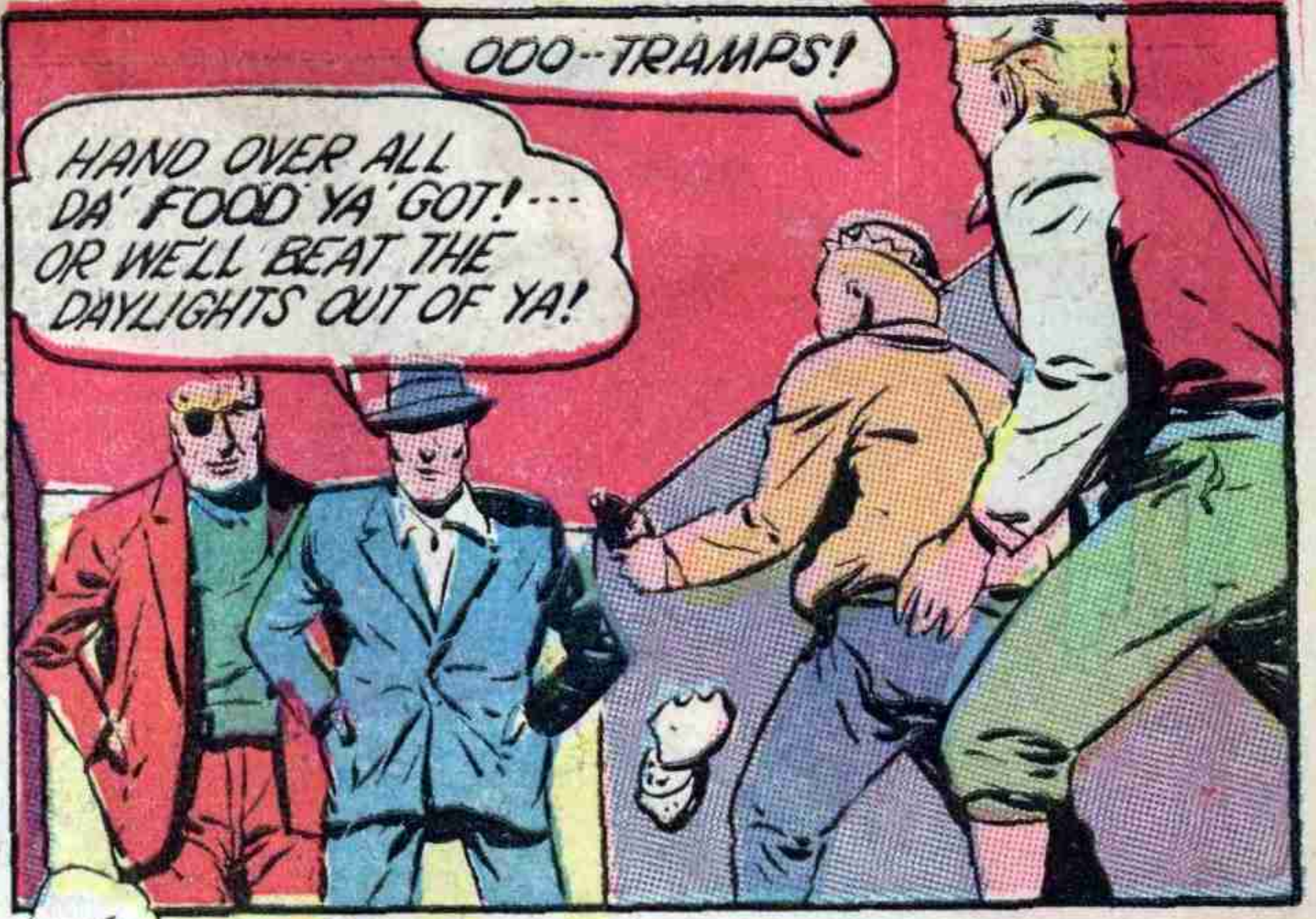
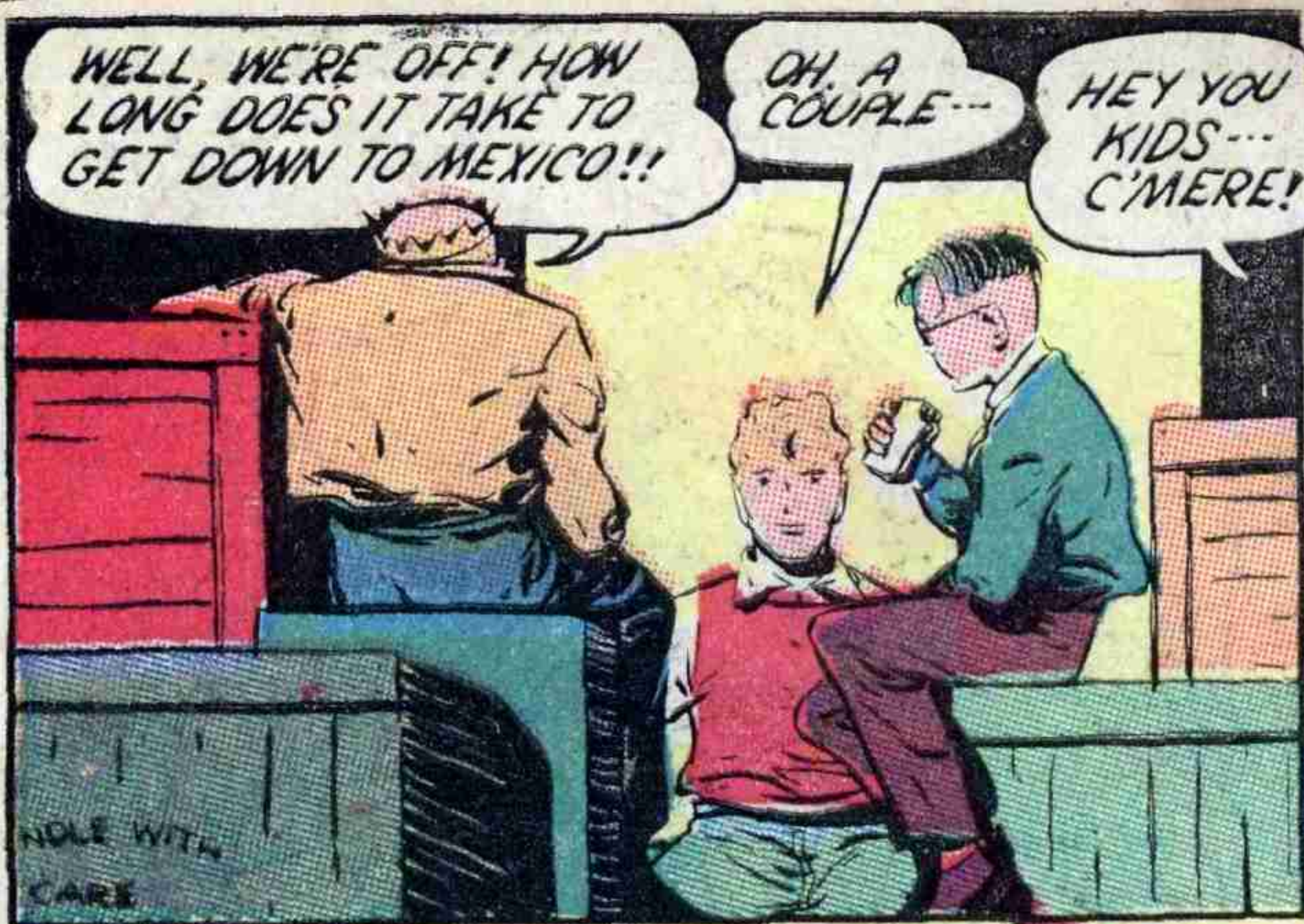
UGH!

ZING

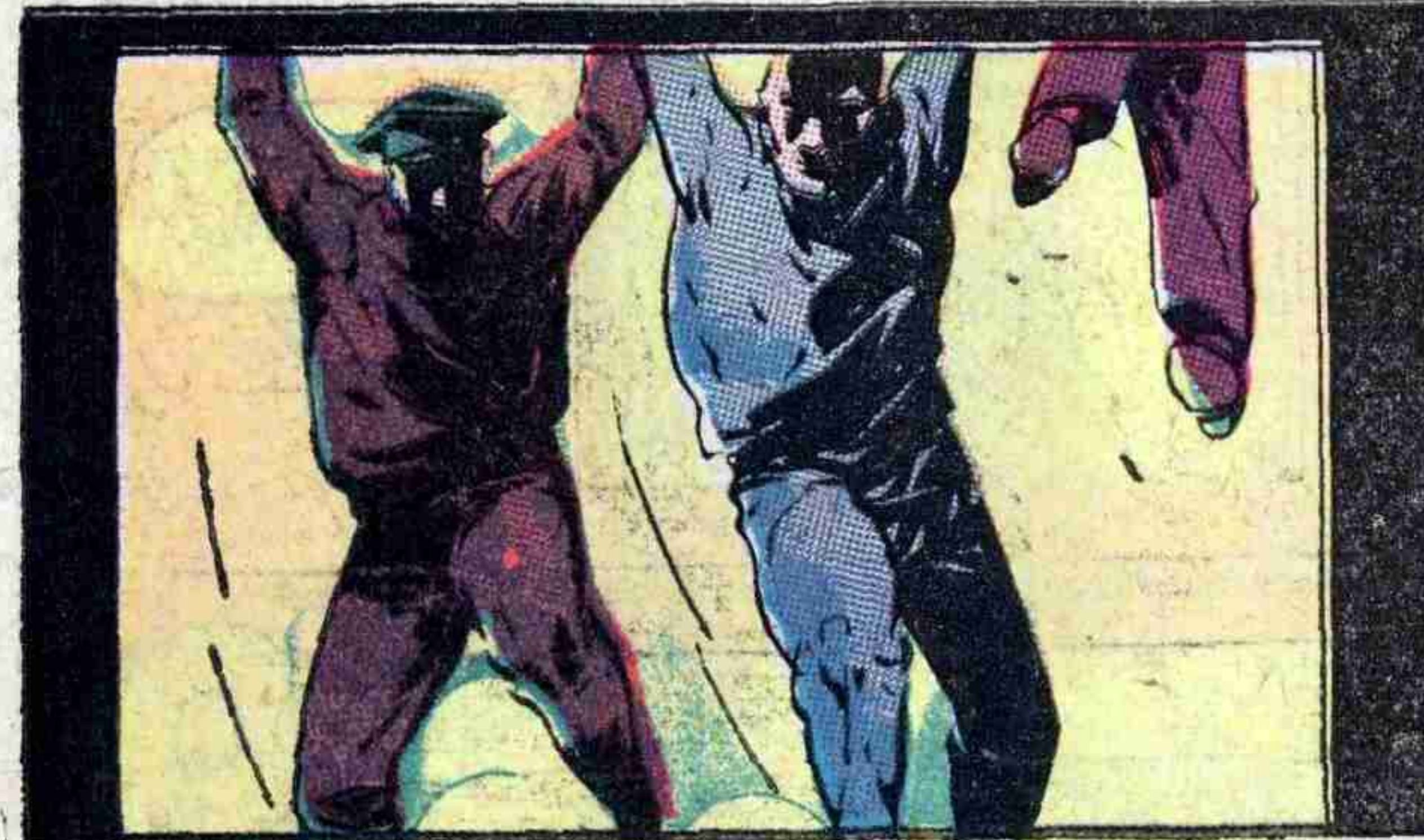


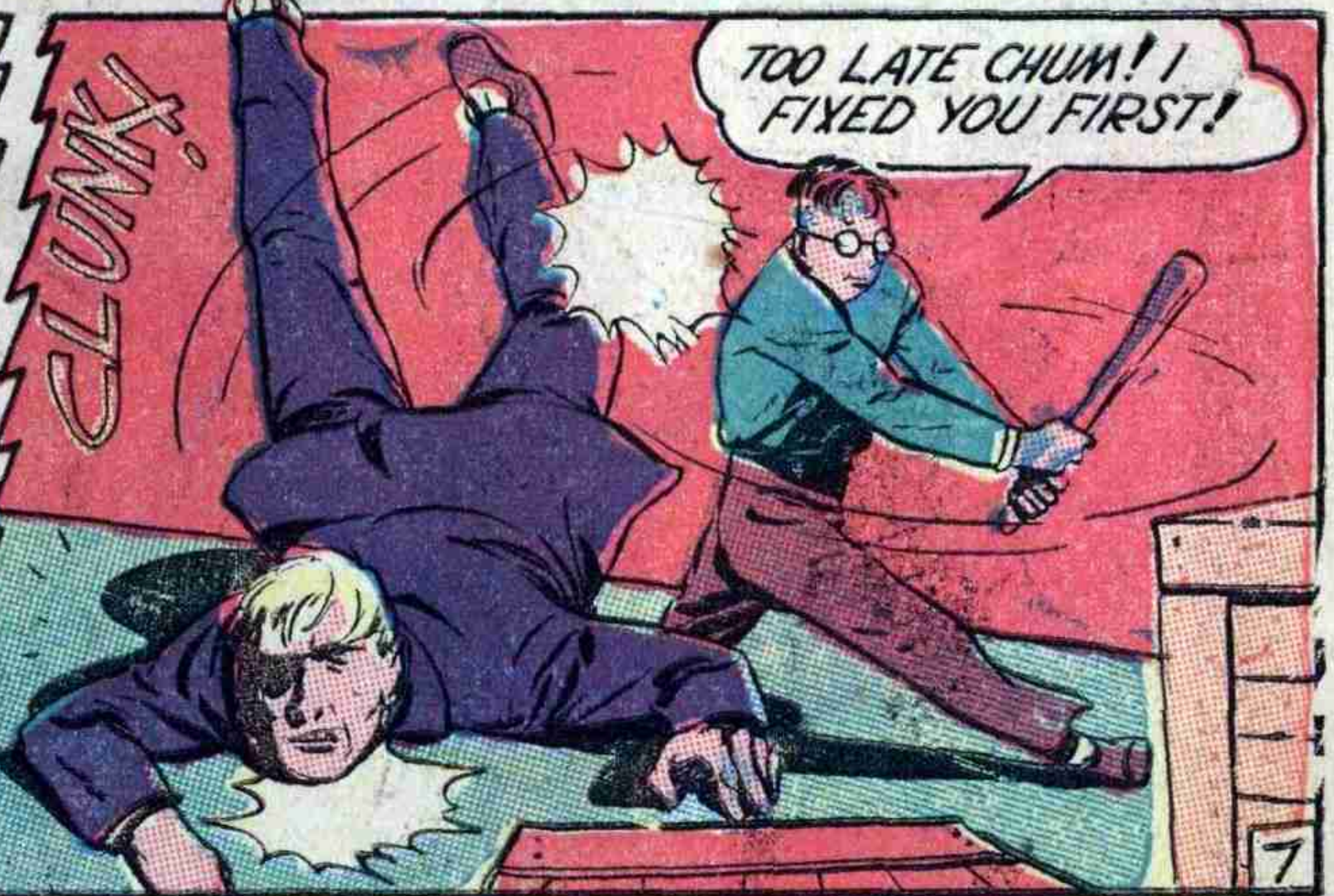
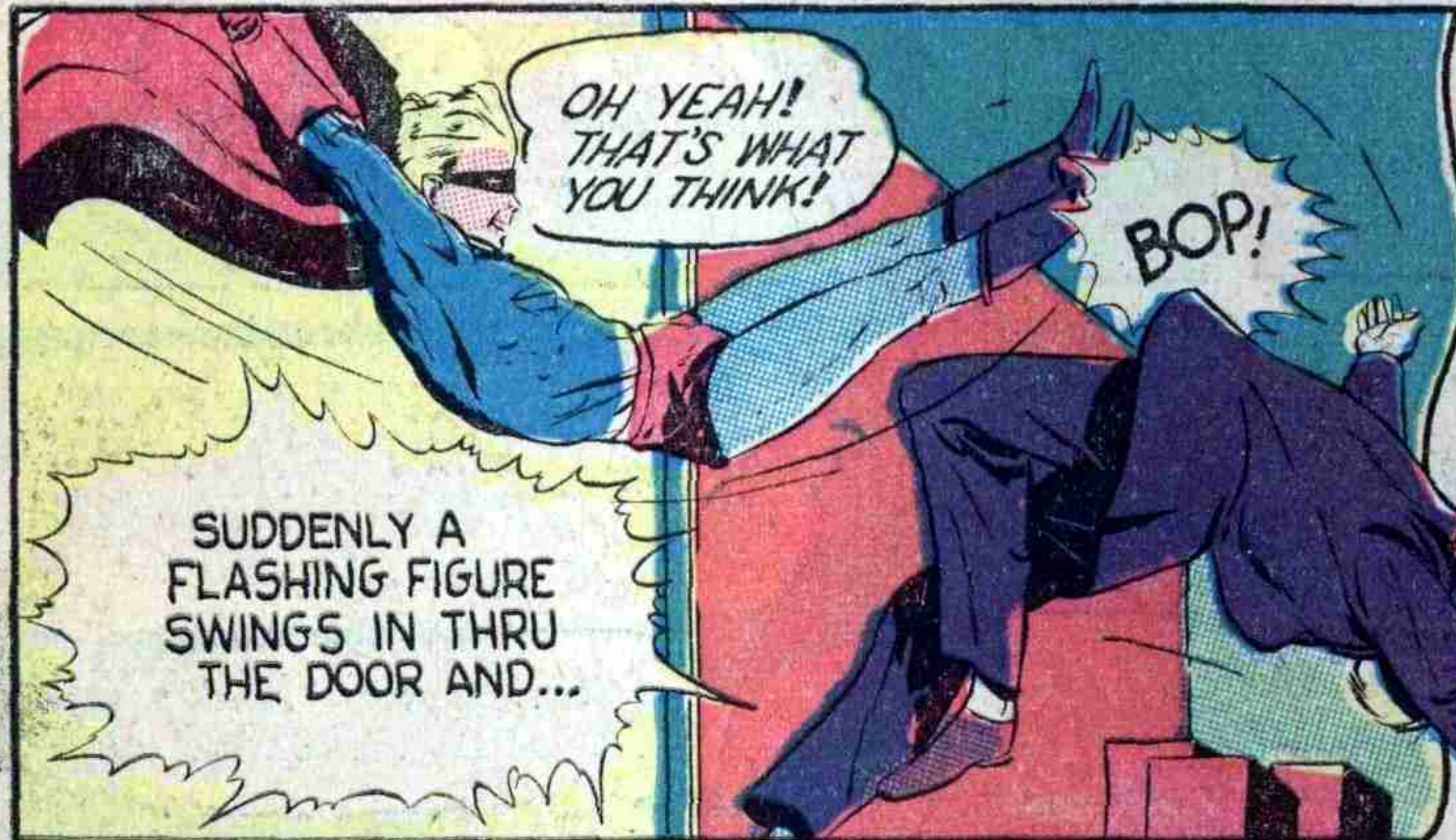
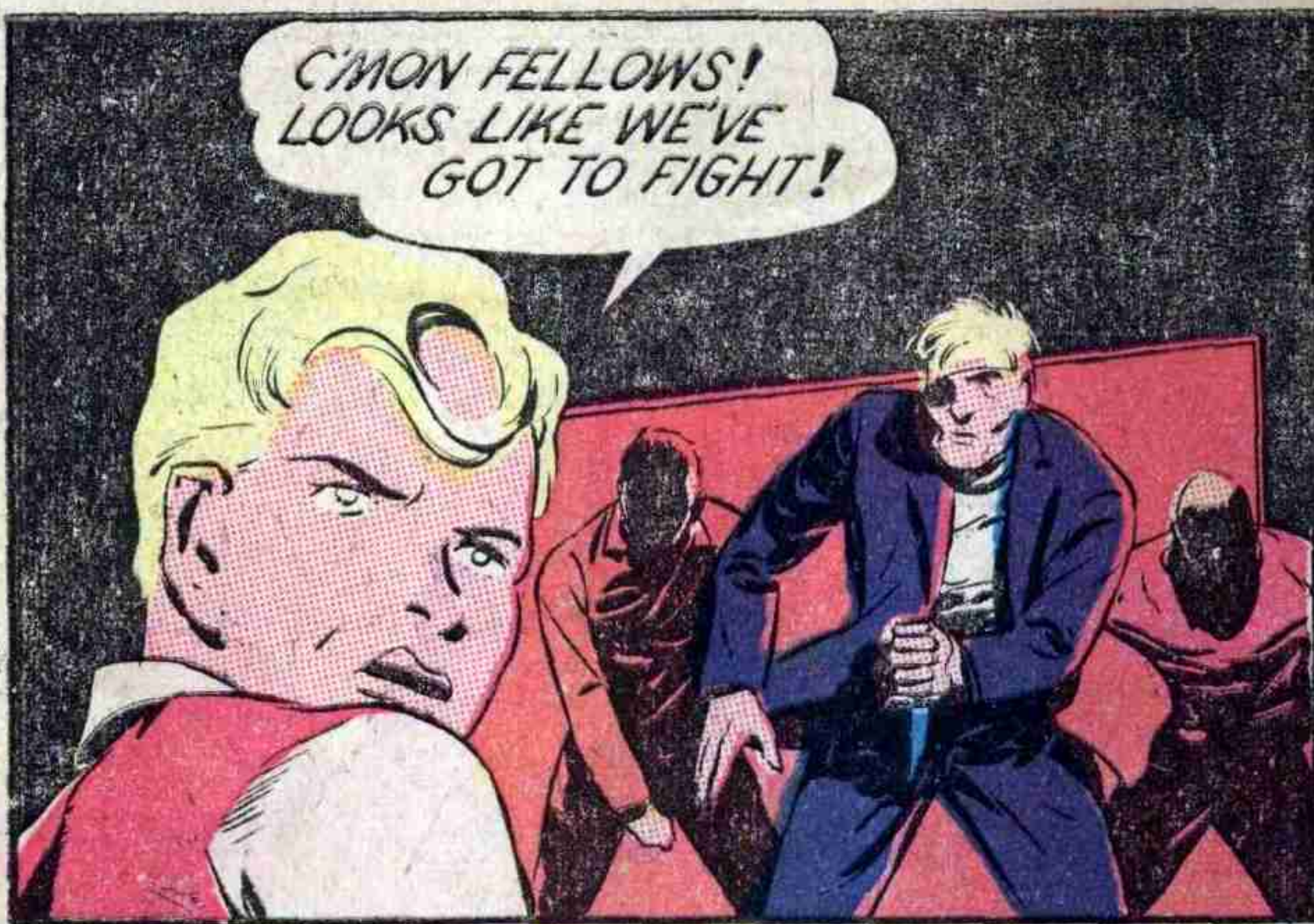
BULL'S EYE, "PEANUTS" OL' BOY, OL' BOY!





SUDDENLY THREE MORE TRAMPS SWING DOWN INTO THE FREIGHT CAR...

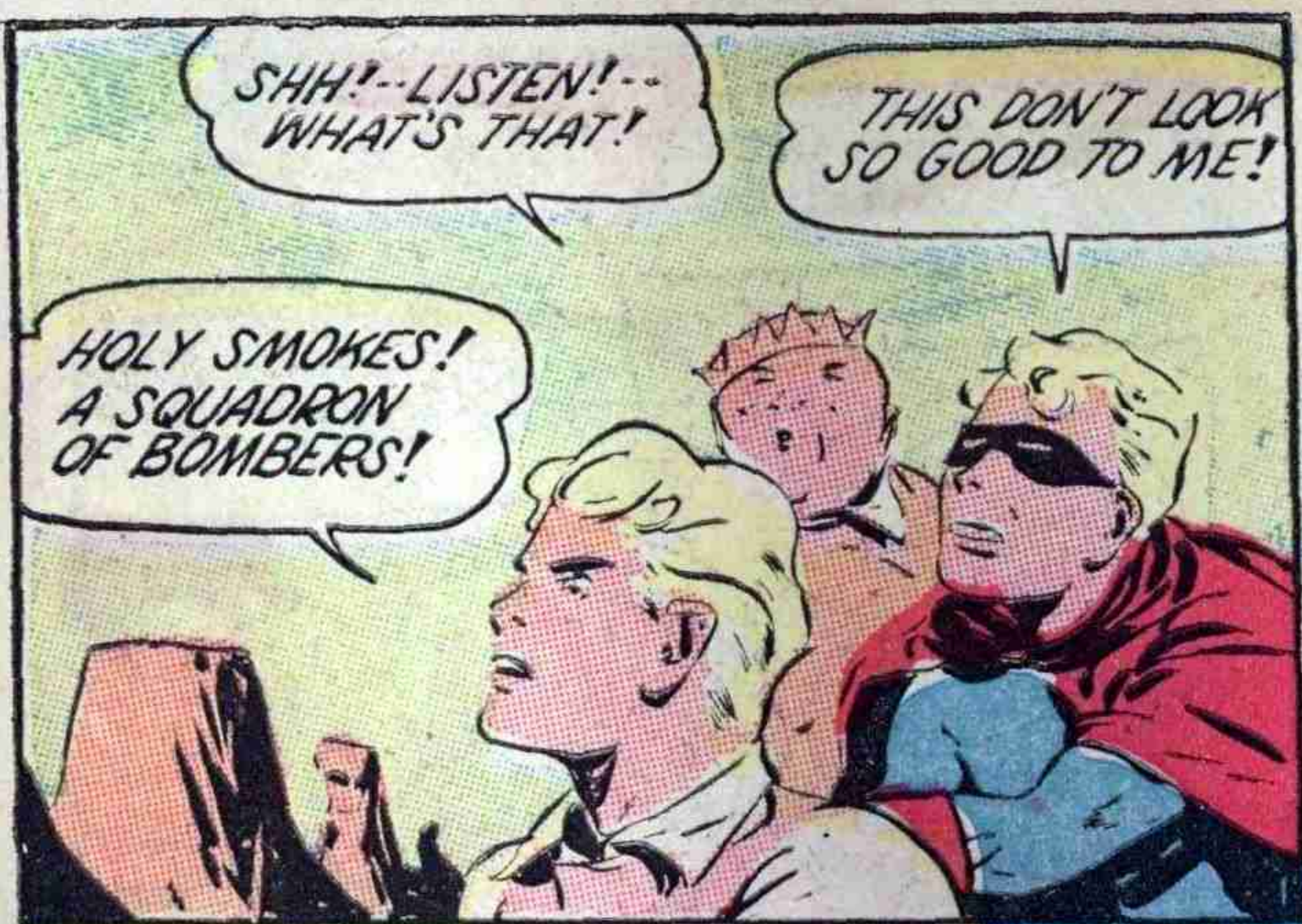






THE NEWCOMER IS RIGHT! THE FIGHTING KIDS ARE TOO MUCH FOR THEIR COWARDLY NATURES SO THE TRAMPS BREAK AND RUN---

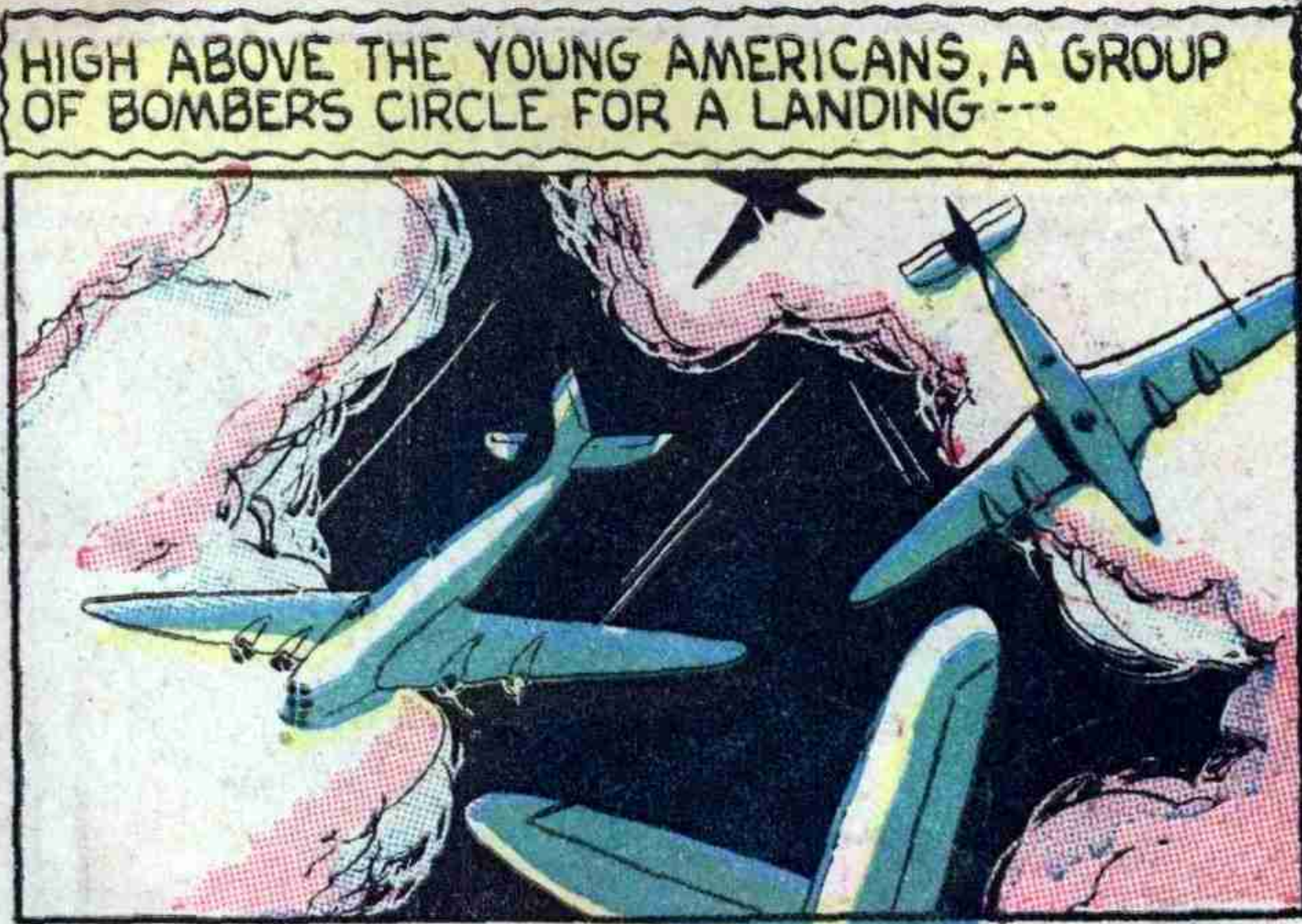




SHH!--LISTEN!--
WHAT'S THAT!

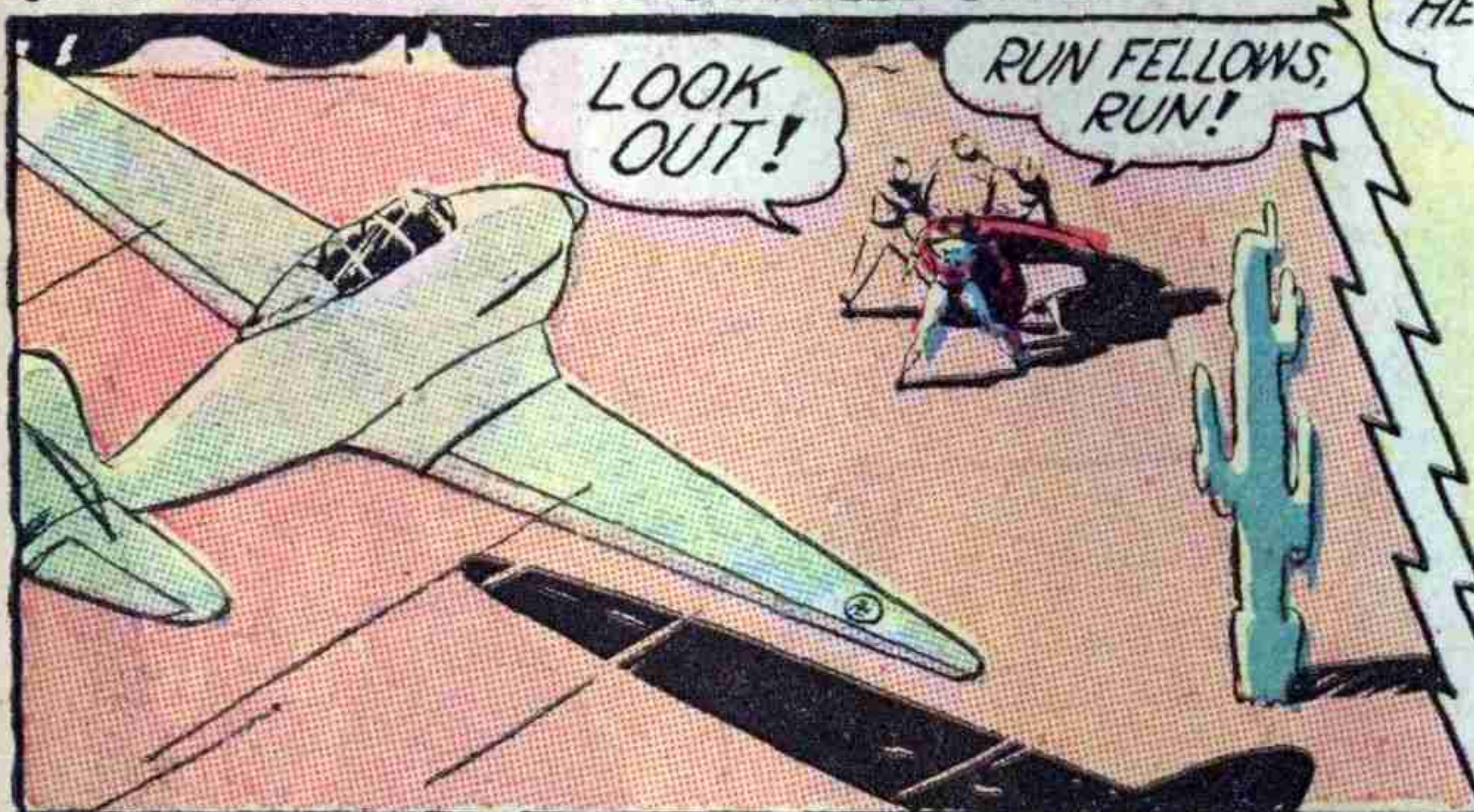
THIS DON'T LOOK
SO GOOD TO ME!

HOLY SMOKES!
A SQUADRON
OF BOMBERS!



HIGH ABOVE THE YOUNG AMERICANS, A GROUP
OF BOMBERS CIRCLE FOR A LANDING---

SUDDENLY FROM THE CLOUDS, A STUKA FIGHTER
DIVES HEADLONG AT THE STARTLED BOYS!



LOOK
OUT!

RUN FELLOWS,
RUN!

SCRAM!
HE'S SHOOTIN'
AT US!

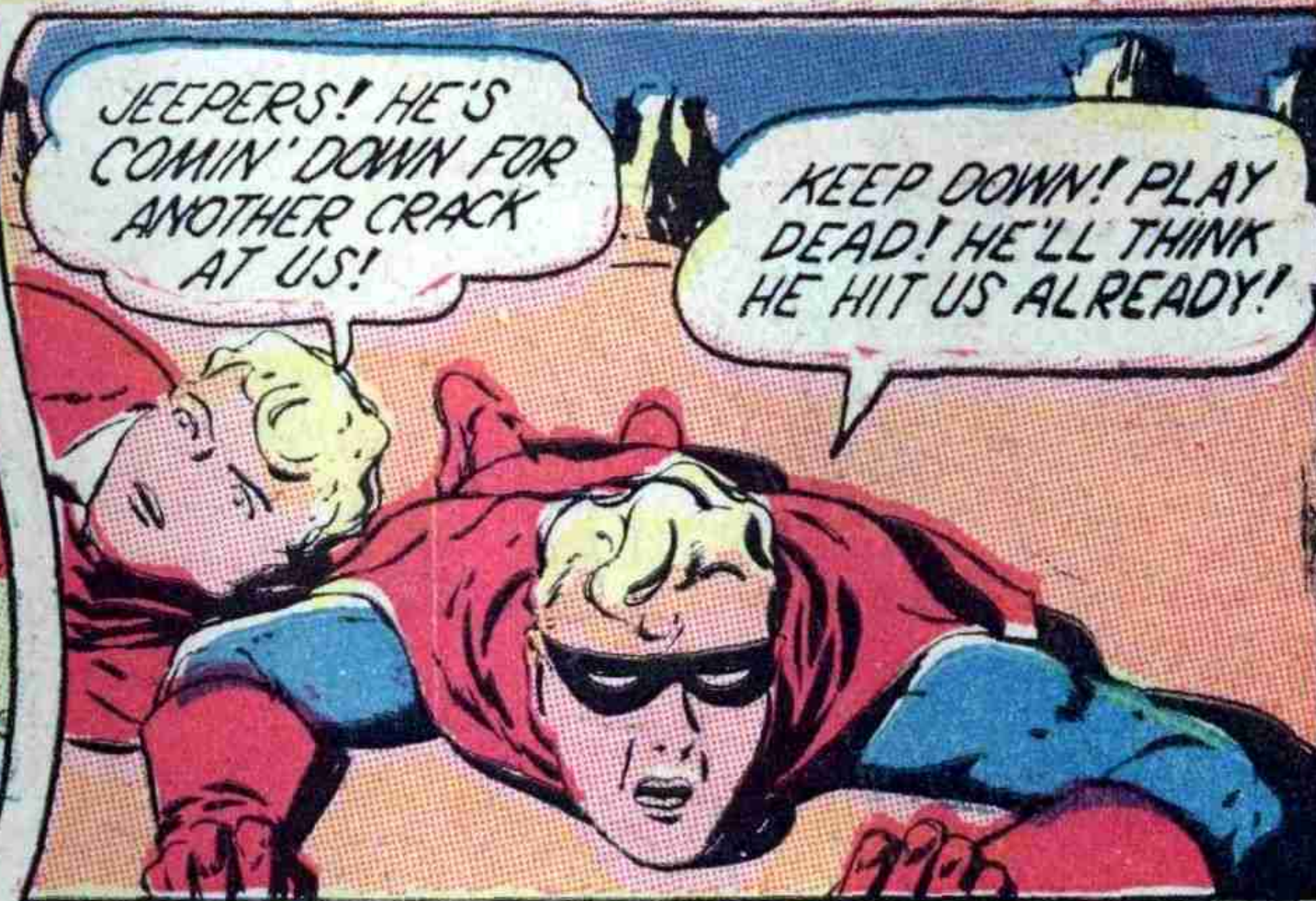


LAY DOWN
QUICK!
IT'S
OUR
ONLY
CHANCE



AS THE BOYS FLATTEN
THEMSELVES ON THE SAND,
MACHINE GUN BULLETS
SPATTER ALL ABOUT THEM:

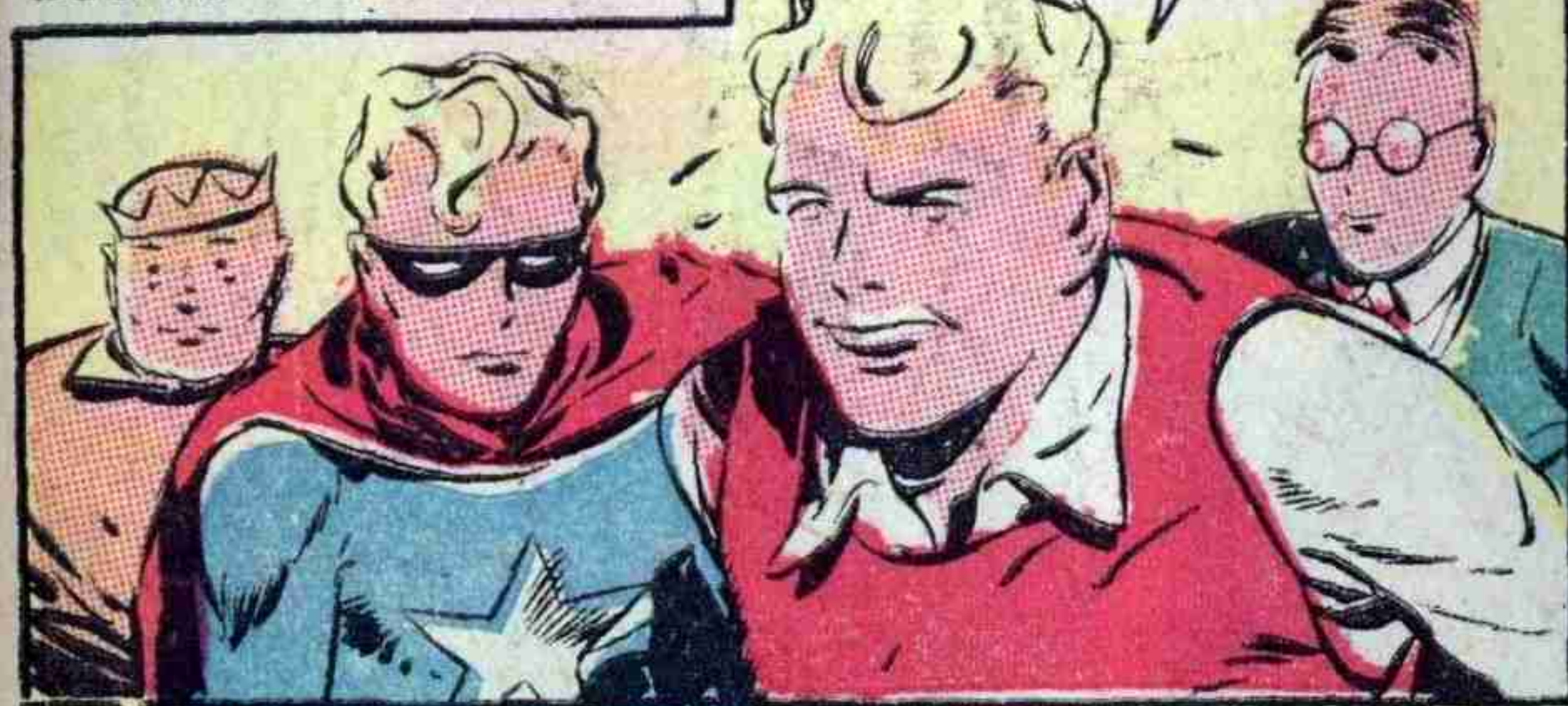
TAC-TAC-TAC
TAC-A-TAC
TAC!



JEEPERS! HE'S
COMIN' DOWN FOR
ANOTHER CRACK
AT US!

KEEP DOWN! PLAY
DEAD! HE'LL THINK
HE HIT US ALREADY!

SEEING THE BOYS PRONE
ON THE GROUND, THE
MURDEROUS PILOT
BELIEVES HIS DEADLY
WORK IS DONE AND
ZOOMS AWAY!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
IT WAS A STUKA, TOO!
WE'RE GETTIN' WARM
BOYS!

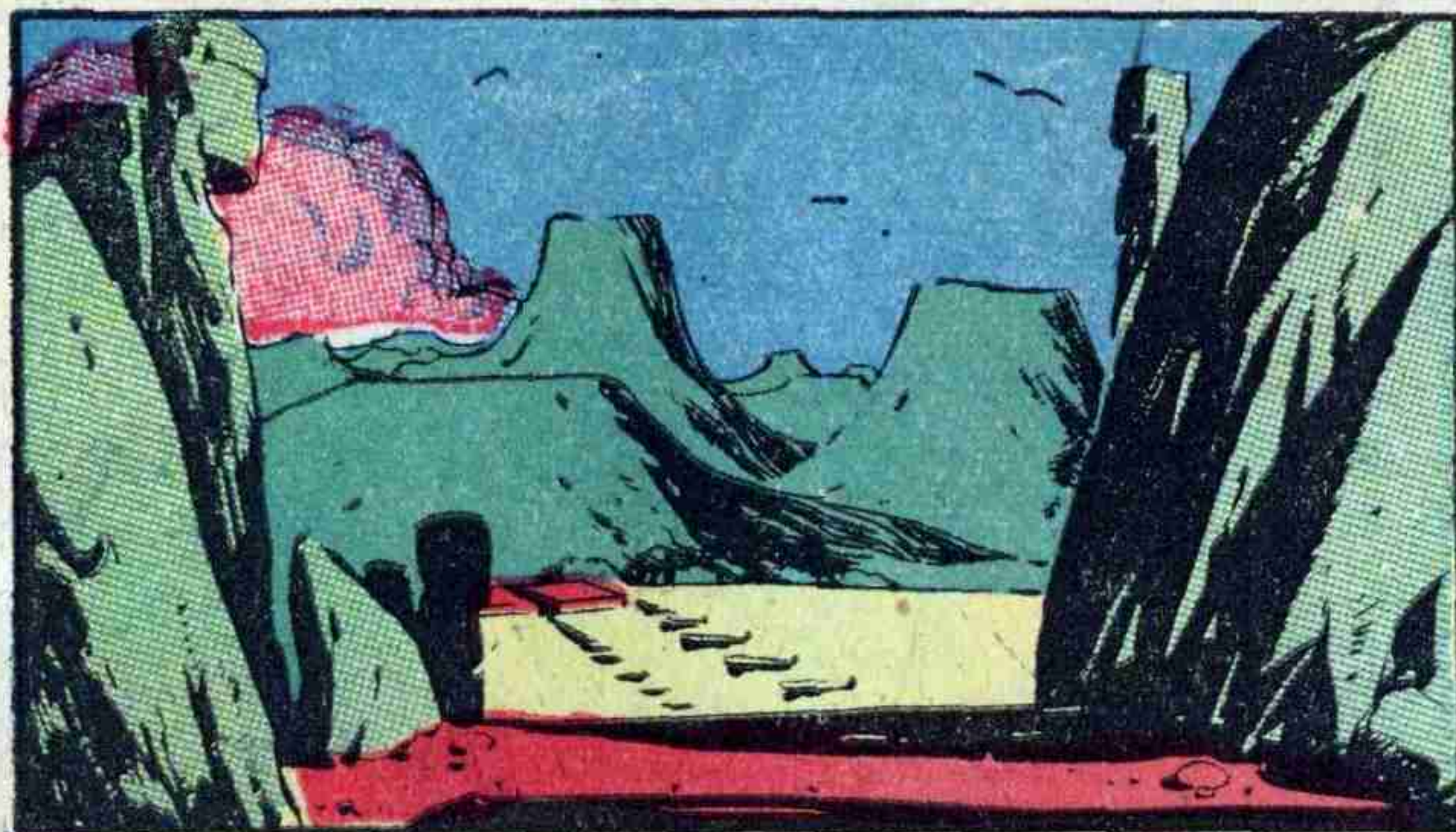
SLOWLY
THE
BOYS
MAKE
THEIR
WAY TO
THE TOP
OF A
BUTTE!



WOW! A FIRST
CLASS LANDING
FIELD!

WHAT'S IT
DOING HERE?

LINED UP ON THE FIELD BELOW THEM ARE MESSERSCHMITTS, STUKAS AND GIANT HEINKELS!



BY GOLLY, THIS MUST BE THE PLACE WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

YOU ARE RIGHT-- THIS IS THE PLACE YOU ARE LOOKING FOR AND IT'S TOO BAD YOU FOUND IT!

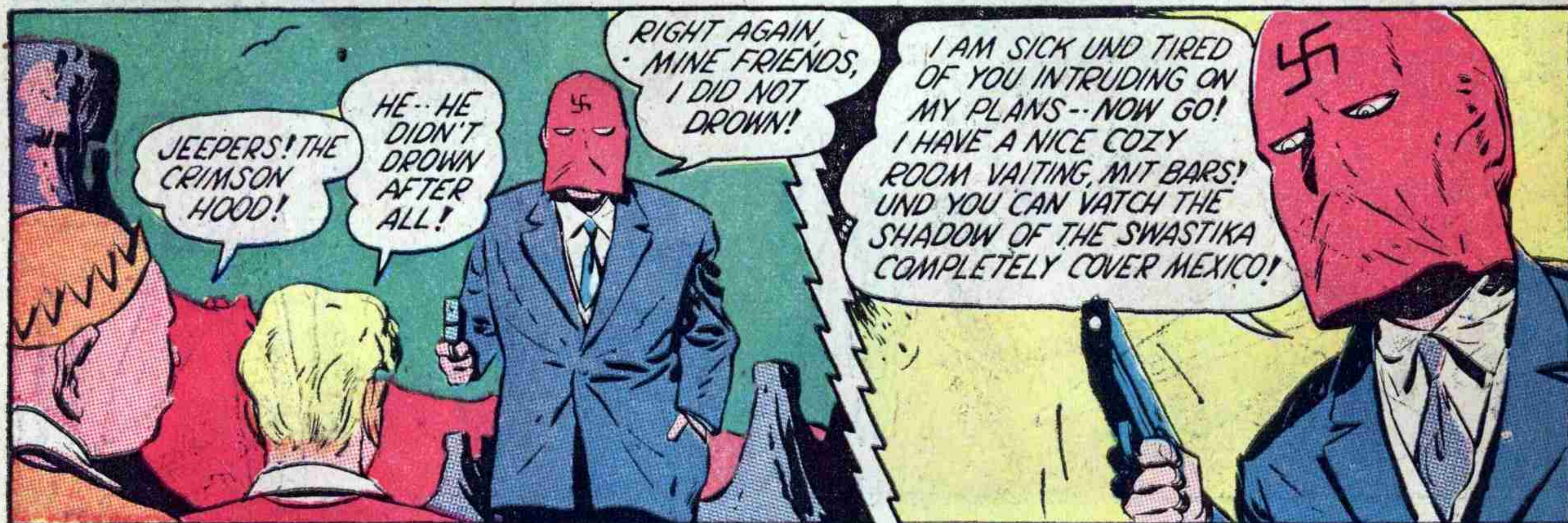


JEEPERS! THE CRIMSON HOOD!

HE-- HE DIDN'T DROWN AFTER ALL!

RIGHT AGAIN, MINE FRIENDS, I DID NOT DROWN!

I AM SICK UND TIRED OF YOU INTRUDING ON MY PLANS-- NOW GO! I HAVE A NICE COZY ROOM WAITING, MIT BARS! UND YOU CAN VATCH THE SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA COMPLETELY COVER MEXICO!



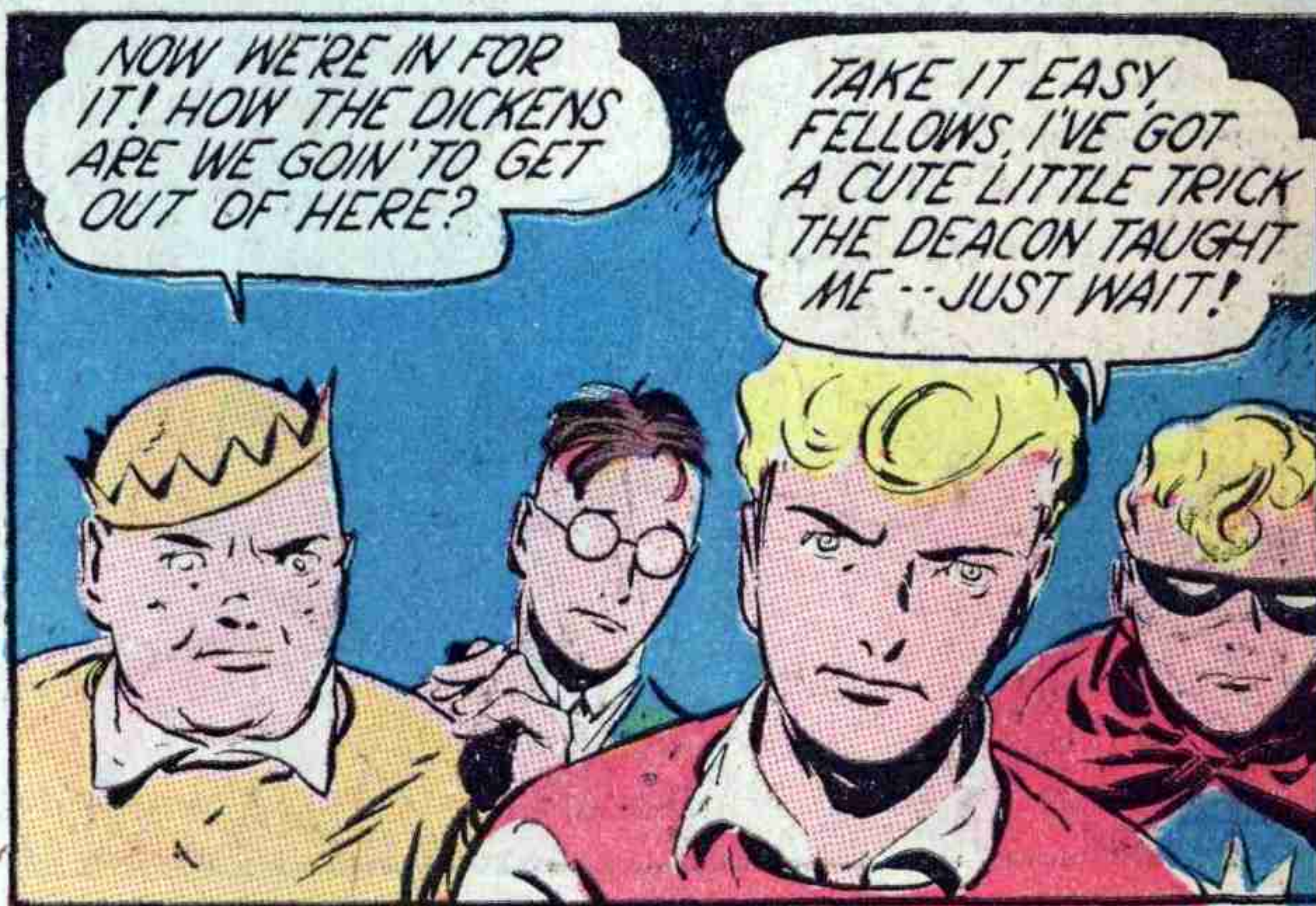
THE YOUNG AMERICANS ARE FORCED TO MARCH TO A DARK DUNGEON DEEP BELOW THE SECRET NAZI AIRPORT...

DOT VILL KEEP YOU OUT OF MINE VAY UNTIL I DECIDE VOT TO DO MIT YOU!



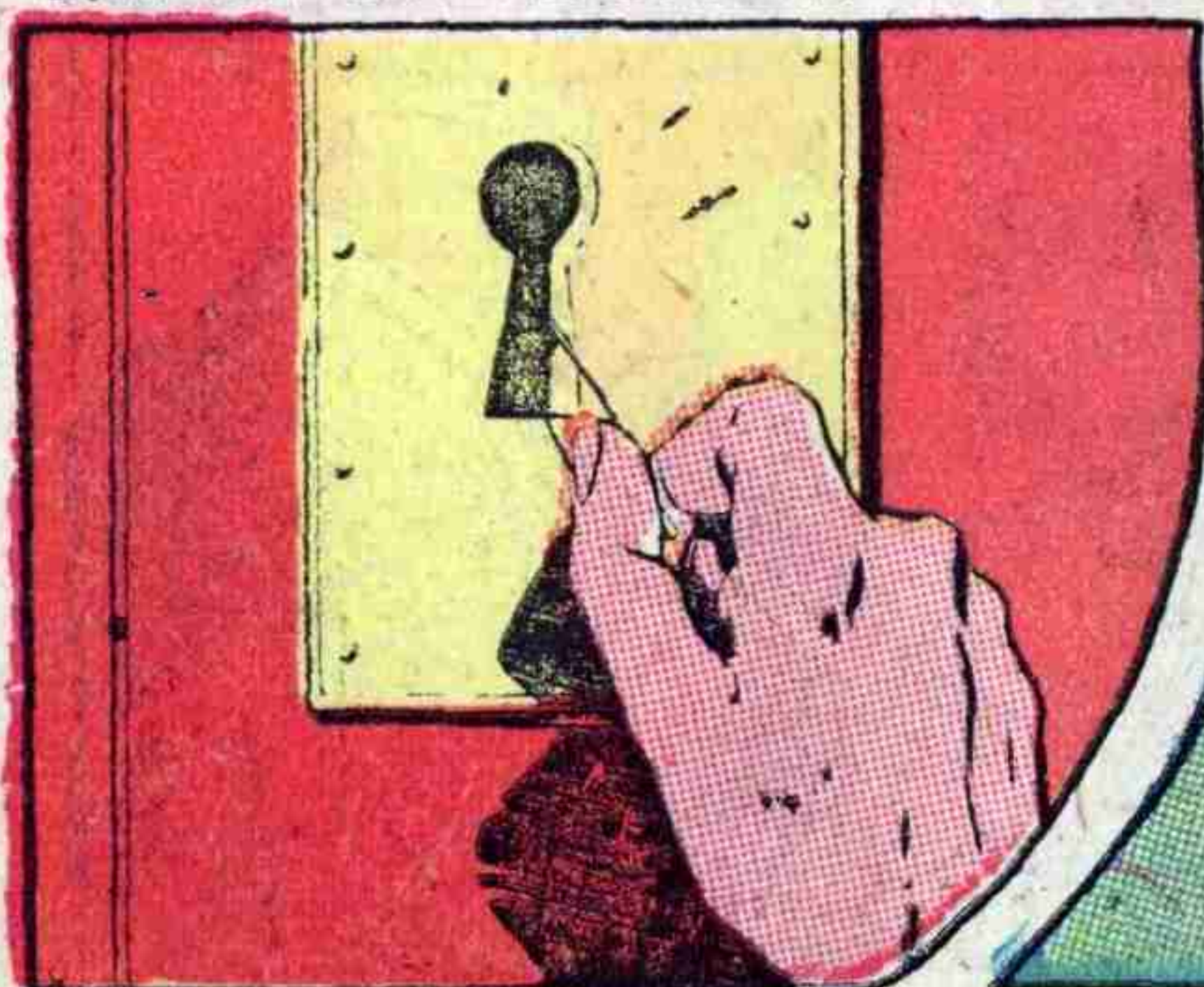
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! HOW THE DICKENS ARE WE GOIN' TO GET OUT OF HERE?

TAKE IT EASY, FELLOWS, I'VE GOT A CUTE LITTLE TRICK THE DEACON TAUGHT ME-- JUST WAIT!

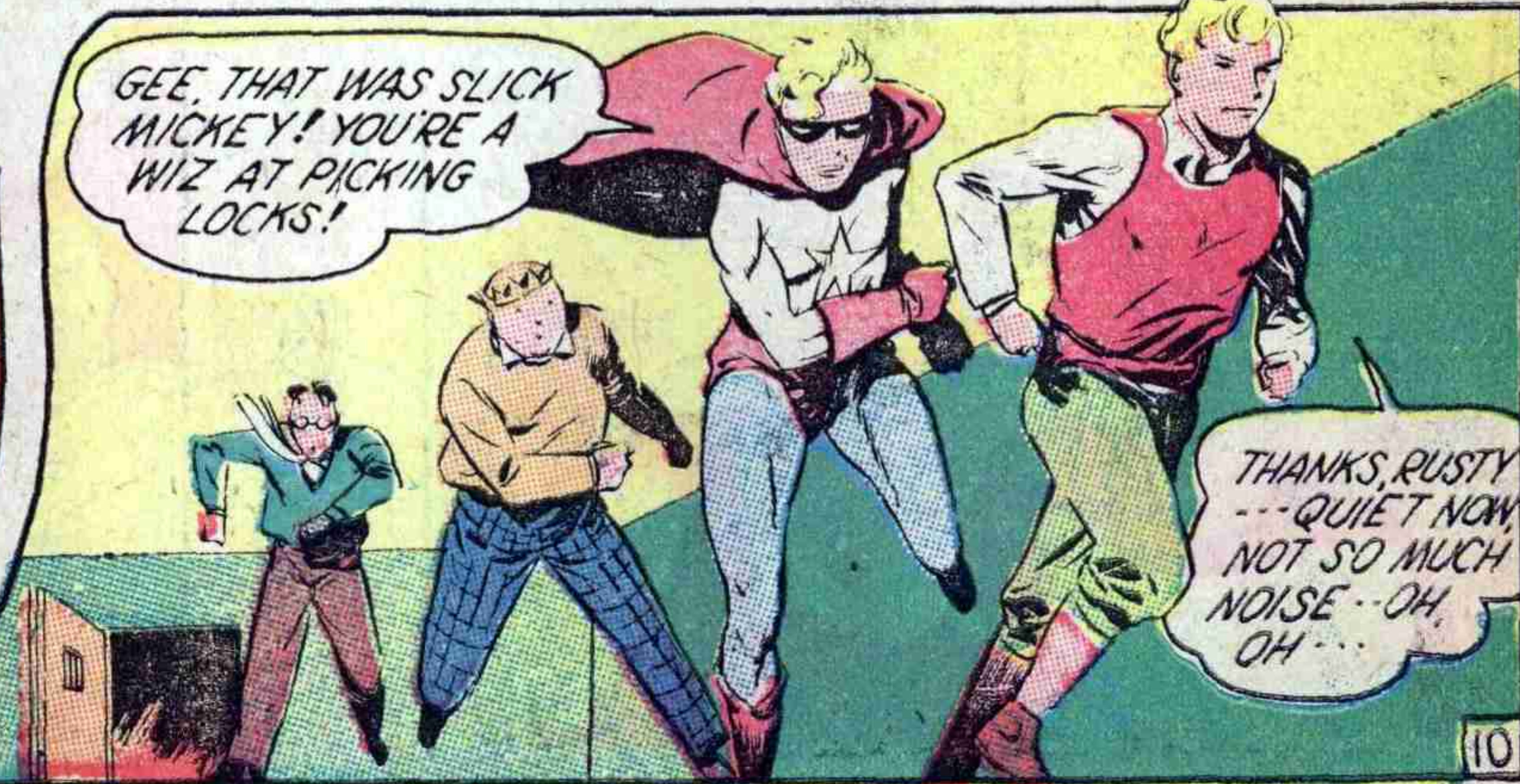


THAT NIGHT, MICKEY PRODUCES A SMALL PIECE OF WIRE AND WORKS SWIFTLY ON THE LOCK...

GEE, THAT WAS SLICK MICKEY! YOU'RE A WIZ AT PICKING LOCKS!



THANKS, RUSTY --- QUIET NOW NOT SO MUCH NOISE-- OH, OH...



TWO NAZI GUARDS SUDDENLY
APPEAR FROM THE
SHADOWS!

IT'S GOING TO TAKE
MORE THAN YOU TWO
MUGS TO PUT US
BACK IN A CELL!

RIGHT,
MICKEY!



PASSING A PARTLY OPENED WINDOW, MICKEY
LISTENS IN ON A CONVERSATION...



INSIDE THE
ROOM:

UND SO COMRADES,
TO-MORROW AT
DAWN WE
STRIKE! EVERY
THING IS
READY!

WE USE OUR NEW WEAPON,
THE SILENT BOMB! MEXICO
WILL BE IN OUR HANDS IN
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!
QUICK! INTO YOUR
UNIFORMS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER
THE BOYS LOCATE THE
GUARDED ARSENAL...

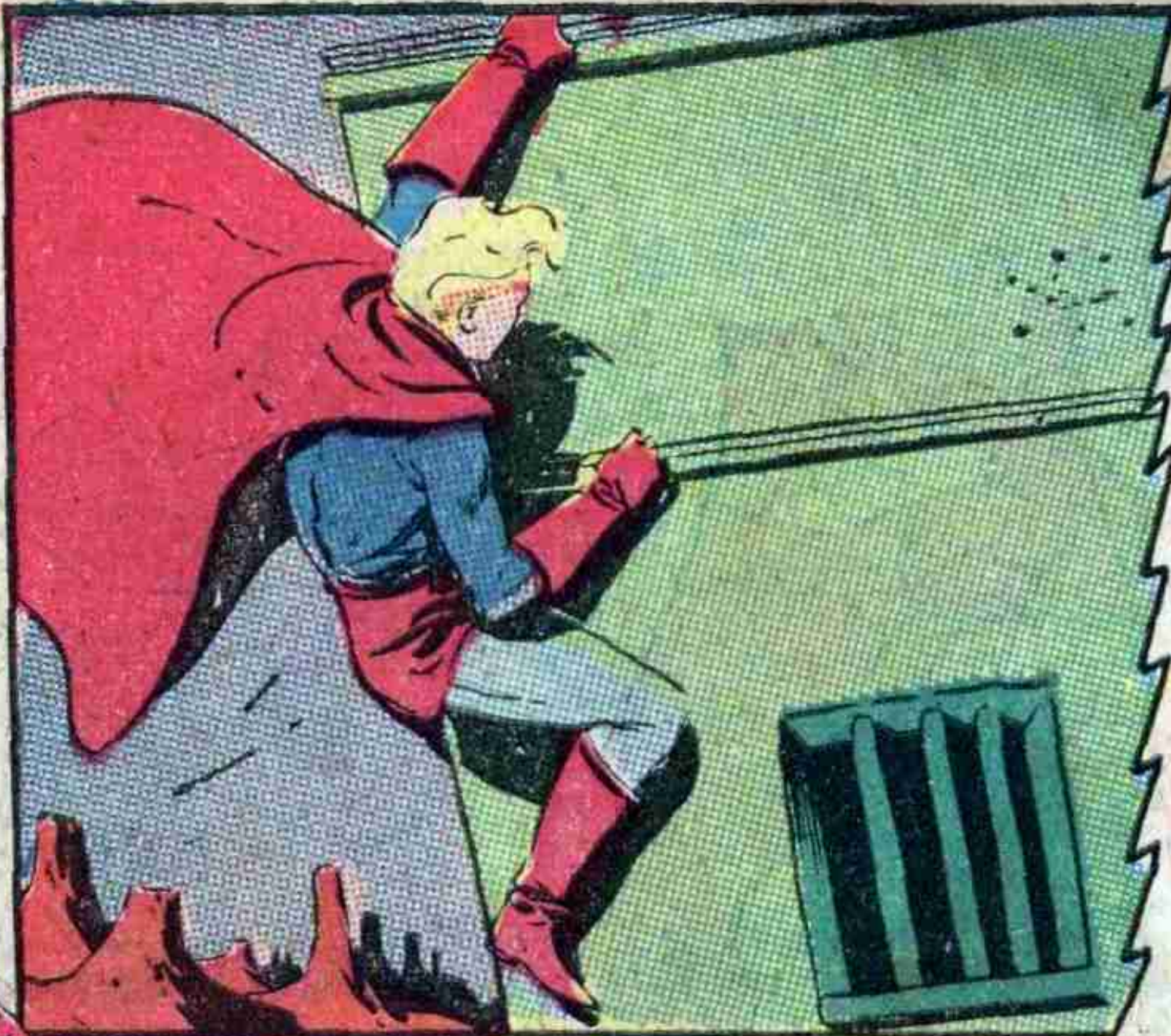
TWO GUARDS!

FELLOWS, STAY HERE,
I'M GOING AROUND
TO THE REAR!

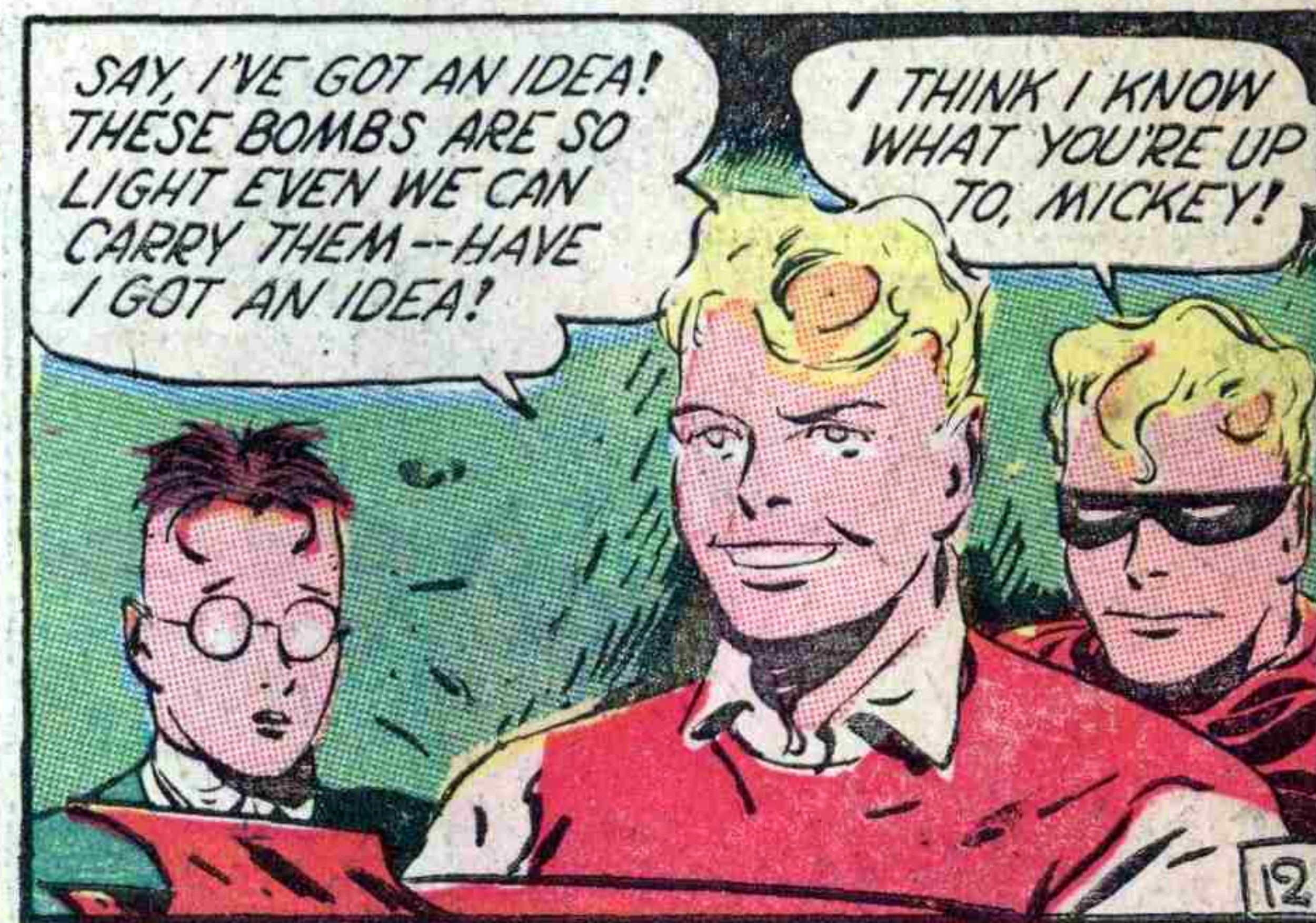
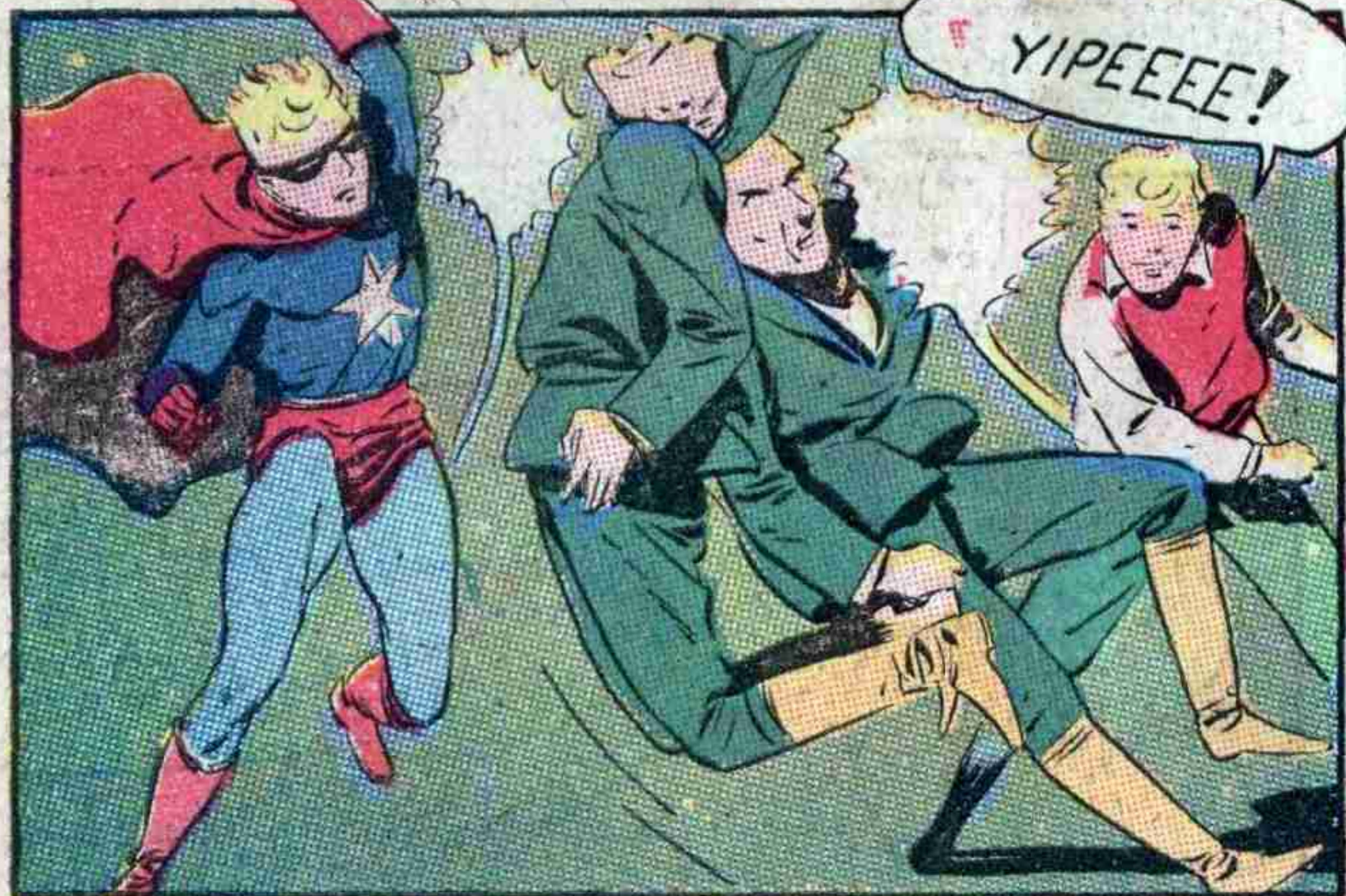
WHEW! A NEW WEAPON,
A SILENT BOMB! C'MON,
WE GOTTA FIND WHERE
THEY KEEP THEM!

YEAH, WE'LL HAVE
TO DESTROY THEM
SOME WAY!

IN BACK
OF THE
BUILDING,
RUSTY
CLIMBS
TO THE
ROOF!



... DIRECTLY ABOVE THE GUARDS ... HE LEAPS!



FAR INTO THE NIGHT, SILENTLY THE YOUNG AMERICANS SLIP BACK AND FORTH TO THE ARSENAL CARRYING THE NEW WEAPONS TO THE TOP OF THE HILLS OVERLOOKING THE AIRDROME...

THIS SHOULD BE ENOUGH OF THEM, SPEC! NOW WE'LL WAIT UNTIL RUSTY IS READY!

LUCKY PEANUTS TIED AND GAGGED THOSE GUARDS SO HE COULD HELP HIM!

ALSO ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VALLEY...

THIS IS THE LAST OF THEM, PEANUTS

BOY, DIS IS GOIN' TO BE FUN--WE'LL GIVE DEM NAZIS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW, THE NAZIS SUDDENLY DISCOVER THEIR LOSS...

HIMMELS, DOSE KIDS HAVE ESCAPED AND MINE GOTT, DER BOMBS ISS GONE!

YOU FOOLS! FIND THEM! BRING THEM BACK-- I'LL HAVE THEIR HEADS FOR THIS!

BUT ON THE HILLS ABOVE, MICKEY WHISTLES SHRILLY:

O.K. SPEC! LET'S GO-- THROW HARD AND FAST!

RIGHT MICKEY, HERE THEY GO!

RUSTY AND PEANUTS FOLLOW MICKEY'S SIGNAL

DIS IS GOIN' TO BEAT THE FOURTH OF JULY!

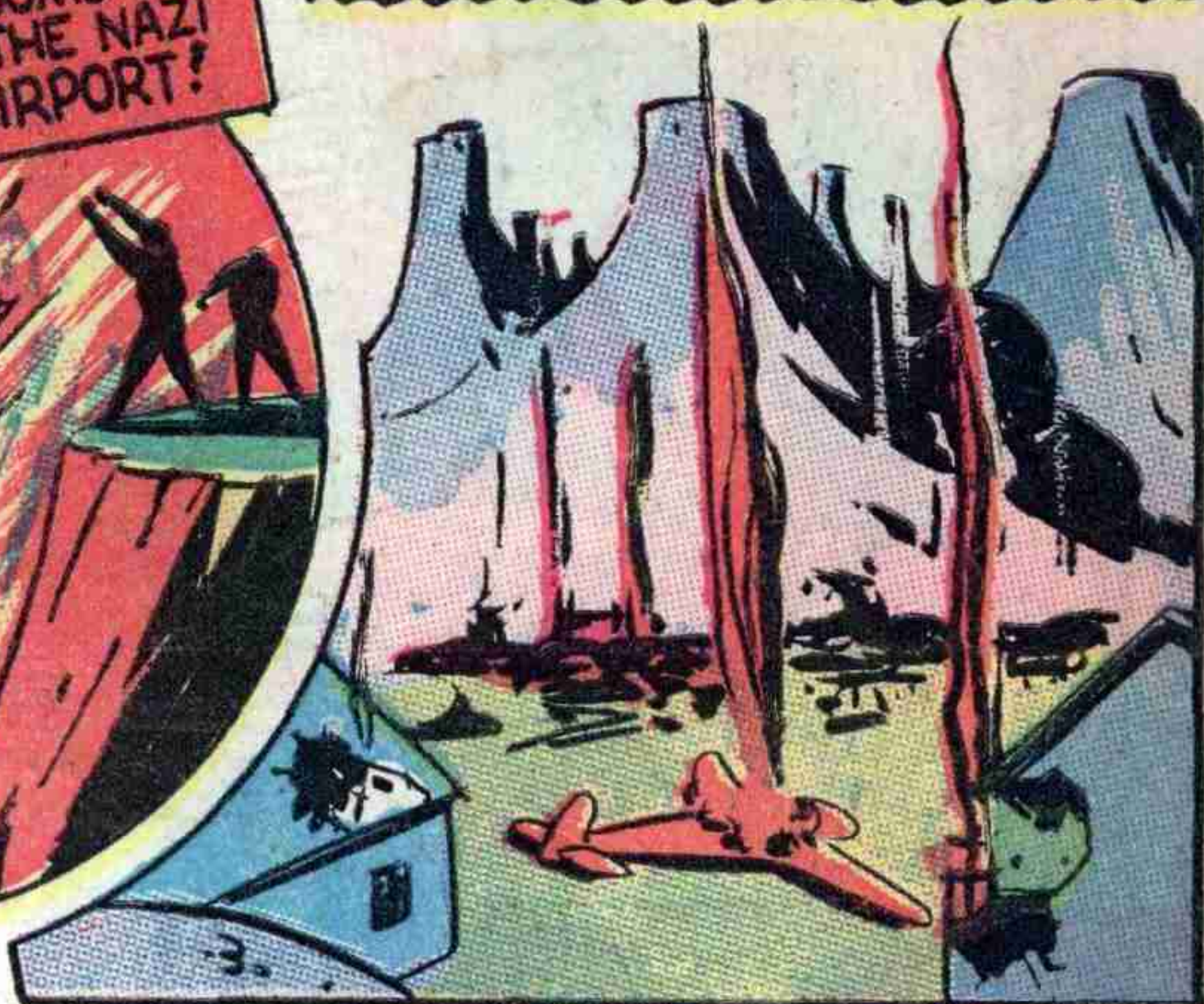
HEAVE 'EM PEANUTS AND DON'T MISS!

EARTHWARD THE FANTASTIC BOMBS SCREAM IN RAPID SUCCESSION--A BLINDING FLASH FOLLOWS--A MUFFLED RUMBLE OF CRUMBLING EARTH AND BUILDINGS-- THEN SILENCE...

DONNERWETTER! WE ARE DOOMED! ALL OUR WORK RUINED--DOSE YANKEE DEVILS, SOMEDAY I'LL GET THEM!

AS THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSIONS ECHO UP AND DOWN THE VALLEY, THE YOUNG AMERICANS CONTINUE TO HURL BOMB AFTER BOMB AT THE SHAMBLES OF THE NAZI AIRPORT!

AND AS DAWN APPEARS IN THE EASTERN SKY, IT REVEALS A TWISTED MASS OF SMOLDERING RUINS!



LATER WHEN THE YOUNG AMERICANS UNITE:

WELL, FELLOWS, THAT DID THE TRICK! I DON'T THINK THOSE SPIES WILL ATTEMPT ANOTHER STUNT LIKE THAT IN A HURRY!

YEP! THE CRIMSON HOOD IS FINISHED. WE'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED WITH HIM AGAIN!



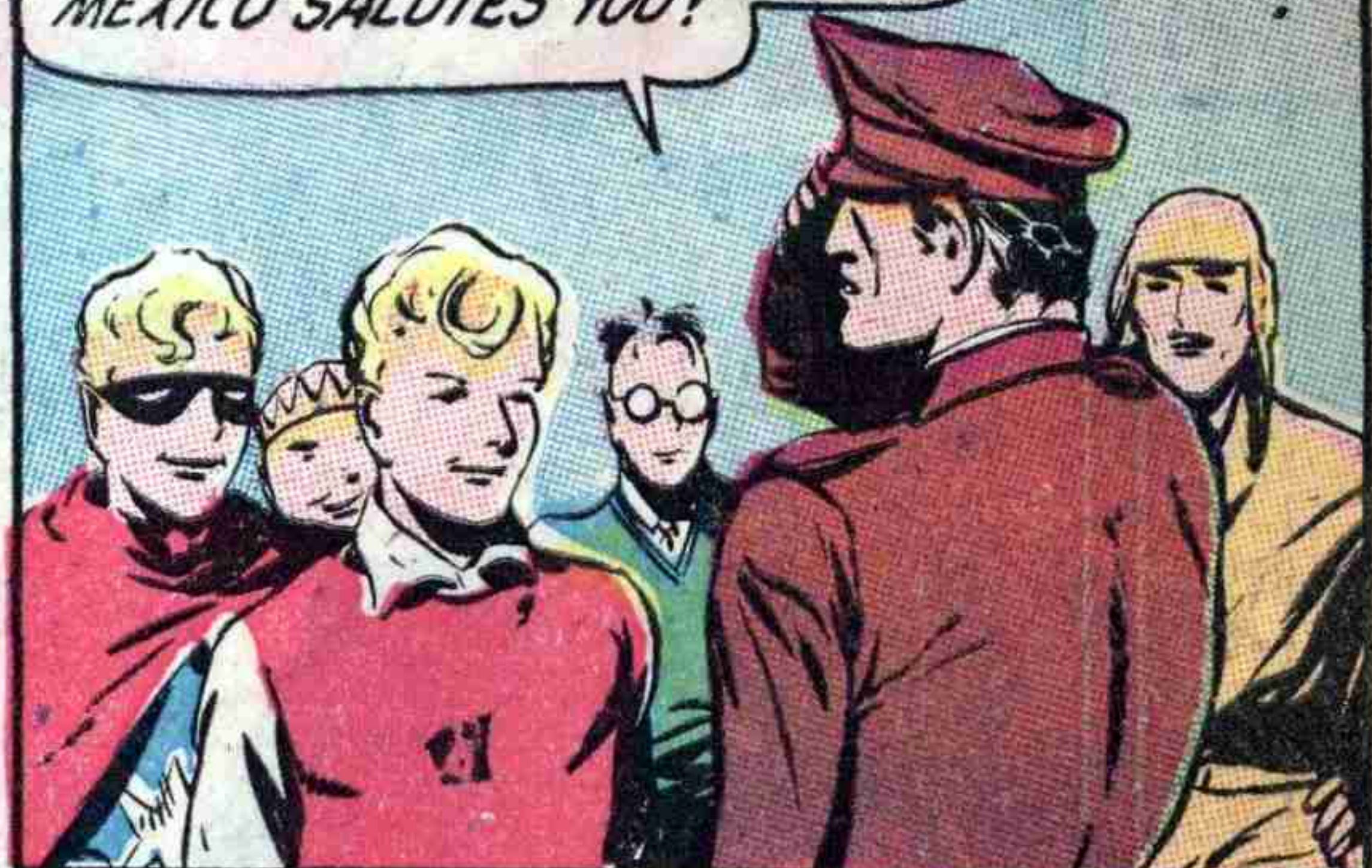
SUDDENLY A MEXICAN PATROL PLANE DIPS OUT OF THE SKY



HEY!...A MEXICAN PLANE, LOOK!

QUICKLY THE PLANE LANDS NEARBY--THE BOYS RUSH TO MEET IT AND HURRIEDLY EXPLAIN WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

BOYS, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU COULD HAVE DONE IT--WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU! YOUR HEROIC DEED WILL LIVE FOREVER IN THE HEARTS OF OUR PEOPLE! MEXICO SALUTES YOU!



A FEW DAYS LATER AT A PRINCIPAL AIR PORT, THOUSANDS OF GRATEFUL MEXICANS TURN OUT TO CHEER THE YOUNG AMERICANS AS THEY BOARD A PLANE FOR HOME...



... AND AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF:

WELL, SO LONG READERS, WE'LL BE SEEIN' YOU LATER ON IN THE BOOK. BOY WILL THE DEACON AND THE FLAG-MAN GET A KICK OUT OF US DOIN' THIS JOB ALL BY OURSELVES, AND IF WE DO SAY IT IT WAS A NEAT TRICK!



WATCH FOR RUSTY, MICKEY, SPEC AND PEANUTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF AERO COMICS AND ALSO TO BE FEATURED IN THE ALL NEW KID KOMICS! THE GREATEST OF ALL ADVENTURE STORIES TO BE ON THE NEWSSTANDS SHORTLY!

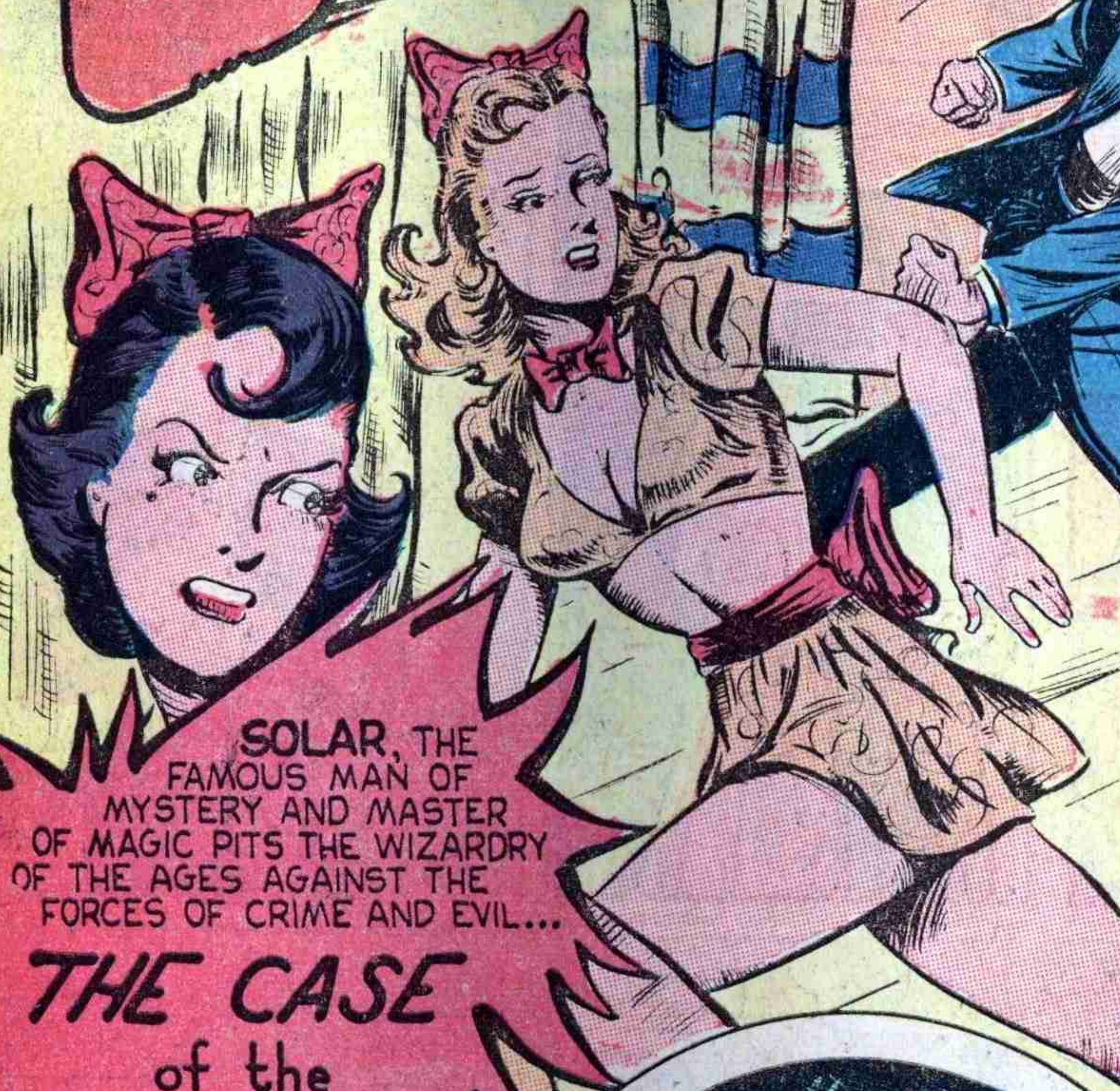
WATCH FOR

KID KOMICS

SOLAR

MASTER
OF
MAGIC

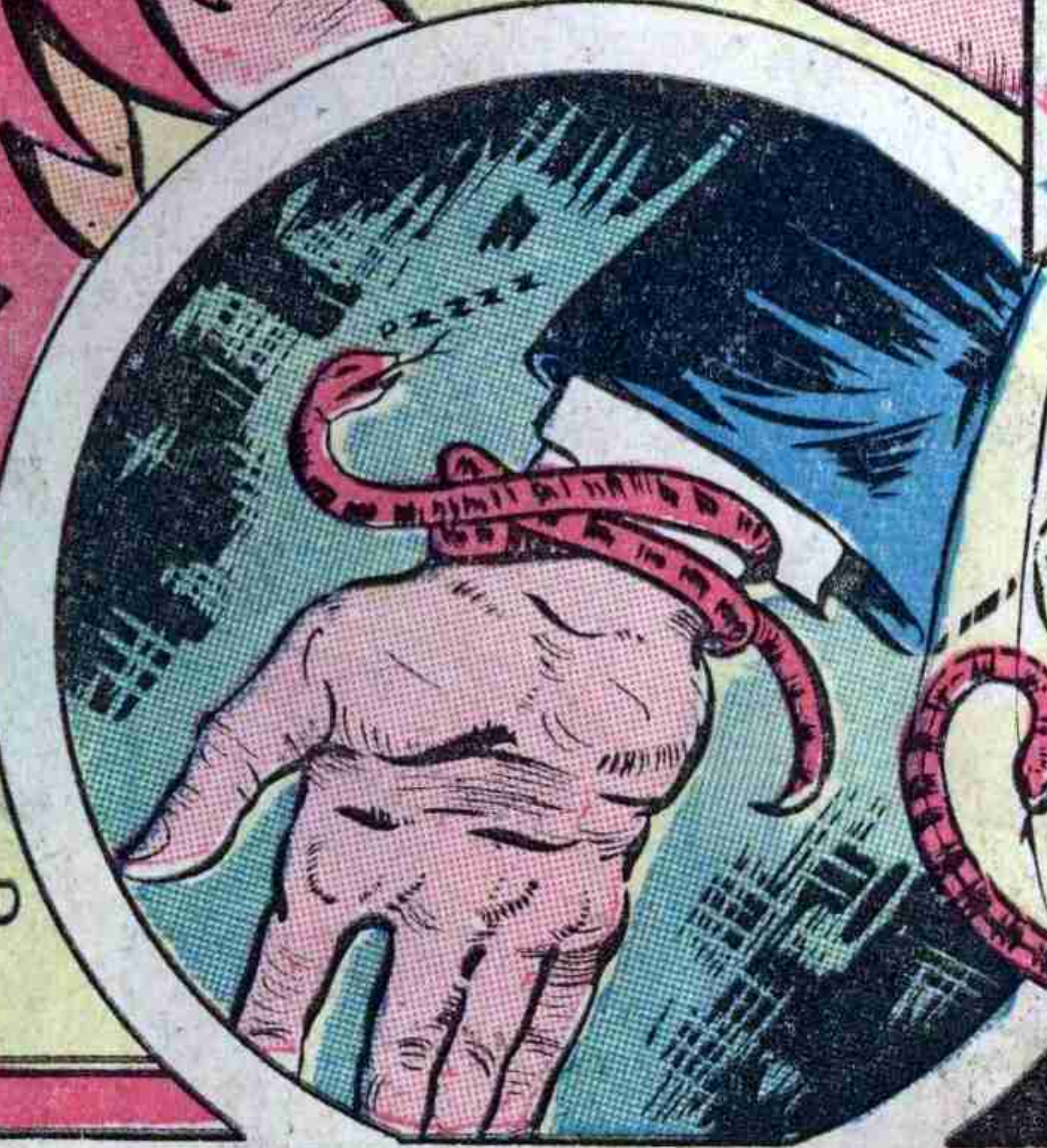
BY SAUL
ROSEN



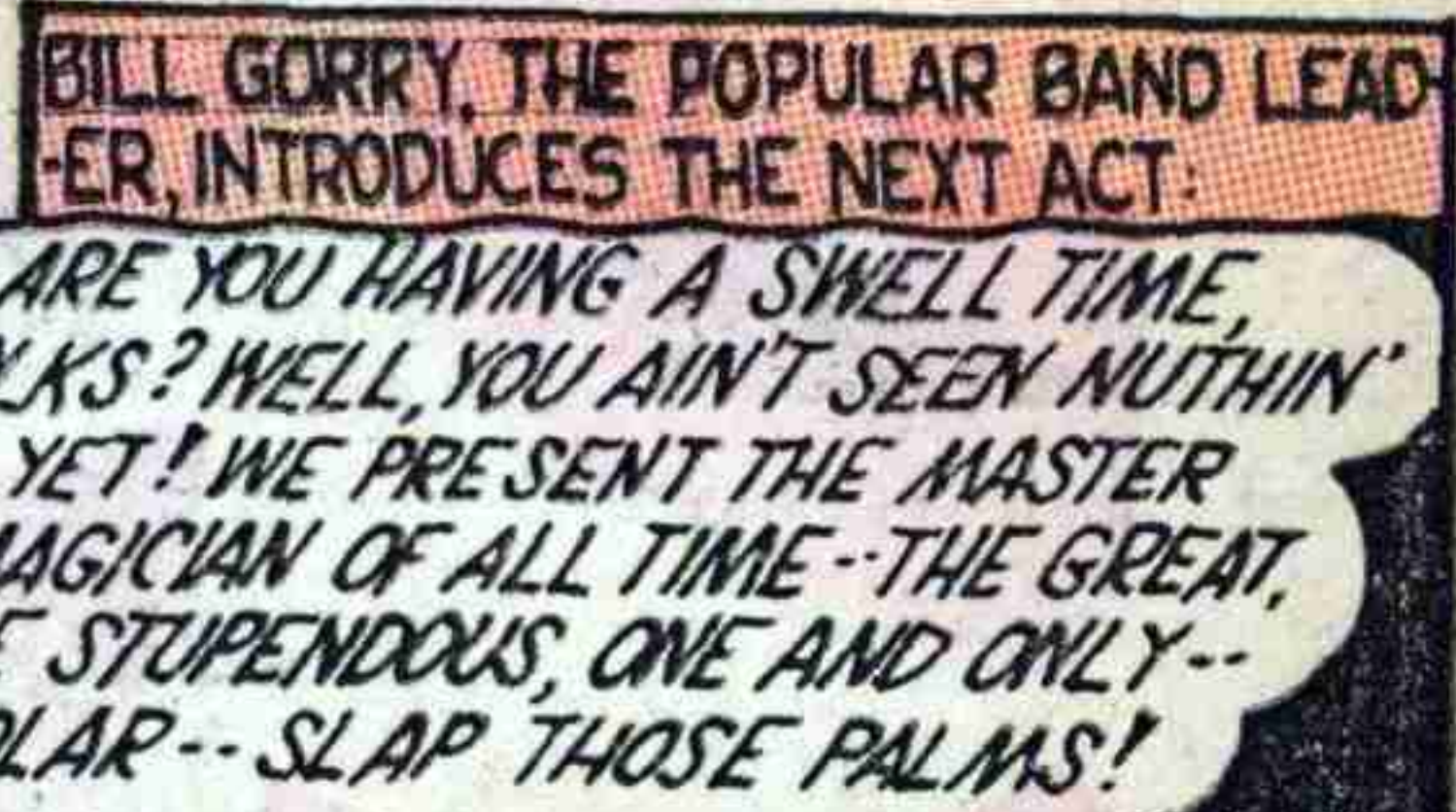
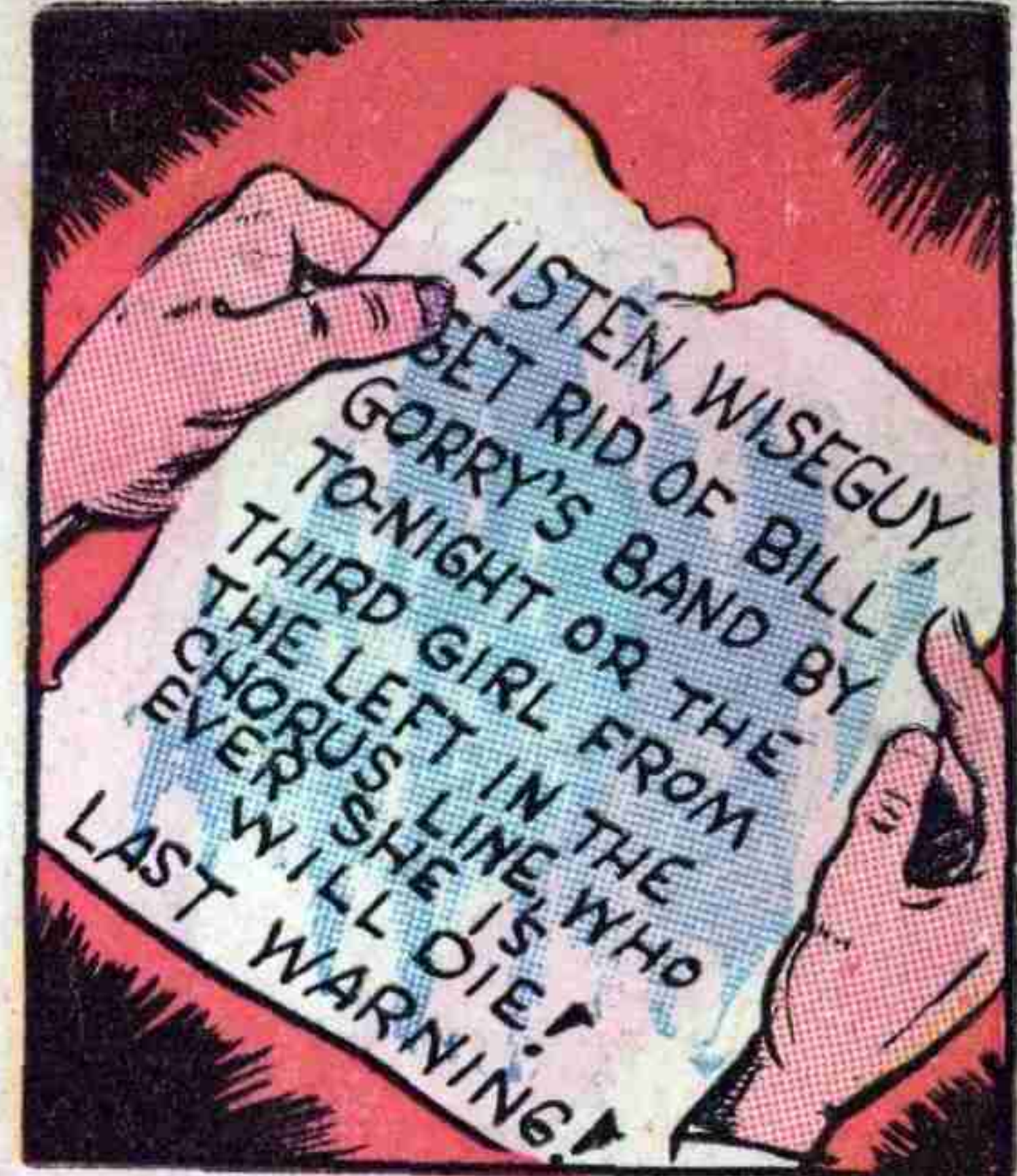
SOLAR, THE
FAMOUS MAN OF
MYSTERY AND MASTER
OF MAGIC PITS THE WIZARDRY
OF THE AGES AGAINST THE
FORCES OF CRIME AND EVIL...

THE CASE of the VANISHING DANCERS!

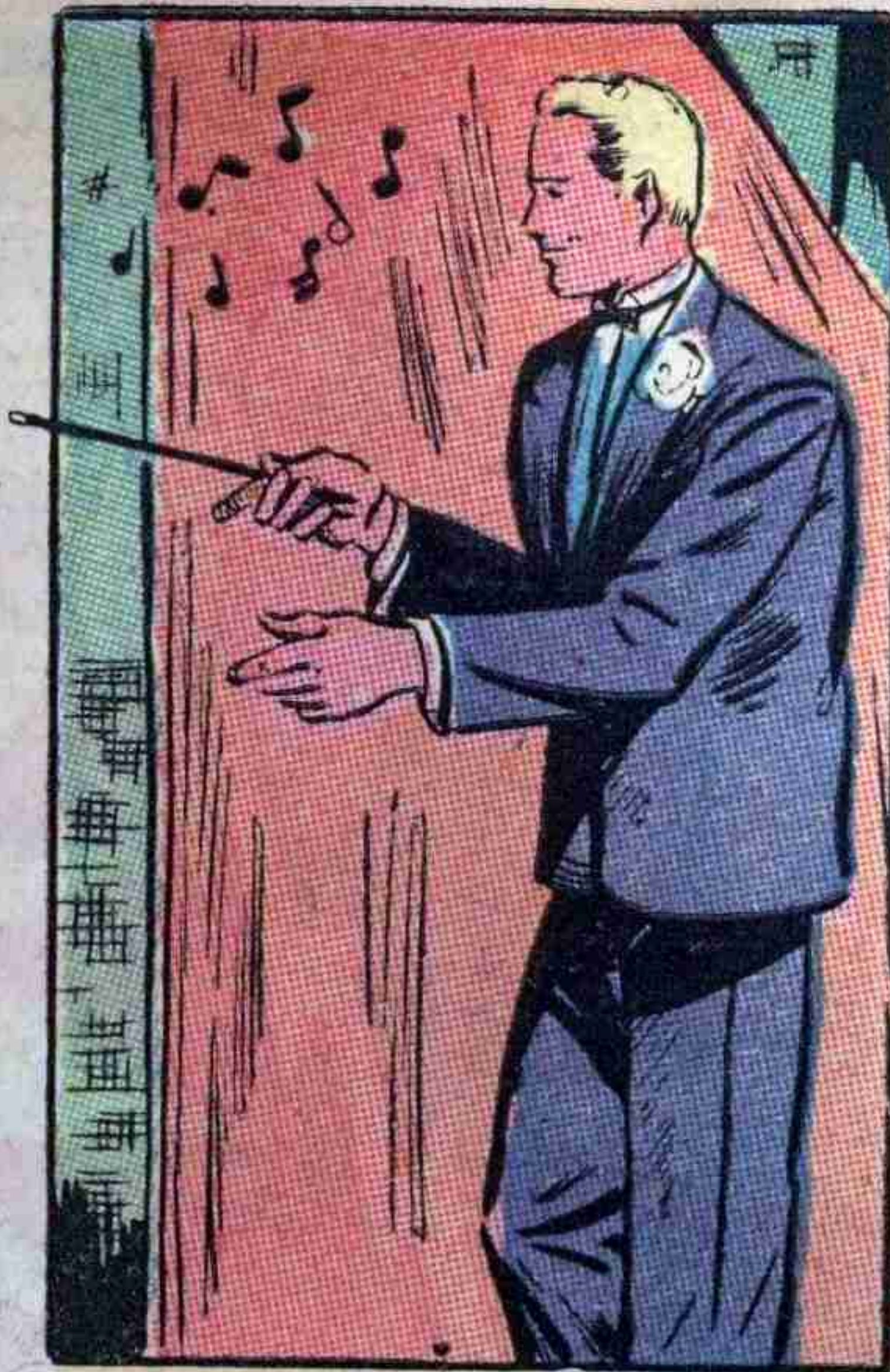
THIS STORY OPENS IN A
WELL-KNOWN NIGHT CLUB
JUST OFF TIMES SQUARE...
THE USUAL GAIETY OF
NIGHT LIFE IS IN PROGRESS
WHEN SUDDENLY A SMALL
GARTER SNAKE APPEARS AND
CURLS ITSELF AROUND A
MAN'S WRIST!



SHIMS



SORRY FOLKS, PLEASE ACCEPT
MY HUMBLE APOLOGIES--INSTEAD
WE PRESENT OUR OWN VERSION
OF "THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE"
HEH, HEH---GET IT?



HEY!
WHAT THE--



HA, HA--
YOU'RE
TICKLING
ME!



POP!

POP!



EEEK!

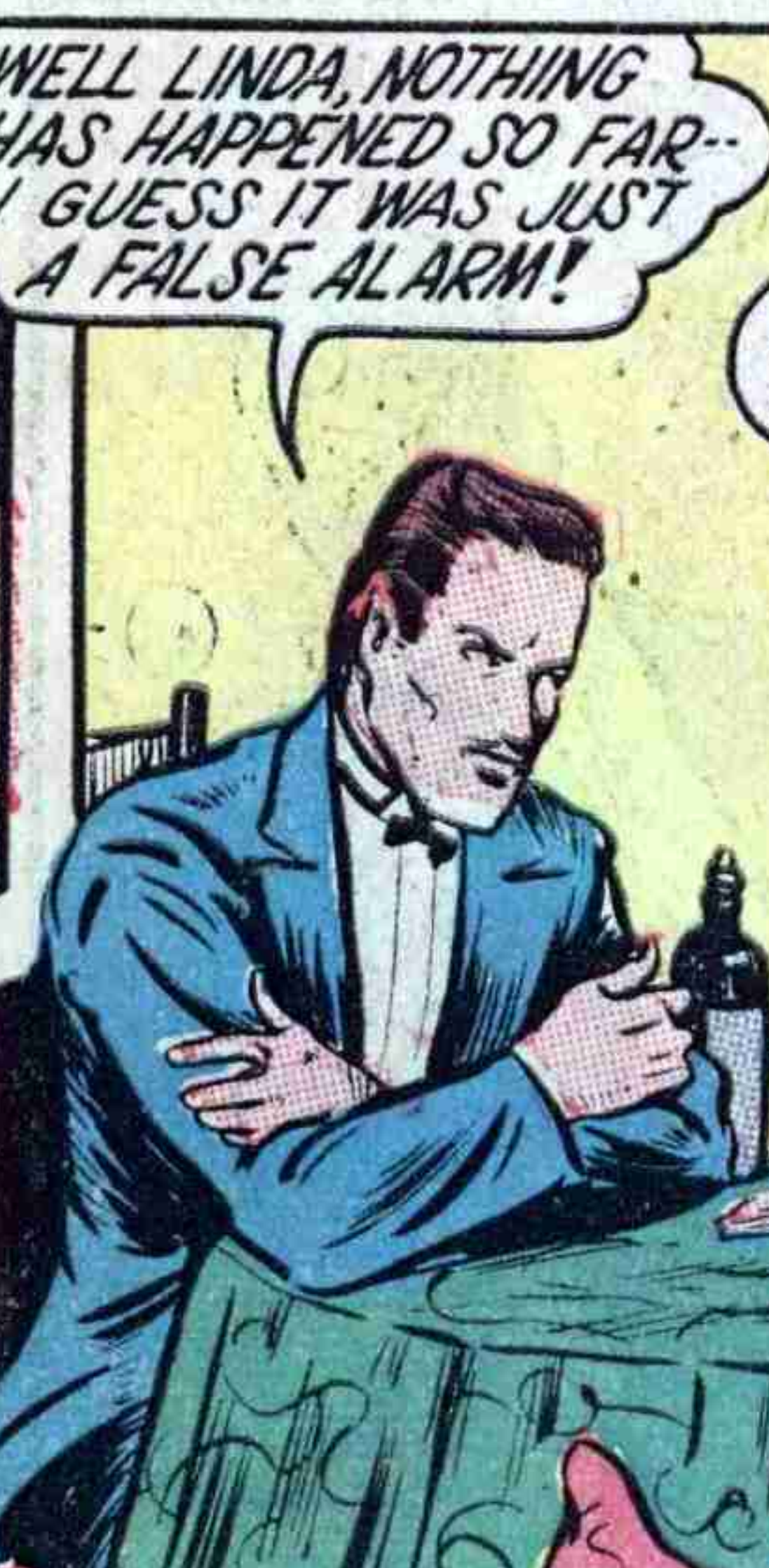
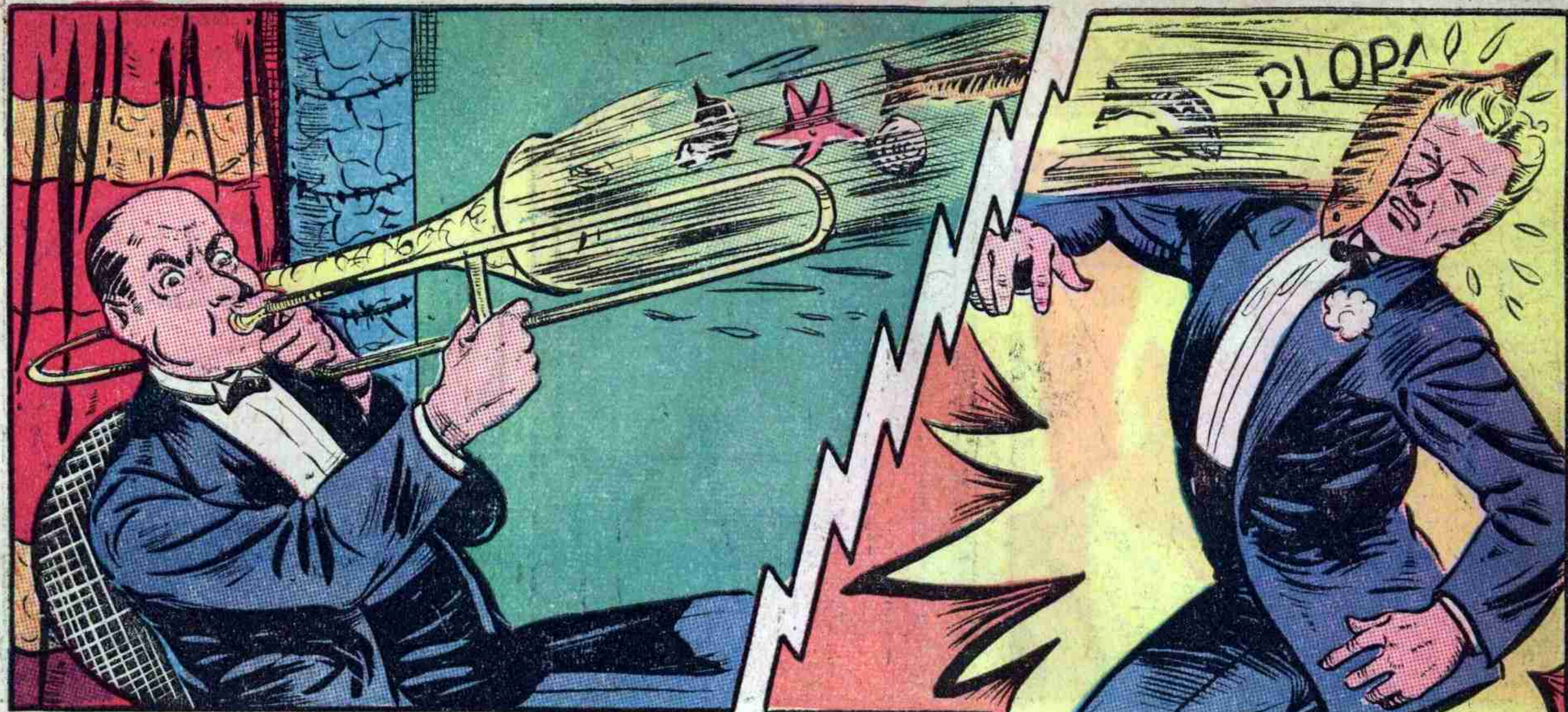
EEEK!
EEEK!



ROAR!



WHAT THE!
SOUP!



HEH, HEH, FOLKS--WHAT DID I TELL YOU---ISN'T HE GREAT?

WELL LINDA, NOTHING HAS HAPPENED SO FAR-- I GUESS IT WAS JUST A FALSE ALARM!

STILL--I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN JUDY'S SHOES!

LATER AFTER THE SHOW:

TONY, I JUST GOT YOUR MESSAGE--WHAT'S WRONG!?

JUDY'S DISAPPEARED! SHE DIDN'T EVEN SHOW UP AT THE DRESSING ROOM AFTER THE SHOW. I JUST FOUND A NOTE THREATENING THE THIRD GIRL ON THE LEFT IN TOMORROW NIGHT'S SHOW--I'M GIVING UP--I'M LETTING GORRY'S BAND GO!

I HAVE AN IRON-CLAD CONTRACT WITH GORRY FOR THIRTY WEEKS AT A THOUSAND PER-- I'LL HAVE TO PAY HIM OFF AND LOSE THE MOST POPULAR BAND TO-DAY-- I'LL RUIN ME, BUT I CAN'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO ANY MORE OF THE GIRLS!

MR. RANDO I'LL TAKE JUDY'S PLACE-- WITH PLENTY OF PRACTICE TO-MORROW, I'LL LEARN THE ROUTINES!

AND YOU SAID YOU'D HATE TO BE IN JUDY'S SHOES

THE NEXT NIGHT SOLAR PERFORMS:...

...AND LINDA DANCES:

AFTER THE SHOW AS THE GIRLS FILE OFF, SOLAR SLIPS ON HIS CAPE OF MYSTERY AND FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND ---

IN THE DEEP-SHADOWED HALLWAY A GLOVED HAND STIFLES LINDA'S CRY... SHE SILENTLY DISAPPEARS ---

SOLAR SLIDES INTO A SECRET PASSAGEWAY...

AND THEN IN A DIMLY LIT ROOM...

YOU LET ME GO, YOU BRUTE!

SORRY SISTER, I'M JUST WORKIN' FOR A LIVING -- NOW BE NICE WHILE WE TIE YOU UP!

LATER... THE MASKED LEADER ENTERS:

O.K. BOYS, WE'LL BUMP THESE DAMES OFF AND DELIVER THEM TO RANDO-- SAY YOUR PRAYERS, JUDY!

NO! NO! NO! PLE-EASE!

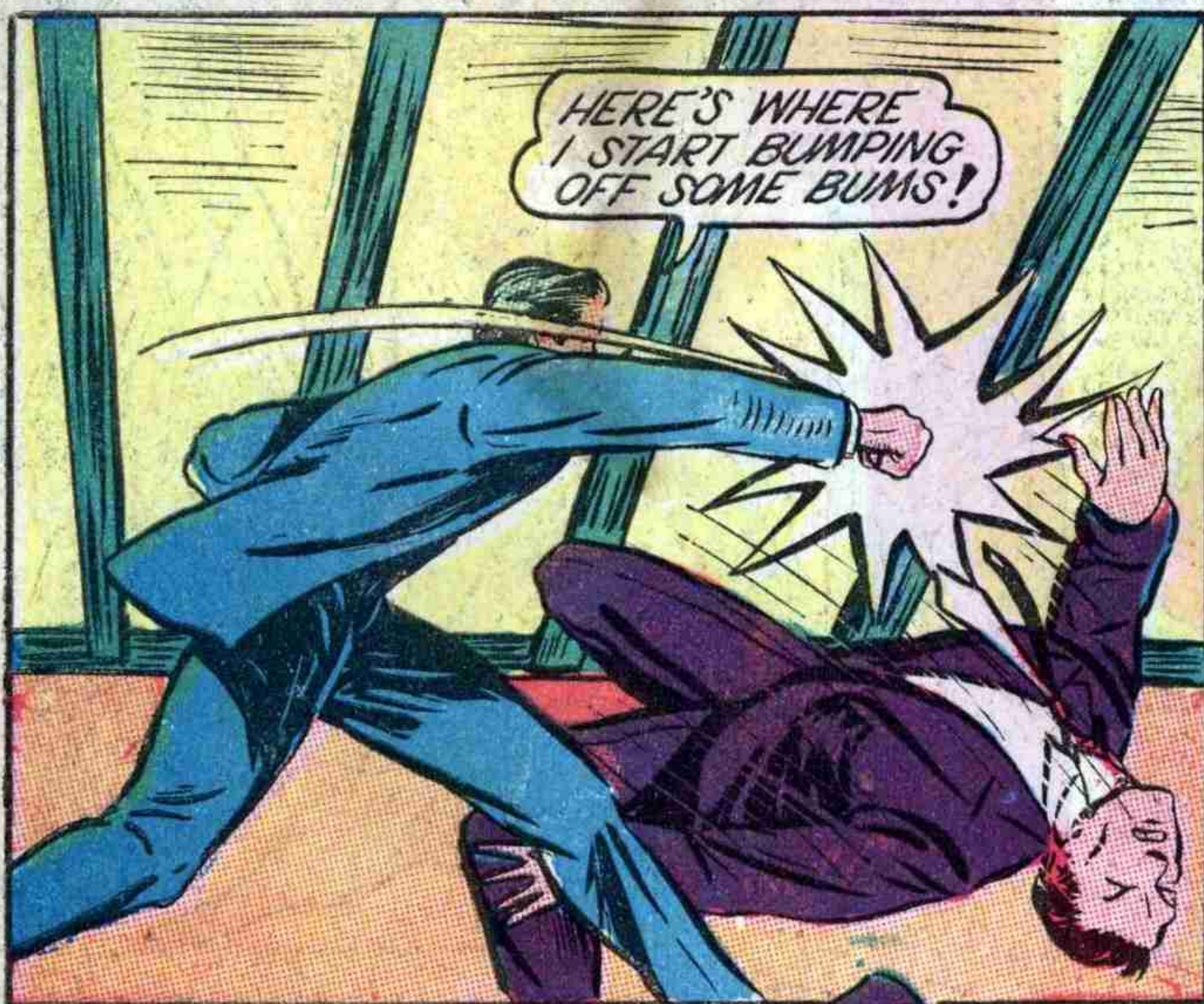
THE GUN BECOMES A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. A HORNET SWOOPS UNDER THE LEADER'S HANDKERCHIEF...



FRANTICALLY HE RIPS THE HANDKERCHIEF AWAY TO REVEAL THE FACE OF BILL GORRY!



SOLAR DISCARDS HIS CAPE OF MYSTERY AND BECOMES VISIBLE!



GORRY WAS AN UNKNOWN WHEN HE SIGNED UP WITH RANDO --- FAME BROUGHT HIM BIG MONEY OFFERS - HE FIGURED ON SCARPING RANDO OUT OF BUSINESS, THEREBY NULLIFYING HIS CONTRACT AND COLLECTING A NEAT THIRTY THOUSAND-- PICKING ON THE THIRD GIRL FROM THE LEFT WAS ONLY TO MAKE IT MORE MYSTERIOUS, I GUESS--- SIMPLE, EH?

READ ANOTHER AMAZING ADVENTURE WITH "SOLAR" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN AERO COMICS

Absolutely FREE!

Special to the readers of **THIS MAGAZINE**

WINGS OF AMERICA

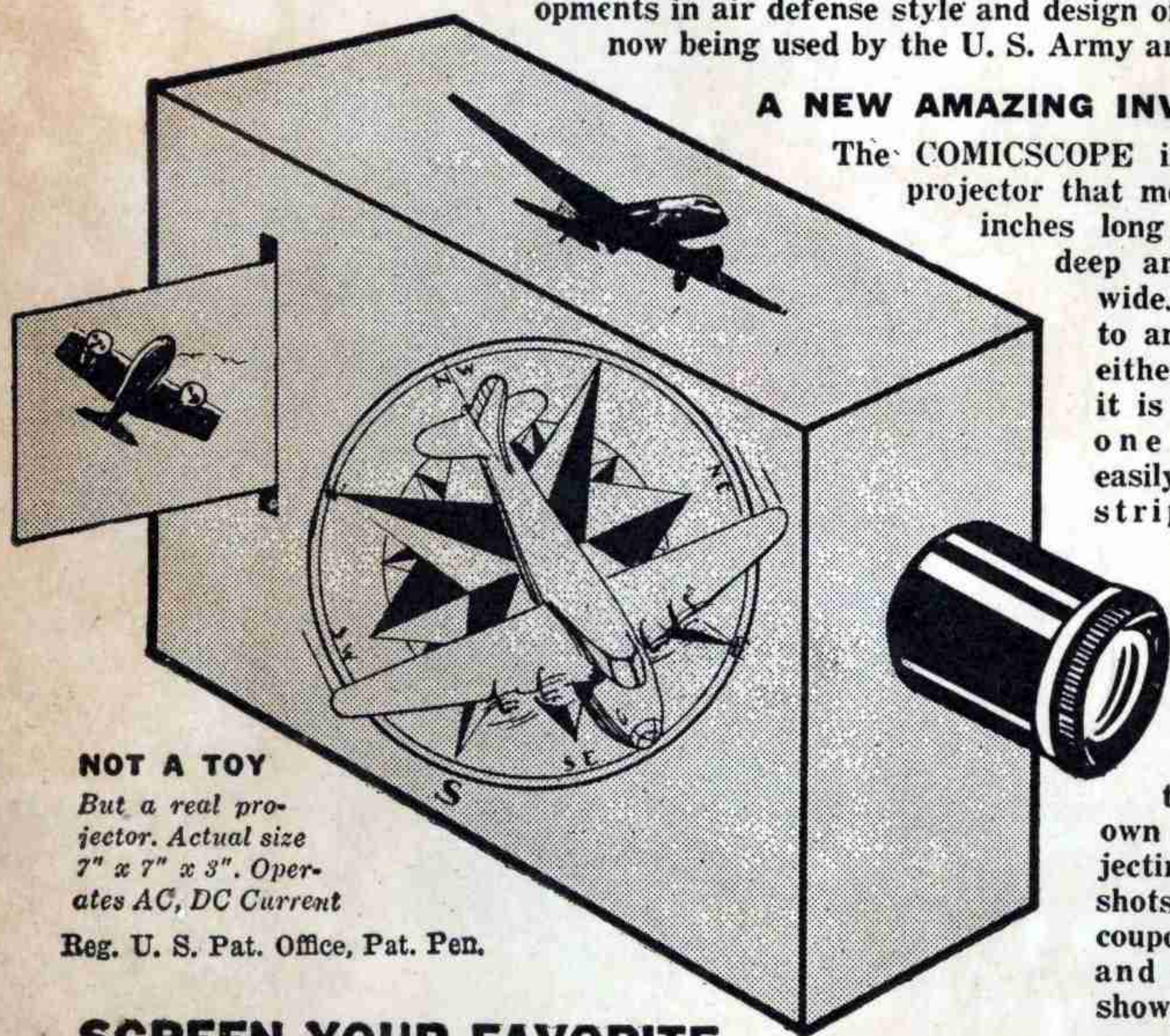
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